

THE
ILLIAD
OF
HOMER,
WITH
NOTES.

BY

Madam DAGIER.

Done from the *French* by Mr. OZELL,
and by him compar'd with the *Greek*.

Illustrated with Twenty Six CUTS, by the
best Gravers, from the *Paris* Plates design'd by
CORPEL.

VOL. II.

The Second Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, at the
Cross-Keys between the Two Temple-Gates.

MDCCXIX.

D. A. L. I.
S. B. M. O. H.

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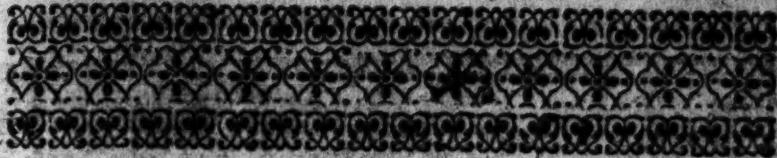


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Jupiter having assembled the Gods in his Palace, by Junds advice, sends
Minerva to the Trojan Camp, to induce them to break the Treaty made
with the Greeks, and to oblige them to recommence Hostilities. B. IV.



Argument of the Fourth Book.

PARIS being overcome by Menelaus, and Agamemnon having demanded the Restoring of Helen, with all her Riches ; as also, the Payment of the Fine which was agreed upon ; the Gods assemble in the Palace of Jupiter, and deliberate upon the Fate of Troy. Jupiter being prevail'd upon by Juno's Speech, sends Minerva down to the Trojan Camp, with Orders to cause the Treaty to be broke. That Goddess persuades Pandatus to discharge an Arrow at Menelaus ; he does so, and wounds him. Agamemnon is griev'd, and sends for Machaon to dress the Wound. Whilst the Grecian Chiefs are busy'd about Menelaus, the Trojans advance to Battel. Agamemnon hastens, and visits all Parts of the Army, commends those he finds in a Readiness for Fight, and reproves those he finds otherwise. The Two Armies engage, and great Slaughter is made on both Sides.





THE
ILIADE
OF
HOMER.

BOOK IV.

(a)



EARN time, within Jove's Palace pav'd with Gold, The Gods in Conf'rence sate a-round their King: (b) Bright Hebe, the Delight of Heav'n and Earth, Serv'd them with

(a) Mean time-----the Gods in Conf'rence sate around their King.] 'Twas the Will of Fate, that Pandarus, Son of Lycaon, shou'd violate the Treaty which was just sworn. Homer, to speak this like a Poet, feigns, that all the Gods sate in Council around Jupiter; for Jupiter is the Author of

Fate, which is nothing else but a Law deriv'd from him, and to which every Thing, both in Heaven and Earth, is sub-ject.

(b) Bright Hebe, the Delight of Gods and Men, serv'd them with Nectar.] This is to signify, that the Gods enjoy an everlasting Youth, and that Nectar:

Nectar: (c) Each invites his Mate, With Golden Cups to entertain the Time. They drink and pledge, with Eyes still fix'd on Troy. When strait the Son of *Saturn*, being (d) dispos'd To irritate and tempt the Spleen of *Juno*, With cutting Phrase, and odious Glance, began: " Two Goddesses there are, who give their Favour To *Menelaus*, and espouse his Cause: " (e) *Juno*, the Queen of *Argos*; and *Minerva*, " So much ador'd at *Alakomenes*: (f) Yet

their Life is nothing but a Happiness, which knows no End; and that as for Men, Youth is the only Season of their Pleasures.

(c) *Each invites his Mate.*] Homer attributes to the Gods the Customs of Men. In all Ages there were People, who transacted their most serious Affairs while they feasted.

(d) *Being dispos'd.*] It is in the Greek, *endeavour'd* to irritate; the Greeks use their Verb *πειράσθαι*, which signifies to endeavour, as the Latins do, *conari*, to signify, to begin, to set about, &c. This is remarkable.

(e) *Juno, the Queen of Argos; and Minerva, &c.*] The Epithet *Appam Argive*, which Homer gives in this place to *Juno*, manifestly proves, that the Epithet which he gives to *Minerva* in the same Verse, in calling her *Αλακομένη*, does not here signify *helpful*; [*Auxiliatrix*, as Mr Barnes terms it] but that 'tis an Epithet taken from the City of *Alakomenes* in *Bœotia*, where *Minerva* had a Temple;

she had likewise another not far from thence, where she was ador'd under the Name of *Itonian Minerva*; and that Temple was common to her with *Pluto*, for very mysterious Reasons. I don't know, but that the Ancients meant by it, that *Minerva*, thro' Prudence and Industry, is the Spring of all Riches; for *Pluto*, whom they associate with her, is the God of Riches. But, to return to *Alakomenian Minerva*, Strabo very well establishes, in his IX Book, what I just now advanc'd; and he adds, that it was thought, *Minerva* was born at *Alakomenes*, that she was ador'd there in a particular Manner, and that Homer, in speaking of the *Bœotian* Troops, did not mention that City, because its Inhabitants being sacred to *Minerva*, had the singular Privilege of being excus'd from going to War.

(f) *Yet these two mighty Deities are pleas'd to sit Spectators of a bloodless Fight.*] Herein lies the Raillery and Odiousness of the Comparison;

" these two mighty Deities are pleas'd To sit
 " Spectators of a bloodless Fight ; Easy and un-
 " alarm'd at the Event : Whilst she, whose
 " Province lies in Pleasure only, The Laughter-
 " loving *Venus*, aids in Person Her Favourite,
 " nor leaves his Side a Moment ; But with her
 " Presence guards him against Fate : Ev'n now
 " she snatch'd him from the Brink of Death.
 " 'Tis true, the Vict'ry is the *Spartan* King's ;
 " Nor can it in the least be call'd in Question.
 " Now therefore, let us think what End to put
 " To this important Quarrel ; Shall we kindle
 " The War afresh, and stir up bloody Contests ?
 " Or shall we breath into the Greeks and *Trojans*
 " The Sentiments of Peace, and reconcile
 " them ? (g) If ye all like the latter, *Troy* may
 " stand, And *Helen* may return with *Menelaus*.

Juno and *Pallas*, who sate next each other,
 Devising mighty Mischiefs to the *Trojans*, Mur-
 mur'd, with Lips compress'd, at Jove's Dis-
 course. (h) *Pallas*, tho' much provok'd at what
 she heard, Yet curb'd her swelling Choler, and
 was silent ; But Juno, not being able to with-

those Goddesses that protect
Menelaus, are two great God-
 deesses ; they bear Names which
 ought to engage them yet
 more to succour the *Greeks* ;
 nevertheless, they give way to
 one Goddess ; and to what
 Goddess ? To *Venus*, who de-
 lights in nothing but Sports and
 Pleasures. To enter rightly in-
 to the Spirit of this Raillery of
Jupiter's, it must be consider'd,
 that he was a Favourer of *Troy* ;
 & speaks therefore as if he
 were piqued, that these two
 Goddesses did not succour Me.

menelaus ; for if they had done
 so, *Menelaus* had slain his Ene-
 my, and *Troy* had been freed.

(g) If ye all like the latter.] For, all the Gods, that is to
 say, all Causes, must co-operate
 towards Fate.

(h) *Pallas*, tho' much provok'd at what she heard, yet
 curb'd her swelling Choler, and
 was silent.] For in the God-
 dess of Wisdom, Wisdom ought,
 doubtless, to predominate, and
 restrain the impetuous Sallies of
 Passion. 'Tis just the contrary
 with *Venus*.

hold

hold The Transport of her Fury, thus broke out : " What means this Speech, O cruel Son of *Saturn* ? Will you thus render all my Labour fruitless ? And must the Pains I've taken prove abortive ? Have I fatigu'd my Horses to no purpose, In posting to and fro to muster Forces 'Gainst *Priam* and his Sons ? — But do your Pleasure. Take this along : I, and all other Gods, Have vow'd to thwart your partial Care for *Troy*.

The Master of the Thunder, much provok'd, Made this Reply : " Thou Fury, what Offence Has *Priam* or his Children giv'n to Thee, That thou shou'dst thus implacably pursue them ? (i) Your better Way wou'd be to quit *Olympus*, Renounce the Goddess, and, shut up in *Troy*, Devour old *Priam* and his Issue, quick, And make a bloody Meal on All his People : Your Hatred, peradventure, may be glutted, And Malice laid to Rest with such a Feast : Do as you please ; it shall breed no Contention 'Twixt you and me : But then remember this, (k) When I resolve some City to destroy, Stand not betwixt my Wrath and it, I charge thee ; However greatly thou may'st love the People, Be Passive, and give way to my Revenge ; Since, with Regret, I here abandon *Troy* ; And, to give You your

(i) Your better Way would be to quit *Olympus*. I have a little stretch'd the Thought of Homer, the better to unravel and illustrate the Raillery Jupiter makes use of to reproach Juno for her Cruelty, which is so contrary to the Divine Nature.

(k) When I resolve some City to destroy. Homer, in this place, prophesies the Ruin of Juno's Cities. Indeed, they soon fell from their Glory, and *Mycene* was entirely destroy'd not long after the Battel of *Salamin*.

“ Will, forego my own? For, not beneath the
 “ Sun and Starry Heav’*n*, Is there a Town,
 “ possess’d by mortal Men, (1) Which shares
 “ my Love like that of Sacred *Ilium*; Nor, of
 “ Mankind, is any more in Grace With Me,
 “ than Warlike *Priam* and his People. They,
 “ with incessant Vows, my Name invoke; My
 “ Altars never were without Oblations Of
 “ Victims slain, nor wanted grateful Savour;
 “ What more cou’d I require, or They perform?

Juno reply’d: “ Three Cities I prefer To
 “ all the rest throughout the Universe: *Argos*
 “ and *Sparta*, and the wide *Mycenæ*; (m) De-
 “ stroy them, whensoe’er your Pleasure prompts;
 “ I shall not try to turn aside your Thunder,
 “ Nor in the least repine to see them ruin’d;
 “ Or, if I should repine and interpose, What
 “ would avail my Spight and Opposition, Since
 “ you are far more powerful than I? But them
 “ tis just, that after so much Labour, I should
 “ have Pow’r to crown it with Success. For,
 “ I too am a Deity, and spring From the same
 “ Sire with You, the wise *Saturnus*. A two-
 “ fold Cause thus pleads for my Desire; Not
 “ only as your Sister, but your Wife; The
 “ Wife of *Jove*, whom all the Gods obey!

(1) Which shares my Love like that, &c.] This is founded upon *Troy*’s having flourish’d for several Reigns; but *Jupiter*, for all that, enlarges a little here, to heighten the Sacrifice which he makes to *Juno*, by abandoning *Troy* to her. It must always be remember’d, That under the Personages of these Gods, Homer represents the Intrigues of

Princes, whose publick Actions have often no other Motive, than domestick Quarrels and secret Interests

(m) Destroy them.) Might not Homer mean to describe, in this place, the natural Humour of Women, who have nothing so much at Heart which they will not sacrifice to their Resentment?

“ Then

“ Then let not Us, on these Occasions, jar;
 “ (n) But to each other mutually give way:
 “ Our good Intelligence will serve to keep The
 “ other Gods dependant and respectful. (o) Let
 “ *Pallas* therefore presently be sent Down to
 “ the Camp, and use her best Endeavours To
 “ cause the *Trojans* to infringe the Treaty By
 “ first insulting the triumphant *Greeks*.

The Sire of Gods and Men allow'd her
 Suit, And instantly gave *Pallas* this Command:
 “ Haste to the Camp, and use your best En-
 “ deavours To cause the *Trojans* to infringe the
 “ Treaty By first insulting the triumphant *Greeks*.

Pallas, already bent against the *Trojans*, Was
 glad of the Commission: She descends With
 Flight impetuous from the Heights of Heav'n.
 (p) As when the Son of *Saturn* hurls a Star, To
 Ships at Sea portentous, (q) or to Armies,

(n) *But to each other mutually give way*] Homer is ever
 interspersing Precepts for Ci-
 vil Life. In this place, he
 shews of what Necessity it is,
 that a Husband and Wife
 should give way to each other;
 for a good Understanding be-
 tween Them preserves Order in
 the Family, and keeps every
 Thing in Decorum.

(o) *Let Pallas therefore presently be sent*.] Why does Homer
 make *Minerva* herself go
 to excite *Pandarus* to an Ac-
 tion so unjust, as that seems to
 be, which he's going to do,
 viz. to violate the Alliance by
 an Act of Hostility? 'Tis to
 shew, that Wisdom itself pre-
 sides over all the Decrees of
Jupiter, and governs all the
 Springs of Providence.

(p) *As when the Son of Saturn hurls a Star*.] This Com-
 parison I think very beautiful.
 Homer compares *Minerva's*
 Descent to that of the Ex-
 halations which sometimes are
 kindled in the Air, and which,
 after having rapidly travell'd a
 certain Space, break into a
 thousand fiery Particles, and
 are extinguish'd by mixing
 with the grosser Air; such Va-
 pourous he poetically calls *Stars*,
 because of their Brightness.

(q) *Or to Armies*.] It may
 also be translated, *or to the Assemblies of a Nation*; for
 the Word *σεγέρε* oftentimes
 signifies a great Assembly, a
 Gathering of the People, upon
 any other Occasion, as well as
 War.

The falling Meteor in its airy Progress, Scatters abroad Ten thousand sparkling Fires: So did the Goddess throw herself to Earth Betwixt both Camps, and suddenly was lost: Amazement seiz'd the Greek and Trojan Hosts, When they beheld the blazing Miracle: Each Soldier turning to his Fellow, said, (r) " Either this " Sign portends a second Breach And bloodier " Fights, or else (s) great Jupiter, Who from " his Treasures deals forth War and Peace, In- " tends to ratify the Truce agreed on.

(r) Thus did both Sides presage among themselves. The Goddess having taken the Resemblance Of brave *Laodocus*, *Antenor*'s Son, Conveys herself among the Trojan Troops. Haft'ning thro' ev'ry Quarter of the Army, In

(r) *Either this Sign portends,*
Ex. 1 This Passage deserves
to be explain'd; for how can
this Exhalation, this Star, be
a Prognostic of two so contrary
Things, as Peace and War?
For both Omens ought to have
their respective Foundation.
By its fiery Particles it may
portend War; and by its Ex-
tinction, when plung'd in gros-
ser Air, it may be understood
as a Sign of Peace. The least
Congruity is enough for People
to ground their Prognostics up-
on.

(s) *Great Jupiter, who from*
his Treasures deals forth War
and Peace.] I was willing to
give the literal Sense of the
Word *ταύπινε*, which exhibits
here a beautiful Image. Ho-
mer alludes to the two Tuns
or Vessels which are on both

sides of Jupiter, and out of
which that God draws good
and bad Fortune. We shall
speak of this hereafter. At
present, tho' my Purpose is not
to load these Remarks with
Textual Criticisms, yet I shall
not let this pass without obser-
ving, that there seems to be in
the Verse of Homer, a very
ancient Error, and that instead of
ἀργεῖον ταύπινε, it shou'd
be read *ἀργεῖοντα ταύπινε*: for
ταύπινε cannot agree with two
Genitive Cases: They who un-
derstand Greek, will know what
I mean.

(t) *Thus did both Sides pre-*
safege.] Homer gives to under-
stand by this, that all the
People, as well Greeks as Bar-
barians, drew the same Pre-
sages from those Exhalations.

quest of valiant *Pandarus*, she found him, Standing amidst his warlike Infantry, Fam'd *Lycian* Troops well arm'd with shady Shields, And brought by him from sweet *Æsopus*' Banks. *Pallas*, approaching, thus address'd his Ear: "Wilt thou, *Lycaon*'s valiant Son, be pleas'd To do a Service I shall recommend? Wou'd you but venture to let fly at *Menelaus* (u) One of your deadly and unerring Arrows; What Glory wou'd so bold an Action gain you! (w) What Gifts might you expect from every Trojan, But more especially from (x) Royal *Paris*, Who wou'd not fail to load you with rich Presents, If he cou'd see the warlike Son of *Atreus*, Fell'd by your Shaft, ascend the Funeral Pile: Then scruple not, my princely Friend, but shoot, And take his Pride down in the midst of Vict'ry: But first make humble Pray'r to *Lycian Phœbus*, The God of Archery, to guide your Shaft; Promise a He-catomb of early't Lambs, (y) At your Return to *Zelia*'s sacred City.

(u) One of your deadly and unerring Arrows.] He praises the Archer, in praising the Arrow. Thus the Prophet commends the Arrows of the Nations of the North-Country, which God saith he will raise and cause to come up against Babylon: *Sagitta ejus, quasi viri fortis interfectoris, non revertetur vacua: Their Arrows shall be as of a mighty expert Man; none shall return in vain.* Jer. 1. 9.

(w) What Gifts might you expect.] *Minerva*, you see, takes *Pandarus* by the Handle

of Interest; for Homer draws the Portrait of *Pandarus*, as a very covetous Man, and intends thereby to shew, that Avarice is capable of putting Men upon committing the worst Actions.

(x) Royal *Paris*.] *Minerva* says Royal *Paris*, the better to prevail on *Pandarus*, and put him in hopes of the greater Presents.

(y) At your Return to *Zelia*'s sacred City.] Because the Lambs wou'd cost him less in his own Country, than in a besieg'd Town.

These Words prevail'd on (z) thoughtless *Pandarus*. He instantly drew forth (a) a curious Bow, Made of a Mountain-Goat's luxuriant Horns, Struck dead upon a Rock's sharp Brow by *Pandarus*, Who long had watch'd his Issue, not in vain: The fatal Arrow took him on the Breast, And in the Act of Leaping laid him flat. (b) His Horns extended sixteen Handfuls each, Which, shav'd, and aptly fitted by the Artist, Were made into a Bow, and tipt

(z) *Thoughtless Pandarus.*] Homer calls him *Thoughtless*, because he was going to do a Thing manifestly unjust and impious; and if he had had the least Sense, he wou'd have withstood all those Temptations.

(a) *A curious Bow.*] Homer takes care to diversify his Poem with Stories, Narrations, Descriptions, Paintings, to pleasure his Reader. This short Episode of Hunting, and the Description of this Bow, cou'd not any where have come in better than here, where the Poet is speaking of *Pandarus*, who was taught Archery by *Apollo* himself. The great Excellence of Poetry never appears better, than in these sort of Descriptions; for, to paint an inconsiderable Thing naturally, and in a noble Manner, there lies the Art.

(b) *His Horns extended sixteen Handfuls each.*] The Greek Word *σέπος*, which I have translated *Handful*, is a Measure of four Inches; and *Eustathius* has very well ob-

serv'd, that in these Horns of sixty four Inches or five Foot four Inches, Homer does not offend against Probability; for there were in his Time some of a greater Magnitude at *Delos*.

[Tho' Madam Dacier translates it, *Ses cornes étoient de seize palmes C. H. A. G. U. N. E.*, bis Horns extended sixteen Handfuls E. A. C. H., I do not find any thing in Homer, that can warrant or countenance such a Construction. He says barely, Τεῦ οἴηται οὐαπάλις, &c. his Horns were grown to sixteen Handfuls length, that is, five Foot four Inches both Horns together; and not singly so long, as Mr. Ogilby, with Reason, conjectures. What makes me of his Opinion, is, that both Horns went to make the Bow, as is plain from Homer; the Artist that made the Bow, did aptare, apte connectere hec cornua, (Σέπε τέκτων.) Our Artists, if I mistake not, call this sort of Work Dovetailing, piecing one Thing into another.]

with

with Gold. (c) This *Pandarus* bent, then laid it softly down: And, whilst his Friends conceal'd him with their Bucklers, For fear the Greeks shou'd see and rush upon him E'er yet the Deed was done; he opes his Quiver: He draws a Shaft which ne'er before had serv'd, Swift as the Wind; (sad Source of future Wo!) Next on the String this deadly Shaft he nocks, Then makes his humble Pray'r to *Lyrian Phœbus*, The God of Archery, to guide his Weapon, And vows a Hecatomb of early'st Lambs At his Return to *Zelia's* sacred City. This said, he drew the Nerve with so much Strength, The Shaft-head kiss'd the Bow, the String his Pap: Round came the yielding Horn, the Bow-string twang'd, Out flew the Shaft, and whiz'd among the Throng, (d) Impatient to discharge its dire Commission. Yet in that dangerous Moment the bless'd Gods Did not, (e) O *Menelaus*, thee forget: But above all, Jove's

(c) *This Pandarus bent, then laid it softly down.*] This is not reading the Action of *Pandarus*, 'tis seeing it; so naturally is it describ'd.

(d) *Impatient to discharge its dire Commission.*] Homer gives Sense and locomotive Faculties to the most inanimate Things; and this is what endues his Verses with a kind of Life, which makes us think that in other Poems we find every Thing dead and insipid. In like manner, all is animated throughout the Books of the Old Testament; Weapons there have Sense, Voice, in a word, Life. *Jeremias* speaking

to the Sword of the Lord, says, *O mucro Iehova, usque quæ non quiesces? Collige te in viginam tuam, quiesce, & file. O thou Sword of the Lord, how long will it be e'er thou art quiet? Put up thyself into thy Scabbard, rest, and be still.* Jer. xlvi. 6.

(e) *O Menelaus.*] Homer quits his Narration, to direct on a sudden his Speech to *Menelaus*, as if he were present; and he uses these kind of Apostrophes, to rouze Attention; but he never does it unseasonably, or to Persons unworthy of it; for, as *Enstadius* has well observ'd, this very grave

Daughter,

Daughter, who delights In social Arts, *Minerva*, cover'd thee! (f) She, interposing, turn'd the Shaft aside, Slack'd its wing'd Force, and bade it not be Mortal: (g) So, from her sleeping Babe, a tender Mother Drives the bold Wasp that would disturb its Rest. The Arrow was directed by the Goddess Upon the Juncture where the Belt was buckl'd, And which compos'd a kind of double Armour. The dreadful Shaft drove thro' the Belt and Armour; And, not quite deadn'd, (b) pierc'd the Truss beneath, Which being plated, help'd to dull its

Poet wou'd think he had debas'd his Poem, to have directed his Speech to ordinary Men.

(f) *She, interposing, turn'd the Shaft aside.*] It may be ask'd here, wherefore does *Minerva*, who sets *Pandarus* against *Menelaus*, avert from *Menelaus* the Arrow of *Pandarus*? It is to signify, that the same Providence, which, if we may dare to say so, pushes wicked Men upon doing Evil, knows likewise how to deliver out of their Hands those whom they attack. The Decree of *Jupiter* was, that the Alliance shou'd be broken, and not that *Menelaus* shou'd be kill'd.

(g) *So from her sleeping Babe, &c.*] This Comparison is, in my Opinion, charming, both for the Justness and the Sweetness of the Image. The Arrow which was impatient to discharge its dire Commission, is compar'd to a Wasp; *Menelaus*, who, trusting to the Treaty, is in a State of per-

fect Tranquility and Innocence, and as it were asleep, is compar'd to a Child in that Circumstance; and *Minerva*, because of the constant and assiduous Care she takes of *Menelaus*, is compar'd to a Mother who drives a Wasp from her Babe, for fear it shou'd sting and wake it. As this Mother contents herself with putting away this Wasp from the uncover'd Parts, and suffers it to range upon the swaddling Bands, and whenever it can do no great Hurt: So *Minerva* contents herself with putting by the Arrow from the mortal Parts, and lets it fall on that Part of the Body which was most cover'd.

(b) *Pierc'd the Truss beneath.*] This which I translate *Truss*, and Homer calls *τείρην*, was a kind of a very broad Bolster or Rowler of Linnen, having a Plate of Brass, Steel, or Gold, upon

Force ; So that it only raz'd the upper Skin : Yet from the Wound the Blood ran trickling down. (i) As when some *Carian or Meonian Dame* Has stain'd an Ivory Curb with richest Purple, To grace the foamy Cheeks of the

the outward Part, and quilted inwardly with Wool or Cotton ; and this they wore next them over the lower Venter under their Armour, for their greater Security. [Or rather, as Mr. Ogilby says, that the Weight of their heavier Arms might not offend those tender Parts.]

(i) *As when some Carian, &c.* Mr. Despreaux has excellently well defended this Passage against the unjust Criticism of a Modern. He has made appear, that Homer, not content with delivering precisely what serves for the Comparison he is making, expatiates upon some historical Circumstance of the Thing he is speaking of ; for in Poetry, especially in *Odes* and in the *Epic*, the Comparisons are not only put to enlighten and adorn the Discourse, but likewise to amuse and relax the Mind of the Reader, by taking him from time to time off from the principal Subject, and walking him over other agreeable Images ; and this is that wherein Homer has chiefly excell'd. Not only all his Comparisons, but all his Discourses are fill'd with Images of Nature, so true and so various, that tho' he is ever the same, he is ever different ; con-

tinually instructing his Reader, and causing him to observe, in the very Objects which are always before him, Things which he had not dreamt of observing himself. In Confirmation of this Remark of Mr. Despreaux, hear what Enstatius says ; *Observe* (says he) what Learning and what Variety is contain'd in this Comparison, by the different Histories it includes ; this great Poet always proposing as his Aim, thns to embellish his Images, in order to instruct, as well as to divert. Now let us examine separately the Beauties which occur in this Comparison.

As when some Carian or Meonian Dame. It is certain, Homer might very well have made this Comparison, by barely saying, *As the whitest Ivory, brighten'd by the Lustre of the richest Purple, so look'd, &c.* But this Poet does not content himself with giving this Image, he is likewise willing to teach a Point of Antiquity, viz. that in those early Ages, the *Lydians* and *Carians* were fam'd for staining in Purple, and that the Women made Works in Ivory, which were very much esteem'd. See *Strabo* upon this.

proud

proud Steeds, And please the Driver's Eye ;
 She lays it up Within her Chamber's most se-
 cure Recels ; Many brave Cavaliers with long-
 ing Eyes View the nice Work, and fain wou'd
 purchase it : But she reserves it for some migh-
 ty Prince, Or King : For 'tis no vulgar Orna-
 ment : So look'd thy Ivory Legs, brave *Me-
 nelaus*, When thy rich Blood ran down in pur-
 ple Streams.

A sudden Fear benumb'd stout *Agamemnon*, At
 the black Blood descending from the Wound.
 A sudden Fear seiz'd *Menelaus* too, Fancying
 the Wound much greater than it was ; But
 when he saw, extant above the Flesh, The Ar-
 row's Iron Barb and Ring that bound it, His
 Fear was ceas'd, and Spirits recollect'd. This
Agamemnon mark'd not, but concluded His Bro-
 ther slain : He took him by the Hand, And
 us'd these Words preluded with deep Sighs,
 Which with sad Groans were answer'd by the

*But she reserves it for some
 mighty Prince, or King.* Ho-
 mer by this informs us, that in
 those Times there were Orna-
 ments which were reserv'd for
 Kings and Princes, and which
 private Men durst not wear ;
 such as the Cheek-Studs of the
 Curb-Bridles, which they us'd
 to make of Ivory stain'd with
 Purple, much more valu'd than
 Gold. Furthermore, it were
 easy to prove, out of the Books
 of the Old Testament, that
 Purple was particularly reserv'd
 for Princes and Kings, and
 such others as had their Per-
 mission to wear it.

*So look'd thy Ivory Legs,
 brave Menelaus.* A certain
 Modern, [she means M. Per-
 rault] translating this Verse
 wrong, accuses Homer of ri-
 diculously saying, that *Mene-
 laus* had Heels at the Extre-
 mity of his Legs ; but the
 Fault is the Translator's, for
 Homer expresses it very sen-
 sibly and very naturally, and
 paints his Object so well,
 that one sees the Blood trick-
 ling down his Legs to his
 Feet. *Vid.* the Remark of
 Mr. Despreaux upon *Longi-
 nus*, and that of *Enstatius*,
 p. 457.

Soldiers.

Soldiers. " Have I, dear Erother, made a
 " Truce for this? Didst thou, for this, ex-
 " pose thy precious Life In single Combat for
 " the Grecian Army? Is it for this the Tro-
 " jans swore a Peace? Only to tread all Faith
 " beneath their Feet? But they're deceiv'd:
 " Nor can they render vain Those Oaths, those
 " Off'rings, and that sacred Wine, (k) That
 " mutual Faith to which we firmly trusted.
 " For, tho' Jove's Thunder seems to sleep at
 " present, Yet it will wake, and Punish this
 " Infraction; Nor shall They only rue this
 " treach'rous Act, Their Wives and Children
 " shall have cause to curse it. (l) For well I
 " know, a Day shall come, when Troy, With
 " Priam and his People, All shall perish. Sa-
 " turnian Jupiter, that dreadful God, Who
 " dwells on high, and sits above the Clouds,
 " Shall, in Revenge for this foul Perjury, Shake
 " over Troy his formidable Shield. This he
 " will surely do, tho' he delays. But still my
 " Grief for thee wou'd be the same, Dear
 " Menelaus, if thy Wound prove mortal, And
 " thou untimely thus conclude thy Fate: I

(k) *That mutual Faith to which we firmly trusted.* [The Greek adds, by shaking Hands; upon which Eustathius very well says, " Observe that is those early Times they us'd to confirm Treaties and Alliances by shaking Hands; conjoin'd Hands being the Pledge and Seal of Union and Concord.

(l) *For well I know, a Day shall come, when Troy.*] Ho-

mer, to comfort his Reader who interests himself for the Greeks, gives him a Glimmering of the Destruction of Troy. Agamemnon foretells it in this place, but dares not promise himself, that he shall be the Instrument made use of by Jupiter to punish that perfidious Town; and therefore adds, that the Death of Menelaus wou'd oblige him to return with Ignominy to Argos.

" must

" must return with lasting Shame to Argos :
 " (m) For, in that Instant, when you cease to Be,
 " The Greeks will straitway think of going
 " Home ; The Glory of retaining Argive Helen
 " Will thus remain to Priam and the Trojans.
 " Thy Bones too, bury'd in this hostile Land,
 " After a fruitless War, enrich their barb'rous
 " Soil : When some proud Trojan, with insult-
 " ing Foot, Shall spurn the Tomb of Gallant
 " Menelaus, And use these haughty Words ;
 " May Agamemnon In all his Undertakings vent
 " his Choler With such Success as he has done at
 " Troy ! His chief Ambition was, to carry Home
 " An empty Fleet, and leave his Brother here. This
 " they will say ; But first gape wide, thou
 " Earth, Beneath my Steps, and take me
 " quick to Death !

Then Menelaus, to remove his Fears, With
 chearful Look made Answer ; " Dearest Brother,
 " Be not thyself dismay'd, nor terrify the Greeks :
 " The Wound's but slight, nor is there any Dan-
 " ger. The Arrow fell not on a vital Part.
 " My Belt, my Armour, and the plated Truss
 " I wear beneath, have all concur'd to save
 " me. Grant Heav'n't be true, Dear Brother !
 " (said the King :) But let some skill'd Physi-
 " cian strait be sent for, To dress the Wound,
 " and mitigate the Pain, Applying Balm and pro-
 " per Anodynes. This said, he call'd Talthibius
 the Herald, And thus commanded ; " Run

(m) For in that Instant, when you cease to Be, the Greeks, &c.] For Menelaus being dead, the Greeks will no longer trouble themselves about Helen, who being then free might desire to continue with Paris.

" with

" with utmost Speed, And fetch *Macbaon*, Son
 " of *Æsculapius*, Divinely skill'd in Physick's
 " Sov'reign Lore: Tell him, he must to *Me-*
 " *nelaus* come, The warlike Chieftain of the
 " Greeks just wounded Or by a *Trojan*, or a
 " *Lycian* Archer, Too expert at his Bow, to
 " our Misfortune. He spoke; nor was the He-
 rald disobedient: He hastens thro' the Troops
 of gen'rous *Greeks*, Casting his Eyes about for
 great *Macbaon*: And soon he found him, stand-
 ing in the midst Of numerous Troops, well-
 arm'd with shady Shields, Who follow'd him
 from *Trica*, fam'd for Horses. " Great Son of
 " *Æsculapius*! (said the Herald) Haste this
 " Instant; 'tis the King's Command, You to his
 " Royal Brother come, just wounded, Or by a
 " *Lycian*, or a *Trojan* Archer, Too expert at
 " his Bow, to our Misfortune.

He spoke. -- *Macbaon*, troubl'd at the News,
 departs: They traverse the wide Army of the
Greeks; At length, arriv'd at *Menelaus'* Quar-
 ters, They found the Chieftains gather'd round
 the Hero, Who yet had Strength to stand up-
 right amidst them. Strait from the Belt *Ma-*
chaon draws the Shaft, Which, breaking, left
 the forky Barbs behind: Then, without loss of
 time, undoes the Belt, Takes off the Armour
 and the Truss beneath; And when he thorough-
 ly had view'd the Wound, (n) He sucks the

(n) *He sucks the clotted Blood.*] This is worthy of Observation. Those early Ages were sensible of the Benefit of sucking the Wounds, to cleanse them, and prevent

Corruption. *Eustathius* reports, that in his Time, among the most barbarous People, this Method was practis'd, and generally succeeded.

clotted Blood; and next infuses Soft Lenitives
which *Chiron* taught his Father.

Whilst thus the Chiefs were busy'd round the Hero, (o) The *Trojans* were advancing to attack them. Sudden, as the Alarm, the Grecian Troops Resume their Arms, and Eagerness for Fight. (p) You wou'd not then have seen the King of Men, The Godlike *Agamemnon*, either sleeping Or maz'd with Fear, or shuffling from the Battel, But hast'ning to begin the glorious Fight. His costly Chariot he dismiss'd: *Euryalus* Was charg'd to keep it within proper distance, Lest Faintness shou'd surprize his Limbs fatigu'd With ordering so numerous an Army: The faithful Servant carefully obey'd, And held, apart, his Master's fiery Coursers: They toss'd the Foam, and fill'd the Air with snorting.

(q) The King on Foot scours thro' the Grecian Squadrons, And whom he finds dispos'd to do their Duty, Those he confirms with chearing Words: "Brave Greeks! Remit not the least Spark of your bold Spirits: Jove never

(o) *The Trojans* were advancing to attack them.] They advance to attack them, as believing without doubt, that what *Pandarus* had done was by the Order of the Generals. All the *Trojans* therefore having Part in this Perfidy, shall likewise have Part in the Punishment.

(p) You wou'd not then have seen, &c.] Homer here proves the Praise he had given before to *Agamemnon*, That he was as good a King, as a valiant Captain. These Apostrophes

have a great deal of Grace, and beautifully break the Monotony of the Narration. You must observe, 'tis the *Muse* speaking to the Poet.

(q) The King on Foot scours thro' the Grecian Squadrons.] *Eustathius* says, he did this to shame the *Greeks*, by not favouring himself, and likewise that he might not seem to treat them with too much State, if he spoke from his Chariot to Princes who were on Foot.

" did,

BOOK IV. OF HOMER.

21

“ did, nor will assist the Perjur'd. They who,
 “ with Breach of Faith, wou'd hurt their Foes,
 “ Shall be themselves devour'd by rav'ous
 “ Vulturs: Whilst their lov'd Wives and
 “ Children, captive made, From their sack'd
 “ City shall be led in Triumph.

To those he saw hang off and shun the Fight,
 He spoke in Terms which shew'd his Indig-
 nation. “ Base Argives, are ye not ashame'd
 “ to stand Like Buts to Darts? Have ye
 “ no Sense of Honour? Why stare ye like a
 “ Herd of frighted Fawns, Who, after having
 “ travers'd Some vast Plain, Stand still, and
 “ panting yield to their Pursuers, When but
 “ a Moment's Vigour might preserve them?
 “ Such you appear! So stupidly you gaze!
 “ Can nothing move your dastard Souls! D'ye
 “ wait Till the bold Trojans set your Fleet on
 “ Fire, In hopes that Jupiter will then extend
 “ His aiding Arm, and drag you out of Dan-
 “ ger?

(r) Thus he, Commander-like, from Rank to Rank, Went thro' the Host; and passing many a Band, Came where the haughty Cretan Troops were posted: He found them arming for th' approaching Fight: Brave *Idomen*, like to a savage Boar, Assur'd and Strong, did in the Front appear: *Meriones* brought on the valiant Rear-Guard. The King, extremely pleas'd to

(r) *Thus he, Commander-like, from Rank to Rank went thro' the Host.]* In this Review which Homer causes Agamemnon to take, there is an admirable Variety; but a Variety,

which marks the Genius and Character of the Troops which the Poet describes; some are arming, others are already arm'd, others are marching, &c.

see

see these Troops, Thus to their Chief express'd his Satisfaction : " Oh, *Idomene* ! I ever lov'd thee most Of all the Greeks, both in the Field and Council ; At Table too, whene'er the Grecian Chiefs I treated with rich honorary Wine, Thy Goblet, like my own, stood always full, To drink when Pleasure prompted ; (s) while the others In stinted Bowls drank each his certain Measure. Now, therefore, shew your Valour, and maintain The glorious Character you justly boast. To this the *Cretan* Prince reply'd : " *Atrides* , What heretofore I promis'd you to be, I shall continue still, your firm Associate : No Danger shall remove me from your Person : But go and animate the other Leaders, That we the Onset may begin forthwith : For, since the Trojans first infring'd the Treaty, Vict'ry and Death will certainly revenge us.

(s) While the others in stinted Bowls drank each his certain Measure.] I have already taken Notice of the Portions or Messes at Feasts, which were generally alike, except when there was any one present whom they were minded to honour, and who merited some sort of Preference ; for then the Parts were proportion'd to the Merit and Distinction of those for whom they were design'd ; and the greatest Mark of Honour was, not only the best Share of the Meat and Wine, but also to drink at pleasure without being sub-

ject to the Laws of those Festivals, which were generally very violent and sensles. This Custom of regulating the Proportions by the Merit of the Guests, or by the Affection that was had for them, is much more ancient than the War of Troy ; it was practis'd in the Feast which *Joseph* gave his Brethren in *Egypt*, for *Benjamin's* Mess was five times as large as that of his Brethren ; *majorque pars venit Benjamini, ita ut quinque partibus excederet*, Gen. xlivi. 34. And so *Samuel* treats *Saul* ; King. ix. 23.

He spoke : With gladden'd Heart the King pass'd on, And came where both *Ajaces* had their Quarters : He found them arm'd, and ready for the Fight. Behind them, hid the Ground (t) a Cloud of Infantry. As when some Shepherd from a Rock's high Prospect Spies a thick Vapour forming from the Deep, (u) And driv'n by boist'rous Zephyr tow'rds the Shore ; (w) Blacker than Night the Cloud at distance seems, And brings a furious Tempest in its Womb ; The Shepherd at the Sight is froze with Fear, And to some shelt'ring Cave compels his Flock : So look'd these thick Battalions, as they mov'd, Clad in brown Arms, and bristling with their Pikes.

At their bold Mien the King was fill'd with Joy, And thus bespoke their Chiefs : " Braye " Generals ! I come not to excite you, but " commend : Nor do I need to animate your

(t) *A Cloud of Infantry.*] Because being very thick and close, and clad in brown Arms, they perfectly resembl'd a thick and black Cloud. And as this Poet is the first that ever made use of the Word *Cloud* for Men, he, according to his Custom, softens the Boldness of the Figure, by a Comparison which justifies it, in the very Delivery of it. See the Remark of *Eustathius*, p. 471. 'Tis worth while to observe with what Ingenuity and Majesty Homer in this place praises the two *Ajaces* and their Troops.

(u) *Driv'n by boist'rous Zephyr.*] I waver'd a long time,

whether or no I shou'd use in this place the Word *Zephyr*, because in our Language the Zephyrs are gentle Winds, which have nothing of Terrible. But at last I familiariz'd myself to it, that I might avoid putting the *West Wind*. 'Tis sufficient the Reader be advertis'd, that the Greeks give to the West-Wind the Name of *Zephyr*.

(w) *Blacker than Night.*] Homer says *blacker than Pitch*, but what is Noble in *Greek*, because of the Beauty of the Terms, is often bald in *French*, for the contrary Reason.

" *Soldiers :*

“ Soldiers. Your bright Example is sufficient
 “ Motive: I wish to Jove, Minerva and Apollo,
 “ That ev’ry Greek was fill’d with the same
 “ Ardour! Soon wou’d the Business of the
 “ War be ended, And Troy’s proud Towers
 “ level’d with the Dust.

This said, he left them, and pursu’d his way
 To visit other Troops: Next he beheld Nestor,
 the subtle Orator of Pylos, Forming his Squa-
 drons in Array of Battel, And clearing them
 against the Foe; (x) appointing Each Chief
 his Post; Alastor, Pelagon, Prince Hemon, Bius,
 and the manly Chromius. (y) His Squadrons
 with their Chariots and their Horses He plac’d
 in Front: His choicest Infantry Were in the
 Rear; a Bulwark to the others. The Slothful
 in the midst he put, and those Upon whose

(x) *Appointing each Chief his Post, Alastor, &c.*] Homer, as Enstathius very well observes, gives to each General of the Troops, one only Companion, or Lieutenant. Idomeneus has Meriones with him, Diomed has Sthenelus; the great Ajax, has the second Ajax, the Son of Oileus; Menestheus the Atheneian has none, but near him is Ulysses within distance to sustain him. And here Homer gives five Officers to Nestor, and this to shew that one alone might in some sort supply the Place of the others, whereas to fill the Place of old Nestor, several were requisite, and wou’d find it hard enough to do what Nestor in his Youth cou’d have

done himself. It is likewise worthy of Observation, with what Touches Homer sets off Nestor. Some are arming, others are armed, but Nestor was already putting his Troops into Battel-Array. Wisdom always secures itself betimes against Surprises.

(y) *His Squadrons with their Chariots and their Horses be plac’d in Front.*] This is that Disposition of a Battal which Homer liked best, since he assigns it to Nestor. This Disposition, however, was chang’d as Occasion requir’d; for in the eleventh Book we shall see Agamemnon ranging the Foot foremost, and sustaing ir by the Horse.

Courage he did least rely: That such as lov'd not Fighting, might be forc'd.

(z) The Charioteers he strictly did command, To drive sedately, and to move in Order, To shun Confusion, and to keep their Ranks: But above all, he recommends, that none, Presuming on his Horsemanship or Courage, Advance before his Comrades to the Charge: Or, having charg'd, retire: " For so, said he, " Your Squadrons, thin'd, will easier be defeated. (a) Farther, if any, thrown from " out his Chariot, Shall mount into another's,

(z) The Charioteers he strictly did command, &c.] Homer sets off the Prudence of Nestor, both in his Disposition of the Troops, and the Orders he gives them. And the Poet attributes all this to Nestor, because in War especially, a great Capacity proceeds from long Experience. It is plain, from all these Passages, that ev'n in Homer's Time, the Art of War was very much known. The Orders Nestor gave his Cavalry were, that None presuming on his Horsemanship or Skill, advance before his Comrades to the Charge: This hare-brain'd Jealousy serves only to occasion those to be knock'd o'th' Head, whom it prompts to advance before their Fellows. This Order of Nestor's is a very good one.

Or, having charg'd, retire: This Order is no less necessary than the former; a Chariot cannot put back or

turn, without breaking the Disposition of the Squadrons, and causing great Disorder.

(z) Farther, if any thrown from out his Chariot.) This Passage is remarkable for its Ambiguity. *Enstathius* writes, that these two Verses of Homer are capable of four different Meanings, and all very reasonable. [The two Verses he alludes to, are in English, thus; *Whorver shall come from his own Chariot to that of another, Let him extend or hold forth a Spear.*]

The four Meanings are, first, that whoever, in fighting on his Chariot, shall win a Chariot from the Enemy, let him continue fighting, and not retire out of the Press to secure his Prey.

The second, if any one be thrown out of his Chariot, let the Person who shall be nearest to him, hold forth his Pike to help him into his.

The third is quite opposite to the second. When any

“ let him ride, As Combatant, and use his
 “ brandish'd Spear, But not pretend to take the
 “ Driver's place, Or guide the Horses he's a
 “ Stranger to: For, (added he) by following
 “ these sage Maxims, Our Fathers have re-
 “ duc'd so many Towns, And over-thrown so
 “ many strong-built Ramparts. Wise Nestor,
 long inur'd to Arms, thus disciplin'd his
 Troops.

“ O Nestor! thus the King, transported, said,
 “ Wou'd Heav'n thy Strength were equal to thy
 “ Courage! And that thy Knees cou'd follow
 “ thy bold Spirit! But Age, the sad Attendant
 “ of Long-Life, Thy Nerves unbraces, and con-
 “ geals thy Blood. O that with some less ne-

one that is thrown out of his Chariot, shall be desirous to mount another's, let that other push him back with his Pike, and not admit him; because that wou'd slacken the Fight.

And the fourth, that which I have follow'd. *Eustathius* adds, that *Homer* has sometimes affected to throw several Meanings in this Manner among his Verses, to shew the Force of his Genius, and to let us see that ev'n in his Equivoques he is ~~τραγῳδεῖς~~ ~~ἄτυχος~~, as faultless as a Dye, and that in whatever manner he falls, he still comes upon his Feet. He does not however do this, but in its proper Place, and when a Multitude is to be spoken to.

I have quoted this Remark, because I thought it a singular one, and that it might serve to justify more important Passages than what one reads in these Books. What Advantage wou'd it not be, to be able to read, in one single Expedition, four different Things, and all very good? Men have been seldom Masters of the Secret. As for me, who was not able to preserve this happy Amphibology in our Language, I chose that Sense which seem'd to me most natural, and which indeed is justified by what *Pandarus* does, when he mounts *Aeneas*'s Chariot, for he refuses to meddle with the Horses Reins, and his Refusal is grounded upon the very same Reason, which is here given by Nestor.

“ cessat

"cessary Stripling. Thou cou'dst exchange
thy Winter for his Spring !

The venerable *Nestor* thus reply'd : " I wish
I were the same that once I was, (b) When
with this Hand I slew stout *Ereuthalion* :
(c) But the rich Favours Heav'n vouchsafes
to Man, Are giv'n successively, not all at
once: I then was young, and now Old-Age
invades me : But if my Body's Vigor be de-
cay'd, My Mind's improv'd with Years :
Weak as I am, I'll ride among my Troops,
and give Advice, (d) (For that's the proper
Office of Old-Men) While those who
younger are, and in their Prime, Exert their
Strength, and charge with Spear in Hand.

He spoke: *Atrides*, charm'd with what he
heard, Proceeds to other Troops: he finds *Me-
nestheus*, The Son of *Peteus*, skill'd in Horse-
manship, Standing amidst the brave *Athenian*
Bands, But without Action: near him was en-
camp'd The wise *Ulysses* with his *Cephallenians*,
(e) No despicable Troops; he too lay quiet:
For none of these as yet had ta'en th' Alarm :

(b) *When with this Hand I
slew stout Ereuthalion.*] This
the Character and Language
of old Men; they remember,
and love to speak of, the Ac-
tions of their Youth.

(c) *But the rich Favours
leaven, &c.*] It gives to
outh Strength without Wis-
dom, and to Old-Men Wisdom
without Strength.

(d) *For that's the proper
fice of Old-Men.*] *Nestor*
erefore was not of Opinion,
at Age shou'd absolutely

dispense with Old-Men from
going to the War; they ought
to go, if not to fight, yet to
be the Means of others fight-
ing well.

(e) *No despicable Troops.*] As much as to say, they were
very good Troops, Troops ver-
y much esteem'd. This Fi-
gure, which is familiar to the
Greeks and Orientals, is not
unknown to the *Latin*s, and
does not succeed amiss in our
Tongue.

They but that Moment saw both Armies move
 (f) Thus doubtful stood these two illustrious
 Captains, Expecting to receive the King's
 Commands, And that some other Body of the
 Greeks Shou'd first fall on, and recommence the
 War.

The King, displeas'd, thus cuttingly reproved
 them: (g) "Thou Branch of Peteus' Royal
 " Stock! and thou Whose Brain is ever spawning
 " artful Mischief! Why shrink ye back
 " dissolv'd with Coward Fear, And stay till
 " others charge? You ought t'have been the
 " first that op'd the War, and flown t'have
 " met it. I never found you tardy at a Fight
 " Nay, do I not invite you always first
 " (h) Whene'er we treat (i) the Generals
 " eat ye not Your Fill of Roast? is not your
 " Wine unstinted? But now without a Blush
 " you can look on, Ev'n tho' ten-Squadrons
 " were engag'd before you.

(f) *Thus doubtful stood these two illustrious Captains.*] This is not only a Justification of Ulysses and the Athenians, but likewise a Commendation, and a great one too. Ulysses was too prudent, and the Athenians too just, to begin the Fight without knowing for what, and after an Alliance sworn.

(g) *Thou Branch of Peteus' Royal Stock, and thou whose Brain is ever spawning artful Mischief.*] What Agamemnon does here, is not over-just. But that Prince, enrag'd at the Trojans' Treachery, and impatient to be

reveng'd, consults nothing but his Anger. This is natural especially to Princes, who are frequently very apt to judge from Appearances, and condemn every Thing which does not honour their Imprudence.

(h) *Whene'er we treat.* He says *We*, because these entertainments which the Generals gave, were at the Expence of the whole Army.

(i) *The Generals.*] The Greek has it, the *Old-Men*, but by that Word, Homer intends the Generals, the Officers, of whatever Age.

Ulysses, frowning, made this stern Reply :
 ' What is't I hear, Atrides? (k) What Discourse Have you let scape your Lips? Say you that we Are slack in Fight, or shun the Field of Death? (l) If thou'rt so curious as t'approach the Fray, Thou soon shalt see Telemachus's Father, Inflame the Fight amid the very Foe, Till thou turn pale with Fear; Then keep your Taunts For such as may deserve 'em, not for us.

When the King saw Ulysses really mov'd, He chang'd his Tone, and smiling thus rejoin'd: ' Laertes' generous Progeny, (m) Ulysses; Whose Prudence has in store, on all Occasions, An inexhausted Fund of wise Expedients! I mean not to offend you, or direct;

(k) *What Discourse have you let scape your Lips.*] The Greek says, literally, *What Words have escap'd the Barrier or Rampart of your Teeth?*

— — — — — *μόσχον οὐ ταῦτα φύειν*
 This was the Style of the Orientals. The Prophet Micha says the same; *Custodi laustra oris tui: Gardex bien e rempart de tōtre bouche:* *Keep the Doors of thy Mouth from her that lieth in thy Bowm,* Chap. vii. 5.] And this way of Speaking is founded upon Reason; for the two Rows of Teeth seem to be to the Mouth a sort of Barrier to hinder the Words from going forth, till Reflection and Judgment have giv'n them Permission.

(l) *If thou'rt so curious as t'approach the Fray.*] These Words of Ulysses carry a severe Raillery against Agamemnon, whom they tax with Want of Courage. This Method of Defence is lawful in a Prince so independent, and of so great a Reputation, as Ulysses, who sees himself despis'd by one to whom he had been signally serviceable.

(m) Ulysses, *Whose Prudence has in store, on all Occasions, an inexhausted Fund of wise Expedients.*] What's become of the artful Mischief his Brain was ever spawning? It is turn'd into a Prudence fruitful of wise Expedients. In Disputes and Fallings out, Anger makes us take for Vices the best Qualities our Friends have. The

“ For well I know your Valour and your
 “ Friendship: We have at Heart alike the
 “ Common Good. On then; and do whate'er
 “ your Mind suggests; (n) If I have said amiss,
 “ and wrong'd your Honour, You shall, another
 “ time, have Reparation: Mean while, what-
 “ e'er Impression on your Heart, My Words
 “ have made, Heav'n wipe it clean away!

Then on he went, and came to *Diomed*,
 Th'heroic Son of *Tydeus*; him he found Un-
 active on his Chariot, near him stood *Capaneus*'
 Offspring *Stenelus*. The King, Enrag'd at his
 Tranquillity, reprov'd him: “ Why trembl'st
 “ thou, who art from *Tydeus* sprung? Whence
 “ comes this Fear? And why d'ye gazing stand
 “ Upon your Chariot? Are you looking out
 “ for some By-way to steal yourself from Dan-
 “ ger? It was not *Tydeus*' Custom to be daunt-
 “ ed: He, far before the boldest of his Fel-
 “ lows, Wou'd push the War where Danger
 “ threaten'd most, As they report, who saw his
 “ hardy Toils: For I was never with him to
 “ attest His great Exploits, but took it up
 “ on Fame, Which still prefer'd him to the

Arts and Stratagems of *Ulysses* were laudable Arts and Stratagems, they were Resources in the greatest Extremities. *Eustathius* reports a Proverb of the Greeks, which seems to me to contain a great deal in it, *ἄνθρωπος οὐκ ἀνοσατεῖ Θεός*, God is no Enemy to a good Deceit, a just Deceit.

(n) If I have said amiss, &c.] Tho' *Agamemnon* is above *Ulysses*, he promises to make him Reparation, and thereby intimates, that all the Superiority of Princes does not dispense with what they owe to such as they have unjustly offended; for Justice, more Sovereign than Kings, will have Satisfaction made for Wrong done.

“ greatest

" greatest Captains. (o) One Thing I can
" remember ; in the Right Of common Ho-
" spitality, he came, With God-like Polynices,
" to Mycene, And humbly sue'd for Aid against
" the Thebans, Whose Town they then were
" going to besiege : Nor had their Suit been
" vain, or they unaided, But that with dread-
" ful Omens Jove forbad it : So back they
" went, and soon as they had reach'd Æsepus
" Banks cover'd with Sedge and Rushes, (p) Ty-
" deus was sent by the whole Grecian Army Am-
" bassador to Thebes, with Terms of Peace.
" There in Etoeles's Hall, he found a Crew of
" haughty Thebans revelling : He shrunk not,
" tho' a Stranger, and alone, Hem'd in on ev'ry
" side with hostile Faces: But challeng'd them
" to Games and Martial Feats, And foil'd them
" all with Ease, and won the Prizes : For Pal-
" las bless'd him with superior Strength. The
" Thebans, much incens'd at this Disgrace,
" Laid Ambuscades to cut off his Return ; Fifty
" stout Youths were pick'd for this Design,

(o) *One Thing I can remember ; in the Right of common Hospitality, he came.*] This first War of Thebes, which Homer speaks of here, happen'd twenty seven Years before the War of Troy. So *Agamemnon* might have seen *Tydeus* with *Polynices*, when they came to *Mycena* to sue for Succour against *Etoeles* ; and tho' he was then very young, he might remember it.

(p) *Tydeus was sent ---- Ambassador to Thebes.*] It

was the Custom, when any Nation intended to make War upon another, to send Ambassadors to demand Justice, before they proceeded to any Act of Hostility. Thus *Ulysses* and *Menelaus* were sent to *Troy*, as we have already seen. The *Romans* fail'd not to follow so laudable a Custom ; they had for this purpose, their *Faciates* ; and according to their Example, our Ancestors of *France* had their Kings at Arms.

“ And two of them brave Captains, *Lycophon*,
 “ *Autoppon*’s Son, and *Meon*, Son of *Hemon*.
 “ Yet these were sent to Hell, with all their
 “ Followers, By *Tydeus*’ Hand ; Just Punish-
 “ ment for Treason. *Meon* alone he spar’d,
 “ and sent him home, To bear the News of
 “ their Defeat to *Thebes*, Obeying so the Plea-
 “ sure of the Gods, Declar’d by Sign that Mo-
 “ ment. Such was *Tydeus* ! Who left a Son,
 “ for Martial Deeds, inferior ; But if he fights
 “ less well, he talks much better.

(q) All this, *Tydides*, honouring the King,
 With humble Silence heard, nor ought re-
 ply’d : (r) But *Capaneus*’ rougher Son retort-
 ed, “ Why, O *Atrides*, since you know the
 “ Truth, Do you run counter, and offend a-
 “ gainst it ? We both pretend to a far greater
 “ Share Of Fortitude, than what our Fathers
 “ had : (s) For we with smaller Force took
 “ *Thebes* proud Town, By *Jove*’s Help and Ob-

(q) All this, *Tydides*, ho-
 nouring the King, with humble
 Silence heard ; nor ought reply-
 ed.] *Tydides* (i. e. *Diomed*,
 the Son of *Tydeus*) assur’d of
 his own Courage, and knowing
 the Motive of *Agamemnon*’s
 Speech, makes no Answer.
 There are Invectives which a
 Man may despise ; especially
 when he knows what gives
 Birth to them. Besides, *Di-
 med* could not answer without
 confirming the Reproach cast
 on him, of being a better
 Talker than Fighter.

(r) But *Capaneus*’ rougher
 Son retorted.] Here’s a worthy
 Son of a Father that boasted
 he would take *Thebes* in spite
 of *Jupiter*.

(s) For we with smaller Force
 took *Thebes* proud Town, by
Jove’s Help and Observances
 divine.] Ten Years after the
 first War of *Thebes*, the Sons
 of those Captains, who had been
 kill’d at that Siege, undertook
 the same War, and had better
 Success, because they consulted
 the Oracles, and obey’d the
 Omens of *Jupiter* ; which their
 Fathers had disdain’d to do.

“ servances

" servances divine : Whereas the Heroes you
" are speaking of, (t) Thro' their own Folly
" perish'd at the Siege. Then wrong not *Diomed*
" or Me so much, As to compare our Fa-
thers Worth with ours.

But here he was reprov'd by *Diomed* :
" Peace, *Sthenelus*, (said he) suppress your Pas-
" sion ; Are You more hurt than I ? Believe me,
" Friend, I am not mov'd against our General,
" Nor can I take Offence to see him use All
" sorts of Means to stimulate the *Greeks*. A-
" rrises principally is concern'd In the Suc-
" cess of this important War ; For as He'll
" reap the Honour of the Vict'ry, If we the
" *Trojans* beat, and sack their Town ; So like-
" wise the Confusion will be his, If we shou'd
" get a Blow, and be defeated. Instead then of
" Disputes, let's think of Battle, And force the
" King himself to praise our Courage.

He spoke, and from his Chariot leap'd to
Earth, Compleatly arm'd : the Hero's Suit of
Steel Resounded with the Fierceness of his Motion : It might have made the stoutest Warrior
tremble. (u) As when the Western Wind ex-

(t) *Thro' their own Folly pe-
rishi'd at the Siege.*] *Capaneus*
resolving to scale the Town
in despight of *Jupiter*, was
struck with Thunder ; and
Tydeus, for having given an
Example of a horrible Re-
venge, in tearing to pieces with
his Teeth the Head of *Mena-
lippus* who had wounded him,
was abandon'd by *Pallas*, who
had vouchsafed before to be

his Assistant. The Story is in
Apollodorus.

(u) *As when the Western
Wind.*] This is a very sim-
ilar Comparison. *Homer*
compares the *Grecian* Troops
to the Waves of the Sea,
which being agitated by the
West-Wind, rise in Heaps,
and drive to Land to break
themselves ; and as this Image
gives an Idea which is disad-

erts his Rage, And tyrannizes o'er the Liquid Plain ; Strait, Mountains of congested Waves are seen, Each riding on the other's Back to Land, Where with loud Roar they're broken : if they meet Some tow'ring Rock that proudly interposes, They higher swell, and bristling spit their Foam, And cover its surmounted Head with Weeds : So did the numerous Bodies of the *Greeks* Advance to Battle : Each their Leader had, Whom silently they follow'd : (w) You'd have said, Jove had of Speech depriv'd this Multitude : Their Armour flash'd unsufferable Brightness. The *Trojans*, (x) like a Flock of Ewes, pen'd up, Within a rich Man's Fold, till all be milk'd, And never give o'er baaing while they hear Their Lambkins bleat : So they their wide Host fill'd With Cries and Shouts, tho' diff'rently express'd, According to the various

vantageous, and which does not answer the Event, (for the *Greeks* push the *Trojans*) he corrects it, and improves it, by adding, that these same Waves struggling against an opposing Rock, are at length the stronger ; and rising above it, cover it with Sea-Weeds and Froth, which serve as the Trophies of its Defeat and their Victory. In ordinary Comparisons it is the Rock that surmounts the Fury of the Waves, and in this it is the Waves that master the Resistance of the Rock. This Idea is Great and Noble, and well typifies the Success of the Battle that ensues. [But this fine Image is giv'n but by

halves in all the English Translations hitherto made of Homer ; nor is it the only one by a great many that is so serv'd.]

(w) You'd have said, Jove had of Speech depriv'd this Multitude.] With what Art and what Nobleness does Homer paint the Silence of these Troops, to shew their Discipline and their Intrepidity ?

(x) Like a Flock of Ewes.] The Contrast arising from these two Comparisons, the one of the *Greeks*, and the other of the *Trojans*, seems to me admirable. Homer is not more wonderful for his noble Fecundity, than for the happy Manner in which he makes use of it.

Tongues of those Who to their Aid were call'd
from several Countries.

(y) *Mars leads the Trojans, and the Greeks Minerva*: But *Terror* follow'd both, and *Flight*, and *Discord*, Burning with Rage insatiable; *Discord!* The God of Slaughter's Sister and Associate! (z) *Tho' small, when born, insensibly she grows, And soon arrives to that prodigious*

(y) *Mars leads the Trojans, and the Greeks Minerva*.] As much as if he had said, the *Trojans* have nothing but a brutal and ferocious Courage, and that the *Greeks* have, with Courage, Prudence and good Discipline.

(z) *Tho' small, when born, insensibly she grows, and soon arrives to that prodigious Stature, Heav'n wraps her Head, while here on Earth she stalks*.] *Longinus* says very well of this Passage, that we may more aptly take it of the Dimension of *Homer's* Perfections, than of the Stature of *Eris* or *Discord*. And in truth, can it be with more Grandeur and more Majesty express'd, that *Discord*, which generally has but very slender Beginnings, increases of a sudden, so as to *move with her Head in the Clouds, and her Feet upon the Earth*, and that she reigns throughout the Universe? This Hyperbole is so far from being extravagant, it is on the contrary very sage, and says no more than what passes in this very Poem, wherein we see *Discord* arise from a very small Occa-

sion, and reigning at the same time both in Heav'n and upon Earth. There is not a more sublime or more poetical Idea than this which *Homer* makes use of to express this Truth. *Virgil* was very sensible of the Beauty of it, for he has imitated it [or rather borrow'd it, as he has done most of his *Aeneis* from *Homer*] by applying to *Fame* what *Homer* did to *Discord*, *En. 4. Ingriditurque solo, & caput inter nubila condit*. [The literal Translation of this Line of *Homer*, is, as Mr. *Barnes* has most exactly constru'd it, *Calo condit caput, dum ingreditur solo*.] This Poesy and this Sublime which *Virgil* has imitated, and which *Longinus* admir'd, have not hinder'd this Passage from meeting with a Censor in our Age. Mr. *Despreaux* has excellently well annihilated this wretched Criticism, in his fourth Reflection upon *Longinus*. I shall add but one Word to what he has said upon it; but which alone is enough to confound the Temerity and Ignorance of that Critic. This great and sublime Idea, which

Stature, Heav'n wraps her Head, while here on Earth she stalks. This unrelenting Deity, destructive To both the Armies, ran from Rank to Rank, Inflaming ev'ry Heart with deadly Rage, And feeding on the Mischiefs she fomented.

(a) Now were the Armies met, and Battle join'd: Shields jostle Shields, and Lances Lances cross, Strength answers Strength, and mighty Tumult rises; The Victors Shouts, and Groans of those that fall, Confounded mix, while Earth is drown'd with Blood. As when impetuous Torrents, big with Rain, Eating their way,

he treats as an extravagant Hyperbole, and *a Tale of a Tub*, is employ'd in Holy Scripture upon a Subject very grave and very worthy of our Respect and Attention. The Author of the Book, call'd *The Wisdom of Solomon*, speaking of the destroying Angel which kill'd the First-born of Egypt, says, *Omnipotens sermo tuus de cælo, a regalibus sedibus durus debellator, in medium exterminii terram profilivit, gladius acutus insimulatum imperium tuum portans, &c stans replevit omnia morte, &c usque ad cælum attingebat, stans in terra. Ibine almighty Word leapt down from Heav'n out of thy Royal Throne, as a fierce Man of War into the midst of a Land of Destruction, and brought ibine unfeign'd Commandment as a sharp Sword, and standing up, fill'd all Things with Death, and it touch'd the Heaven, but it stood upon the Earth, Wis-*

dom of Solomon xviii. 15. This is a Conformity which does Honour to Homer, and which proves his Style to be the same with that which reigns throughout the Books of the ancient Hebrews. The Holy Writer calls the Angel, the Word, *λόγος*, because Angels are the Bearers of God's Commandments, as *Grotius* has prov'd by Examples.

(a) Now were the Armies met, and Battle join'd, Shields jostle Shields, and Lances Lances cross.] Homer is admirable in his Paintings. 'Tis impossible to imagine a nobler and stronger Run of Poetry than this here. After having done my utmost to give it in my Prose, I see with Grief the Advantage of the Original, and am very sensible that I must sit down contented with following it at a distance, and only rendring the Beauty of it so as to be just perceiv'd.

rush head-long from the Hills, And in a Vale's
deep Gulph commix their Stores : The Shep-
herd, from some Rock's remotest Height, Hears
the loud Roar, and shiv'ring hugs himself; So,
from their Conflicts, Fright and Clamour rose,
And tore the Air, and fill'd with Dread the
Region.

And first, *Antilochus* slew *Echepolus*, Son of
Thalythus, fighting in the Van : With his keen
Sword, he dealt so fierce a Blow Upon his
Crest, it split him to the Brain : Night seal'd
his Eyes, and like a Tow'r he fell. Him *Ele-
phenor*, Prince of the *Abantes*, Took by the
Legs to drag him from the Press, And strip him
of his Arms : Vain were his Hopes : *Agenor*
plung'd his Spear into his Side, Which lay ex-
pos'd as he his Body stoop'd : He, gasping, lost
his Hold and Life together.

The Fight grows fierce around the breathless
Body ; Both *Greeks* and *Trojans* fell in countless
Numbers ; Like Wolves they rush, and Death
for Death exchang'd. There, by the Spear of
Telamonian Ajax, Fell the lov'd Offspring of
the rich *Anthemion*, Fair *Simoeisius*, in the Flow'r
of Youth ; (b) His Name he ow'd to Silver
Simois, Near whose bright Stream his Mother
gave him Birth, Surpriz'd with sudden Pains,
as she descended From *Ida*'s Top to view her
Father's Flocks : He liv'd not to return the
pious Rites Due to his careful Parents for his

(b) His Name be ow'd to Silver Simois.] It was customary among the Orientals, to give their Children Names ta- ken from the principal Circumstances of their Birth. Holy Scripture is full of Examples of this.

Nurture ;

Nurture, Cut off untimely by the Hand of *Ajax*, Who smote him on his Breast's right Psp; the Weapon Its mortal Passage forc'd quite thro' the Shoulder; Down fell the youthful Warrior to the Ground: (c) As a tall Poplar, on the humid Edge Of some great Fen, shoots up, with rapid Growth, Its curly Head above its strait smooth Trunk, A while it stands the Nymphs Delight and Care, But soon the Wheelwright fells it, pitiless, To form the Ring of some fair Chariot-Wheel, And leaves it on the River-Bank to dry: So did the goodly *Simeisius* lie, Slain by the Spear of *Ajax*.

The gay-arm'd *Antiphos*, a Son of *Priam*, At *Ajax* throws his Lance, which missing him, Wounds *Lentus* the Companion of *Ulysses*, As he drew off the Corps of *Simeisius*, Which quitting, he fell dead upon his Prey.

Ulysses, griev'd and anger'd at this Loss, Thrust forward to the Trojan Front, well arm'd, And looks about to chuse some worthy Victim; He darts his shining Spear, the frightened Trojan Shrink back, and seek for Shelter in the Ranks: For he sent no unsignifying Weapon. It made its deadly Way to *Democoon*, The Product of King *Priam*'s stolen Delights, (d) Who from

(c) As a tall Poplar, on the humid Edge of some great Fen.] This Comparison springs from the Poet's having said, that this young Prince was born up on the Banks of *Simeis*; for this Reason he chose the Poplar. Besides, in the Style of the Orientals, Princes are frequently compar'd to Trees;

witness the Books of the Old Testament.

(d) Who from the Camp of *Abydos* came.] He doubtless return'd to Troy before the Greeks had form'd the Siege; for 'tis not likely that the Siege being form'd, they had left at *Abydos* a natural Son of King *Priam*.

the Country of *Abydos* came, (e) Where he was Master of his Father's Stud.

Him, in severe Revenge for his lost Friend, *Ulysses* singl'd out; the Jav'lin flew, And thro' both Temples urg'd its pointed Head: He falls, Earth thunders with his clanking Armour.

The foremost Bands of *Trojans* now give way: *Hector* himself, with Horror seiz'd, retires; The Greeks, exulting, rend the Sky with Shouts; Off from the Field they draw the Slain, and seek 'em Ev'n in the very thickest of the Medly. *Apollo* looking down from *Ilium's* Fort, Incens'd at their Audacity, thus hears The *Trojan* Troops, and reinflames their Courage: "Stand firm, brave *Trojans*, yield not to the Greeks! Their Bodies neither are of Steel nor Stone, Your Lances to repel, or turn your Swords: But vulnerable are to both, like yours. Have ye forgot, the Son of fair-hair'd *Thetis*, (f) Th' invincible *Achilles*,

with that Prince's Breed of Horses.

(e) Where he was Master of his Father's Stud.] It was customary among the Ancients, to put all the Cattle and Beasts of different Kinds under the direction of one Man, who was set over the Herds-men, Shepherds, and the like. Here you have a natural Son of King *Iliam's*, who has the Care of his Stud or Breed of Horses. In Holy Scripture we find *Shaphat* set over the Herds that fed *Sharon*, [which Madam Damer understands to be the Breed of Horses;] *Shaphat* is set over

the Herds that were in the Valleys [which she takes to be meant of the Beeve-Kind;] Over the Camels also were *Obil*, and over the Asses *Jediab*, and so for the rest; and all these Intendants were considerable Men, and so the Scripture calls them, *Princes*, *Principes substantia Regis David*, all one as his Treasurers and Masters of his Exchequer, *Chron. xxvii. 25.*

(f) Th' invincible *Achilles* fights no more.] Homer from time to time refreshes his Reader's Memory for *Achilles*, and even in speaking of his Inaction, he finds Means

" fights

" fights no more ; But actionless on board his
" Ships remains, A Prey to the Resentment
" that devours him ?

Thus, from the Fortress, spoke the dreadful
God : (g) But proud *Minerva*, Jove's most glo-
rious Daughter, Encourages the Greeks to keep
their Ground, And where the Battle flags,
she gives fresh Ardor.

Here Fate destroy'd *Diores* with a Stone,
Which *Pirus* threw, the Son of *Imbrasus*, Who
led the *Tbracians*, and from *Aenos* came : The
massy Flint, on his Right Ankle striking, Cut
the Two Neryes, and broke the Bone to Splin-
ters. Backwards he fell, and, as he gasping
lay, Up held his Hands to his lov'd Friend
for Aid. But *Pirus*, to dispatch him, rushes in,
And from the Navel rips his Belly up ; Out
are his Entrails pour'd upon the Ground, And
Death's eternal Night surrounds his Head.

On this, *Aetolian Thoas* threw at *Pirus* A Ja-
velin, which, above the Nipple piercing, Stuck
in his Lungs : then, sudden, *Thoas* clos'd him
And from his Breast first plucking out the Ja-
velin, Unsheathe'd his Sword, and in his Belly
drench'd it ; But cou'd not gain his Arms, the

to extol his Valour by the
greatest Elogiums. For, what
greater Elogium can there be,
than that *Apollo* himself shou'd
tell the *Trojans*, that they
have nothing to do but to fight
courageously and without being
afraid, since th' invincible *A-
chilles* fights no more.

(g) But proud *Minerva*.]
Homer in this Place calls *Mi-
nerva* *πιτογενεια*, and there

are great Disputes about the
Signification of this Word.
Some will have it that it
derives this Name from the
River *Triton* in *Lydia*, others
from the Town of *Triton* in
Crete, and lastly, others from
Tritto, by which the *Aolian*
meant the *Head* ; for the
Goddes was born of *Jupiter*'s
Brain. *Virgil* likewise calls
Trittonia.

warlike *Thracians*, (b) Whose Hair grows only from their Crown, rush'd in, Arm'd with long Spears, to guard the lifeless Trunk. *Thoas*, who' strong and great, o'er-power'd by Numbers, Retiring quits his unaccomplish'd Purpose. Thus these two *Thracian* and *Epean* Generals, Cover'd with Dust and Blood, lay near each other, While numerous Heaps of slaughter'd Greeks and Trojans, Throughout the Plain, accompany their Bodies.

Each Combatant so well perform'd his Duty, That cou'd a Man, unhurt, have view'd the Battle, (i) And thro' each Scene of Death been safely led, By *Pallas*; he throughout the Field had found Nothing but Subjects of Applause and Wonder; So many Greeks and Trojans drew'd the Plain, And on the Spot where each Man fought, he fell.

(b) Whose Hair grows only from their Crown.] They were like the *Abantes*, who let no hair grow but behind, that they might not give their Enemy any hold upon them. See my Remarks upon that already.

(i) And thro' each Scene of Death been safely led by Pallas.] *Eustathius* makes a Remark here, which pleases meightly, and which deserves to be quoted. He writes, that that Homer says here concerning this Day's Battle, may

with greater Justice be said of this whole Poem, and that whomsoever *Minerva* shall lead by the Hand, to shew him, herself, all the Beauties of it, he shall find therein nothing to reprehend considerable. What a Pre-Judgment is this against those Critics, who in our Days have attack'd Homer even in the most sublime Parts of him! It is very certain, they never saw Homer but at a distance, and that *Minerva* did not vouchsafe to conduct them.



Argument

Argument of the Fifth Book.



DIOMEDES, the Son of Tydeus, protected by Minerva, performs prodigious Feats of Valour. He is not content with Warring against Men, he attacks the Gods themselves; for Venus being desirous to remove out of the Fight, Eneas, whom he had wounded, and who had perish'd there, had it not been for the Assistance of that Goddess, Diomed pursues her wounds ^{are} in the Hand, and obliges her to quit her Son; But Apollo covers him with a thick Cloud, for fear the Greeks shou'd kill him. Diomed sees the Protection with which that God honours Eneas. Notwithstanding this, he three times rushes upon him to take away his Life. At the fourth time Apollo speaks to him in a menacing manner, and causes him to retire. Then that God carries Eneas to Troy, into the Citadel of Pergamus where he cures him. Diomed wounds Mars, who in drawing out the Spear from his Wound, sets up a Cry, which frightens both Armies; he quits the Fight, returns to Heav'n, and makes his Complaint to Jupiter, who is angry with him, but yet ordains Paeon, Physician to the Gods, to cure him.



TH

THE
ILLIAD
OF
HOMER.

BOOK V.

HIS bloody Day, Mineru
being resolv'd, From all the
Greeks Tydides to distinguish,
And make him superemi-
nently shine, Increas'd his
strength and Intrepidity. (b) Forth from his

(a) *This bloody Day, Mi-
nerva being resolv'd, &c.*] Ho-
mer lets us see here, according
to Eustathius's Remark, that
there's nothing so difficult,
which Valour, fir'd by Re-
baches, cannot perform. Di-
ed, gall'd at Agamemnon's
king him with want of Cou-
rage, out-does himself, and at-
tains unheard of Exploits.

Minerva assists him in this
Design, because true Wisdom
requires us, not to revenge Ca-
lumnies any otherwise than by
illustrious Actions, which may
shew the Falsity of them.

(b) *Forth from his Cask
and Buckler flash'd, continual,
a Fire.*] I will be bold to
say, that Homer appears per-

Cask

Cask and Buckler flash'd, continual, A Fire
(c) like that of the bright *Autumn-Star*, Which
sheds a livelier and more sparkling Light,
When it ascends from bathing in the Ocean.
Such was the Lustre that environ'd *Diomed*,
And such the Brightness gleaming from his
Armour. The Goddess, in the thickest of the
Fight, Her Hero push'd, where Slaughter rag'd
the fiercest.

A certain Man there was among the *Trojans*,
High-Priest to *Vulcan*; *Dares* was his Name;
Extremely rich, and of consummate Prudence;
Two Sons he had, bold *Phegeus* and *Ideus*;

haps greater by the Criticisms
that have been made upon him,
than by the Praises that have
been given him. The follow-
ing is one of those Cavils, with
which *Zoilus* stufft the Work
he read to King *Ptolemy*, and
which met with the Fate it
deserv'd. That ridiculous Cen-
sor asks, how happens it, that
the great Fire which issued
from *Diomed*'s Arms did not
burn that Hero, and by what
Charm he preserv'd himself
against it? Who knows not,
that there is nothing more im-
pertinent, than to attempt to
reduce to a Physical Truth the
Ideas and Imaginations of Po-
ets? There's an end of Poe-
try, if you banish Allegory,
which is one of its great Beau-
ties. Homer describes poeti-
cally the Lustre of *Diomed*'s
Arms, and compares it to Fire;
not material, culinary Fire,
but to Fire like that of the
bright *Autumn-Star*, &c. Fur-

thermore, had Homer spoke of
a real Fire, he had said nothing
that was sensless, and which
had not a Foundation ev'n in
History. Does not It inform
us, that there has been seen
streaming from several Persons,
a Fire which did not in the least
burn them? And Homer seems
to have had in View this Ide,
receiv'd from the beginning of
Time, that a Flame or Light
appearing upon any Person, be-
token'd Grandeur and Glory.
There are a thousand Examples
of it in Antiquity.

(c) Like that of the bright
Autumn-Star.] That is the
lesser Dog-Star; and Homer
made choice of this Star, to
signify, that as the Heats are
much greater when this Star
rises, so the Presence of *Diomed*
wou'd reinflame the Fight, and
make it much fiercer than be-
fore. *Diomed* is going to be as
fatal to the *Trojans*, as the Dog-
Days ordinarily are to Men.

Great

Great Captains, at all sorts of Fighting expert. These, goaded by their Courage, left their Party, And pricking forward, drove their Car, impetuous, Against brave *Diomed*, who, tho' on Foot, Came furiously to charge them: being met, *Phegeus* first lanch'd his Jav'lin at *Tydides*; The sharpen'd Iron, singeing, only graz'd On his Left-Shoulder, nor a Wound impress'd; Then strait, *Tydides* answer'd with his Spear: The mortal Shaft not idly left his Hand; It spent its Fury in the Breast of *Phegeus*, And from his Horses flung him dead to Earth. (d) *Idæus* from his Chariot leaps in haste, (e) And wanting Courage to protect the Body Of his slain Brother, or revenge his Death, He shamefully betakes himself to Flight; But yet his Cowardice could not have sav'd him From Destiny, without kind *Vulcan's* Aid: Wrapt in a

(d) *Idæus from his Chariot leaps in haste*.] See another of *Zoilus's* Criticisms; he thinks it ridiculous in *Idæus* to light out of his Chariot, to run away; as if he could have fled faster on Foot. Three Things may be said in Answer to this groundless Criticism. The first is, that *Idæus* knowing how much *Diomed* coveted to have his Horses, hop'd that that Hero's Joy in taking his Chariot, might amuse him, and prevent his pursuing him. Secondly, *Homer* might by this intend to give an Instance of the ordinary Effect of Fear, which so disorders the Faculties, that Men in such Circumstances abandon the most capable Means of preserving

them. Therefore, *Quintus Curtius*, describing the Confusion of *Darius's* Army, after their Defeat, says, *T*hey save themselves by Flight as they can; throwing away those Arms, which a little before they had taken for their Defence; so inconsiderate a Passion is Fear, to be apprehensive of those very Things from whence it expects Relief. And thirdly, *Idæus* might be lighter-footed than *Diomed*, and have the Advantage of him at running.

(e) *And wanting Courage to protect the Body of his slain Brother*.] *Homer* never forgets to blacken ill Actions, or to set off the Lustre of good ones.

Veil of thicken'd Air, that God, (f) In pity to his aged Priest, preserv'd him. *Tydius* took the Steeds, and gave Command To drive them to the Fleet; the *Trojans* seeing Dares' two Sons, one flying, t'other kill'd, Were struck with Terror, and began to shrink.

(g) Blue-ey'd *Minerva*, to increase their Fear, And add to their disorder, thus address'd (First taking by the Hand) impetuous *Mars*:
 " *Mars*, murd'ring *Mars*, whose sole Delight
 " is Blood, Who sportest with the Ruin of
 " Mankind! Fierce God of War, whose Joy
 " is Devastation! Why strive we thus, who
 " rather ought to sit Spectators of the Conflict?
 " Let's retire, And leave both Sides to fight it
 " out, till *Jove*, To whom he pleases, gives the
 " Victory, We shall but too much anger him
 " by staying. This said, she leads him from the
 Field of Battle, And seats him on *Scamander's*
 flow'ry Banks. Then *Trojans* fly, and *Greeks*
 are seen pursuing. Some Death or other signa-
 liz'd each Leader.

(f) *In pity to his aged Priest.*] The Sentiments throw a wonderful Sweetness and Charm into Poetry. *Homer* does not miss so much as one, and, to Admirations, lays hold on all those which any Object presents.

(g) *Blue-ey'd Minerva, to increase their Fear, &c.*] *Homer*, in order to paint poetically the Defeat of the *Trojans*, and being willing to give a plain and natural Relation of this Battle, without any Mixture of Fable, feigns that

Minerva led forth *Mars*, who favour'd them; that is, Strength and Courage forsook them. But it will be objected, *Minerva* too forsakes the *Greeks*. True, she does leave them, but it is at a time when they have no occasion for Counsel; and when Courage was the only thing requisite. *Homer*, at the same time, heightens the Glory of the *Greeks*, by shewing, that even without the Assistance of the Gods they knew how to conquer. See *Eustathius*, p. 517.

The King began the first, and led the Slaug-
her: He from his Chariot threw Gigantic Ho-
lius, Who led the *Halizonians*, and who first
Betook himself to Flight: *Atrides* ran His Spear
into his Back between the Shoulder: The mor-
tal Iron at his Breast look'd out. He fell, and
all the Trojans With the loud E-
cho of his pond'rous Arms,

Then fell, by brave *Idomeneus'* Hand, *Phæstus*
the Offspring of *Meonian Borus*, Who came
from fertile *Tarna*: With his Spear, He *Phæstus'*
Shoulder took, as he was mounting Up to his
Car; it fetch'd him back to Earth, And clos'd
his Eye-lids with eternal Night: His Arms be-
came the greedy Soldiers Prize.

The valiant *Menelaus*, with his Lance, Kill'd
brave *Scamandrius*, who so knowing was In all
that Hunting did concern, (b) and whom *Dia-*
a's self had taught to throw the Dart, And
pierce, infallible, the subtlest Beasts Inhabiting
the Forest's shady Covert. That Goddess help'd
him not on this Occasion; Nor did his Skill,
that never miss'd, avail him: Him the bold
King pur'sing, overtook, And wounded with
his Spear; his Back receiv'd it: Thro' Back
and Breast the Point a Passage found; Forwards
he tumbld dispossess'd of Life, And far his
Arms resounded.

Next fell (i) *Phereclus*, a fam'd Builder's

(b) And whom Diana's self
had taught to throw the Dart.]
A greater Commendation can-
not be given a Hunter, than to
say that *Diana* herself instruc-
ted him.

(i) *Phereclus a fam'd Buil-*
der's Son, and Grandson of
Harmonus.] Homer does not
distrust to place among the
Combatants a Carpenter; he
gives him an illustrious Name,

Son, And Grand-son of *Harmonus* : He joy'd (Heir to his Father's Art) *Minerva* Graces ; In ev'ry Part of Architecture skill'd He built the Ships which *Paris* bore to *Gra* And which return'd freighted with Ills to *Troy* And to himself, (k) in the same Fate involv'd Because the Oracles he did not know. *Mercury* reach'd him, flying, with his Lance: Thro' his Right Hip, in the Sciatic Joint, It pass'd, and at his Groin again appear'd. *Phereclus* roaring falls upon his Knees, And over him cold Death his Darkness spreads.

and even sets down his Pedigree ; to let us understand, that Mechanicks who distinguish themselves in their Art, deserve much Glory, and may have a Place among Hero's ; and to shew that there is nothing ignoble in the Arts themselves, and that only Slothfulness is blame-worthy. *Homer* likewise brings in this Man here, for the Sake of a very useful Instruction, which he intended to give his Readers, as you shall see in the following Remark.

(k) In the same Fate involv'd, because the Oracles he did not know.] A Carpenter who builds a Ship, is no more answerable for the Injustice or Wrong that is committed with that Ship, than a Sword-Cutter is for the Crimes that are committed with a Sword which he has sold. Yet this *Phere-*

reclus who built the Ships with which *Paris* carry'd *Helen*, is involv'd in the Ruin of *Troy*. How comes this about ? It is not for having built these Ships, it is for having built them against the Order of the Gods, and without knowing the Oracles, which forbud the *Trojans* to meddle with Shipping, and which consider'd them to mind nothing but *Agriculture*. *Phereclus* you will say, being ignorant of these Oracles, as *Homer* himself declares him to be, ought not to have been punish'd ; but *Homer* would thereby shew, that this Ignorance did not render him innocent ; for, as *Aristotle* very well observes, Ignorance is justly punishable in those, who are ignorant of what they are oblig'd to know, and which they might have learnt. Moral. L. C. 5.

Megez Pedaeus slew, Antenor's Son, Tho' not his Wife's ; a Bastard-Birth : (*l*) *Theano*, His virtuous, gentle Consort, bred the Boy As fondly as her own, to please her Husband. *Megez'* sharp Jav'lin stay'd his eager Flight ; Entring his Nape, thro' the Tongue's nervous Root it pass'd, and issu'd at his Mouth ; He falls, And bites the sensless Ir'n, which gave him Death.

Then did *Euryipilus* wound great *Hypsenor*, Dolopion's Son, (*m*) who was *Scamander*'s Priest, And whom the People honour'd as a God : *Evæmon*'s warlike Son surpriz'd his Flight, And, rushing, with his Sword hew'd off his Arm ; Down on the Sand it dropt, and Streams of Blood Gushing, at once both Strength and Life exhausted.

(*n*) Whilst Carnage thus, and wild Confusion reign'd, You cou'd not have distinguish'd

(*l*) *Theano*, his virtuous, gentle Consort — to please her Husband.] Homer varies his Poetry by bringing in Examples of every Thing that happens in the ordinary Course of humane Life, and which may at the same time be Instructive and Diverting. Here he praises a Woman, for loving her Husband to that degree, as to breed up one of his Bastards with the same Care as her own Children ; a Piece of Complaisance not usual among Wives.

(*m*) *Scamander*'s Priest.] For the Rivers, being Gods, had their Temples and Priests.

(*n*) Whilſt Carnage thus, and wild Confusion reign'd, you cou'd not have distinguish'd on which side Tydides fought.] Longinus has written a Chapter upon the Change of Persons, when the Poet or Historian, quitting, on a sudden, the Narration, directs his Speech to the Reader ; he shews that this Apostrophe, when pertinently us'd, detains the Reader, and fixes his Mind to the present Action ; especially when the Speech is not directed to many, but one single Person. To confirm it, that judicious Critic instances this Verse of Homer, wherin the

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on which side *Tydides* fought, (o) whether on Greek or Trojan; Like one enrag'd, he scour'd throughout the Field. As when a River swoln with Winter-Floods, Which rolling furious bears away its Bridges, And meets nor Dike, nor Mound, that can resist it, When Jove has op'd the Cataracts of Heav'n; The Fences which the Labourers to its Outrage Oppose, are in a Moment swept away; So did *Tydides* overrun the Field, And break the *Trojan* Squadrons, uncontroll'd.

When *Pandarus*, *Lycaon*'s high-born Son, Saw how *Tydides* level'd all before him, And with resistless Arm make Lanes where'er he went; Bending his Bow, he in a Rage discharg'd A Shaft, which glanc'd upon *Tydides*' Breast-Plate, There, where it rises hollow on the Stomach, Entring aslant, it pierc'd the Hero's Shoulder, And there remain'd: forth gush'd the spinnin Blood, And down his Armour ran: which *Pandarus* seeing, "Take Courage, valiant Trojans, (loud he cry'd) The Champion of the Greeks is mark'd for Death; Hurt by my

Poet, by means of this Apostrophe, awakens his Reader, and makes him more concern'd, more attentive, and fuller of the Thing he is speaking of. What *Eustathius* has observ'd, p. 525. deserves likewise to be read.

(o) Whether on Greek or Trojan. I am sorry *Longinus*, who took the Pains to shew us the Beauty of the Apostrophe just now mention'd, did not

spend a Moment in representing the Greatness of the Praise which *Homer* bestows on *Diomed*, and upon which it may be said, that the Enthusiasm of the Poet is equal to the Fury which animates the Hero. Can there be a more lively Picture of a Warrior, who sometimes mingles in the thickell of the Enemy, and sometimes returns to his Battalions to lead 'em again to the Charge?

" Hand

“ Hand, nor can he long sustain The Shaft I
“ sent, if Phœbus does not cheat me.

Thus boasted he, as if the Wound were mortal : But *Diomed* withdrew (*) behind his Chariot, And spoke to *Sthenelus*, “ Dear Friend, “ alight, And draw the painful Shaft from out “ my Shoulder.

Down leaps the Prince, and coming near to *Diomed*, Strait from his Shoulder drew the bearded Shaft ; A purple Deluge stains his Coat of Mail, (p) And as he bled, he thus to *Pallas* pray'd : “ Hear me, says he, great Jove's un-“ conquer'd Daughter, If e'er my Sire, or me, “ thou didst assist in bloody Fights, assist me now, “ Great *Pallas* ! Grant I may see within my “ Reach this *Lycian*, Who with his Shaft pre-“ vented me, and boasts, I shall not long be-“ hold the cheerful Sun ! *Pallas* indulg'd his Wish, and in the instant Infus'd fresh Vigor, and repair'd his Limbs : Then drawing near him said : “ *Tydides*, go, And on the *Trojans* “ execute thy Vengeance : For I have fill'd “ thee (q) with that Strength and Courage, “ Which to thy Lineage are hereditary, And

(* The Greek says, retiring back, he stood before his Chariot, not behind, *προσθήτητοι* *καὶ ἔχοντι*, that is according to the Scholiast, 'Εμπροσθεῖν *τὸν ἵππον*, *καὶ τοῦ ἀπαντεῖ*. This is a very pardonable Slip in Madam Dacier.)

(p) And as he bled, he thus to *Pallas* pray'd.] The greatest Heroes pray in the most perilous Circumstances ; for the greatest Courage is of

no use, if God does not direct and support it. Now-a-days most of our Warriors, instead of praying, swear upon such Occasions: What a Shame it is ! Why have they not the Piety of Homer's Heroes, as they have their Valour ?

(q) With that Strength and Courage, which to thy Lineage are hereditary.] The Greek *μήτερ* *πατρίδεων* does not signify here Paternal Strength,

“ which attended *Tydeus* while he liv’d. (r) I
“ likewise from before thy Eyes have chas’d
“ The Cloud whose dim Suffusion veil’d thy

for Homer wou’d then say the same Thing twice, since he adds, *and which attended Tydeus while he liv’d*; but it signifies, *the Strength of your Ancestors*, and as I have translated it — *That Strength and Courage, which to your Lineage are hereditary*. And Homer teaches here a great Truth, *viz.* That the Virtues which pass from Father to Son, and which are look’d upon as Hereditary, are however the Gifts of God; ‘tis he that preserves them, that continues them in Families, and not the Blood that transmits them.

(r) *I likewise from before thy Eyes have chas’d the Cloud whose dim Suffusion veil’d thy Sight.*] Homer teaches by this Fiction, that the greatest Quality of a Soldier is, to know how to give just Bounds to his Valour, and not to fight against God, like a *Cyanus*, who boasted that he would take *Thebes* in spite of *Jupiter*. Valour shou’d always be guided by Prudence, which, only, can let us know what comes from Man, and what from God. If *Pausanias* may be believ’d, what Homer says here of *Minerva*’s taking away the Cloud that cover’d *Diomed*’s Eyes is purely Historical, and founded upon an ancient Tradition, importing, that *Diomed*, in Acknowledgment of so great a Benefit,

caus’d to be built at *Argos* a Temple, which he consecrated to the quick-fighted *Minerva*, *ιεπὸν Ἀθηνᾶς ἀγελόποντα*. But it is more likely to be a Fiction of Homer’s, and a Fiction founded upon this Truth, which the *Pagans* were not unacquainted with, *viz.* that only God is able to open the Eyes of Men, to let them see what they did not see, or what they might of themselves be incapable of seeing. Examples of this are frequent in the History of the Old Testament. Thus it was, that God open’d the Eyes of *Hagar*, that she might see the Well of Water, which she did not see before, *Gen. xxi. 14*. Thus it was, he open’d the Eyes of *Balaam*, that he might see the Angel, who, with a drawn Sword, stood against him in the Way: *Protinus aperuit Dominus Oculos Balaam, & vidit Angelum stantem in via evaginato gladio: Then the Lord open’d the Eyes of Balaam, and he saw the Angel of the Lord standing in the Way, and his Sword drawn in his Hand*, *Numbers xxii. 31*. And thus it was, that he open’d the Eyes of *Elisha*’s young Man, that he might see the Horses and Chariots of Fire, which were coming to the Socour of his Master: *Et aperuit Dominus oculos pueri, & vidit, & ecce mons plenus equorum*.

“ Sight;

" Sight; That now thou mayst discern the
" Gods from Men. Wherefore, if any God,
" in humane Form, Shou'd, to surprize you,
" come, fight not th' Immortals: Do not their
" Pow'r resist, but give them way: (s) Only,
" if beauteous *Venus* thou encounter, Be bold,
" and wound her like your Fellow-Mortals.

This said, the blue-ey'd Goddess disappear'd,
And *Diomed* returning to the Fight, Thrust
himself forward, where it rag'd the fiercest.
Already he had fought against the *Trojans*, With
wond'rous Prowess; but he now perceives His
Strength and Ardour thrice as great as ever.

(t) As a fierce Lion, whom a Shepherd wounds,
Ranging around the Fold, but cannot kill; The
Wound not tames, but irritates his Courage:
The Shepherd now no longer dares oppose His
Rage, but hides himself within his Lodge:
The Sheep abandon'd, and with Terror struck,
Crouch under one another; whilst the Lion,
Greedy of Blood, (u) leaps lightly o'er the
Barriers, And makes a cruel Butchery among

rum & curruum igneorum,
in circuitu Elisei: And the
Lord open'd the Eyes of the
young Man, and he saw;
and behold, the Mountain was
full of Horses and Chariots
of Fire round about Elisha,
2 King. vi. 17. Hence is the
Source of these great Ideas;
they are drawn from Truth
itself.

(s) Only, if beauteous Ve-
nus thou encounter.] It is no
hard matter to penetrate into
the Sense of this Allegory,
which enjoins a Soldier to give

way to the Gods, and to fight
only against *Venus*.

(t) As a fierce Lion, whom
a Shepherd wounds but
cannot kill.] This Compari-
son is very just. The Shepherd
is *Pandarus*, the Sheep are the
Trojan Troops, and the Lion
is *Diomed*.

(u) Leaps lightly o'er the
Barriers.] Tho' my Design
be not to explain the Greek
Terms, which ought to be ren-
der'd sufficiently intelligible
by the Translation, yet I
shall not let this Place pass,

them : So, and more furiously *Tydides* rush'd Among the Enemy, and strait he slew *Astynous*, and Prince *Hypenor*, one He wounded with his Spear above the Pap, And t'other with his Cymeter he smote Near to the Collar-bone : the biting Weapon At once swept off his Shoulder and his Arm.

Next, he on *Abys* fell, and *Polueidus*, The hapless Sons of old *Eurydamas*, Who cou'd by Dreams tell what wou'd come to pass ; (w) But who was never more to have the Pleasure t' expound his Childrens Dreams at their Return ; For *Diomed* bereav'd them both of Life. Then *Xanthus*, he, and *Thoön* did attack ; *Phœnops*' two Sons, born to him in his Age. *Phœnops*, depress'd with Years, was yet alive, And had no other Child to heir his Wealth. *Tydides* in

without giving an Account of the Term which *Homer* here makes use of *ἰξαλλοτατος* ; for some Interpreters are mistaken in explaining it, to leap out of the Fold ; which is very opposite to the Idea of *Homer*, and destroys the Image he means to give. *Homer* on the contrary says, leaps into the Fold. I need only quote the Words of *Eustathius*, who fully explains it, and shews that the Preposition *ἐν* or *ἐξ* does not always denote Outness but Height ; Tò δὲ *ἰξαλλοτατος* τὸν αὐλὴν ταῦτα ισι, τῷ ὑπεράλλοτατοι, οὐ δὲ ποιήτης ἐ-θνῶτας οὐ γάρ οὐ πρόθετος οὐ μένον τὸν οἶκον οὐλοῦ σχέσιν, οὐλαὶ καὶ οὐθωμαὶ πολλάκις οὐκαντινοί, οὐ καὶ οὐ τῷ οἰκογ-
κῳ, καὶ οὐ τῷ οἰκομητοῖς

*ἰστριντα, καὶ οὐ αὐλοῖς πολ-
λοῖς*, p. 532.

(w) But who was never more to have the Pleasure t' expound his Childrens Dreams, &c.] I can do no less, than let the Reader know, that this Verse 150 is capable of two other Meanings, by only changing the Punctuation ; for it may signify, who had interpreted those of his Children, by foretelling them that they shou'd not return from this War ; and it may likewise signify, who did not interpret those of his Children, when they set out for this War. The Sense which I have follow'd, seems to me to be the most natural, and likewise most moving.

one Day slew both his Heirs, His only Hopes, and plung'd the good Old-Man Into a Flood of Sorrow, which was heighten'd, (x) By seeing his Possessions seiz'd by Guardians, To keep it for remote Collaterals, Who with their Eyes already had devour'd it, And were to reap what was not sown for Them.

Next, he on *Chromius* and *Echæmon* fell, Old Priam's Sons, who in one Chariot rode. As leaps a Lion, with impetuous Force, Among a Herd of grazing Cattle: He (y) To pieces tears whate'er comes first before him, Be it or Bull, or Heifer: So *Tyrides* On the two Sons of Priam threw himself, Tumbling them head-

(x) By seeing his Possessions seiz'd by Guardians.] Homer, while he instructs his Reader in the Customs of Antiquity, which gives a wonderful Grace to his Poetry, takes care to pick up the most moving Circumstances that occur in the Subjects he treats of. Thus, for Example, there is none who is not touch'd at the Misfortune of a Father, who, in losing his Children, loses also, in some sort, his Estate, of which he is no longer Master; for in the Cities of those *Asia-tics*, as well as in the *Grecian* Towns, there were Magistrates appointed to take care of the Estates of Old-Men who had lost their Children, and to preserve 'em for their collateral Relations, by hindring those unfortunate Fathers from disposing of 'em any other way. The Greeks call these Magis-

trates *κυρωταί*, *Guardians of Widowers and Widows*. After Homer, this Word was made use of to signify the Collaterals themselves, to whom the Estate fell, and it is us'd in that Sense in *Hesiod*, after whom *Hesychius* has observ'd *κυρωταί*, *οἱ παρόπιοι αὐγῆς*. They call *κυρωταί* *very remote Relations*.

(y) To pieces tears whate'er comes first before him, be it or Bull, or Heifer.] Homer adds this to excuse in some manner the Slaughter of these two young Princes, who did not deserve *Diomed*'s Anger; And therefore took care to suppress their Death; for he does not say that *Diomed* kill'd them, he contents himself with giving it to be understood, by saying, that he tumbled them from their Chariot, and stript them of their Arms.

long from their lofty Seat : He stript them of their Arms, their Horses takes, Then gives them to the Soldiers to convey Safe to the Fleet.

But when *Æneas* saw what Ravages That formidable Warrior made i'th' Ranks ; Thro' Pikes and rattling Darts he rush'd, (z) to find The valiant *Pandarus*, *Lycaon*'s Son ; Whom, having found, he in these Terms bespoke : " Where " is thy Bow, O valiant *Pandarus* ? Where are " thy winged Arrows, which transport Or " Pain, or Death, wherever thou dire&t them ? " Where is the Fame which they have pur- " chas'd thee ? A Fame which sets thee on an " equal Foot, Or ev'n above the greatest Cap- " tain here ; Nor throughout *Lycia* is there " one who dares Compare with thee, for Cun- " ning of the Bow. Come then, invoke great " *Jove*, and send a Shaft At that victorious Man, " who has already Prov'd infinitely hurtful to " the *Trojans*, By shedding our best Blood with " such Effusion. Your Bow must remedy this " great Disorder ; (a) Unless this *Diomed* be " some Immortal, To whom our Off'rings have

(z) To find the valiant Pandarus.] *Æneas* sees plainly, that a Warrior must be look'd for, who cou'd fight *Pandarus* at a distance, for there were few courageous enough to fight him Hand to Hand.

(a) Unless this *Diomed* be some Immortal.] What an Elegium is this for *Diomed* ! Homer remembers the Design *Minerva* had to distinguish *Diomed*'s Valour above that of

all the other Heroes ; he makes him perform such Things as bring it in Question, whether he be a Man, or a God. The Oracle heretofore answer'd *Lycurgus* : I know not whether to call you, a God, or a Man. Homer furnish'd the Oracle with the Notion of this great Encomium. This Poet is very capable of making the Gods speak well.

" not

" not grateful been ; (b) If so, then wretched
" we ! the Wrath of Heav'n Is terrible, and
" hard to be appeas'd.

To which *Lyaon's* warlike Son reply'd ;
" Wise *Archisades*, whose prudent Counfels
" Of so much use unto the *Trojans* are, The
" Man you speak of, to my Apprehension, Re-
" sembles perfectly the Son of *Tydeus* ; For by
" his Shield, his Cask, and waving Plume,
" And by his Car, whose Horses I remember,
" I know him ; but I cannot truly say, (c) Whe-
" ther it be that Warrior, or some God. If
" he be Man, he can be none but *Diomed*,
" Who, surely, cannot such Exploits perform,
" Without the Succour of some friendly God,
" Who, standing by him, in a gloomy Shade,
" Mantling his Shoulders, grants conceal'd
" Assistance, And turn'd aside the Arrow I
" let fly. For I one Arrow shot at him be-
" fore, Which thro' his Armour did his Shoul-
" der wound ; Nor did I in the least suspect,
" but that To *Pluto's* sable Mansion I had sent
" him ; And yet he lives : sure, some offended

(b) If so, then wretched
" we ! the Wrath of Heav'n
is terrible, and hard to be ap-
peas'd.] It will not perhaps
be impertinent to observe by
the by, that *Eneas* speaks
here like a pious Man ; *Virgil*
therefore, taking this Hero
on the side of Piety, was not
the original Contriver of that
Character ; but has drawn from
Homer the very Idea of his
Hero.

(c) Whether it be that

Warrior, or some God.] Ho-
mer dwells upon this Praise, to
strengthen *Eneas's* Suspicion,
and at the same time to give
a Character of Probability, or
rather Truth to his Fable,
which introduces the Gods
fighting with Men. Homer can
no longer be accus'd of Fiction
or of Lying, since the Heroes
themselves testify that it is so.
There is a great deal of Con-
trivance in this.

“ God Has rob'd me of my Victory : at present, I neither Horse nor Chariot have to mount : (d) Altho', at *Lycia*, in my Father's Palace, There are eleven new-made sumptuous Chariots, Each by two Horses drawn, of generous Breed, Which with the purest Provender are nourish'd. My Father, brave *Lycaon*, when I left him, Advis'd, and ev'n commanded me to take them ; That so, superbly mounted on my Chariot, The *Zelian-Trojans* I might lead to Battlē. Imprudent, as I was, I follow'd not His sage Advice, nor his Command obey'd. 'Twere better I had done it, (e) but I fear'd, Lest in a Town besieged, and full of Cavalry, My Horses might at length have chanc'd to suffer. This made me hither come without a Chariot, To fight on Foot, confiding in my Bow ; And yet this Bow has prov'd unfaithful to me : For at two Princes of the Greeks

(d) *Altho', at Lycia, in my Father's Palace, there are eleven new-made sumptuous Chariots.*] Amidst the Simplicity of the heroic Ages, Homer mixes, from time to time, Marks of an extraordinary Magnificence. Here is a Prince who has at Home eleven Chariots, and every one of them made at the same time, with each their Sets of Horses, and sumptuous Covering in their Stables. But it must be remember'd, that Homer speaks of an *Ajastic Prince* ; those *Barbarian Princes* liv'd in very great Luxur.

(e) *But I fear'd, lest in a Town besieg'd.*] Homer, in this place, opposes to each other, two Men, both passionate Lovers of Horses ; but with this Difference, *Diodem* lov'd them for War, and *Pandarus* for Pleasure. *Diodem* kept as many as he could take, and *Pandarus* wou'd not bring his to *Troy*, for fear lest in a besieg'd Town they should suffer for want of Forrage. This Opposition of Characters is very beautiful. By this we see, that the most vicious Characters may enter into Poetry, and heighten the Beauty of it.

" I've shot, And saw * unfeigned Blood from
 " both run down : And yet their Wounds
 " have only made them fiercer. (f) In an un-
 " happy Moment, sure, I took My Bow and
 " Arrows (g) from my Armory, When I
 " brought Aid to *Hector* and the *Trojans*. But,
 " if I e'er return, (h) and with these Eyes,
 " My Wife, my Country, and my Palace see,
 " May from this Trunk my forfeit Head be
 " sever'd By a (i) curs'd Stranger's Hand, if I
 " don't break And cast into the Fire these
 " Shafts and Bow ! (k) Why should I keep

* [Unfeigned Blood from both run down : *Ἄρπαξε αἷμα*, says Homer ; *Verum sanguinem*, because, as Ogilby observes, (for Madam Dacier does not take Notice of it) the *Lacedemonians* in their Wars wore Garments of a Purple Dye, that what Blood they lost might not appear outwardly, to the discouraging themselves or others.]

(f) In an unhappy Moment.] This Persuasion, that the Success of all Undertakings depended upon happy or unhappy Moments when they were begun, is very ancient, as this Passage of Homer testifies ; for here you see it among the Barbarians ; and 'tis but too often to be met with among Christians.

(g) From my Armory.] The Greek Word properly signifies a Rack, such as are still seen against old Chimneys, where Arms are put ; and this Word shews the simple Manners of those Times, but in

my Translation I cou'd not make use of it ; for there is nothing that degrades Poetry so much as the Lowness of the Terms ; I rather chose to call it Armory, though it be a Term very contrary to that ancient Simplicity which I wou'd have preserv'd.

(h) And with these Eyes, my Wife, my Palace, and my Country see.] This is natural to a Man weary of War ; every Thing that he left behind him, that was agreeable, comes into his Mind.

(i) By a curs'd Stranger's Hand.] That is, by the Hand of an Enemy. This Expression is frequent in Holy Scripture.

(k) Why should I keep Companions so perfidious, which follow me on purpose to betray me ?] I have preserv'd the Figure, *Pandarus* looks upon his Arrows as his Companions, and therefore he says *οὐασσε*, they follow.

“ Companions so perfidious, Which follow me
“ on purpose to betray me ?

“ Come, say not so, reply’d the wise *Aeneas*,
“ Your Weapons are not in the least to blame ;
“ But we shall never manage this fierce War-
“ rior, Unless upon our Chariots we assay him,
“ And prove by such Encounter who’s the
“ strongest. Come, therefore, *Pandarus* ascend
“ my Chariot, (l) And try the Goodness of
“ the Steeds of *Tros* : How well (m) they
“ know to scour along the Plain, To shun the
“ pressing Foe, or reach the flying ; (n) They
“ soon wou’d bear us off to *Troy* in Safety, If
“ *Jove* to *Tydeus*’ Son shou’d give th’ Advan-
“ tage. Come then, and take the Guidance of
“ the Horses, (o) And I’ll be Combatant ; or,

(l) *And try the Goodness of the Steeds of Tros.*] They are in the wrong, who translate this Passage *Trojan Horses*. The Horses of *Troy* had no Advantage above other Horses, nor had any extraordinary Reputation. *Homer* means the Horses of *Tros*, which were immortal.

(m) *They know to scour.*] *Homer*, in speaking of these extraordinary Horses, uses this Term *they know*, as if they had Understanding.

(n) *They soon wou’d bear us off to Troy in Safety, if Jove, &c.*] Diffidence is commonly the Fore-runner of Disappointment. *Aeneas*, frighten’d at *Diomed*’s great Achievements, places all his Hope in the Swiftness of his Horses, and is overcome. On the

other hand, *Diomed* is so full of Confidence, that he already gives Orders to *Sthenelus* to seize his Enemies Horses. The Opposition of these two Characters seems to me to be worthy of Remark.

(o) *And I’ll be Combatant.*] This Passage some have very ill explain’d, by, *Ego de currū descendam* : I will descend from the Chariot to fight. *Aeneas* did not by any means intend to alight from the Chariot, to fight on Foot. In this place *Ιττων απόσταται*, signifies to quit the Horses, in order to stand upright on the Chariot. *Eustathius* did not mistake it, and he alone might undeceive those Interpreters. Τὸ πιζεῖται τοῦ ἀπαντος, says he, *Ιττων απόσταται, λέγει*. Ho-

“ (if

“ (if you will) Fight you, and I the Horses
“ will conduct.

Lycaon's valiant Son reply'd ; “ *Æneas*, Keep
“ thou the Reins, and thy own Chariot guide :
“ Thy Steeds accustom'd are to thy Command,
“ (p) And better will obey a Hand they know.
“ Shou'd we be forc'd to fly from *Diomed*, And
“ they, surpriz'd with Fear, shou'd boggling
“ stop, Wanting thy Voice, which they were
“ wont to hear ; The Son of *Tydeus* then our
“ Lives wou'd take, And bare away thy gene-
“ rous Steeds, triumphant. Be then the Con-
“ duct of the Chariot thine : I will the Fight
“ maintain, and, with this Lance, Receive yon
“ Champion in his utmost Pride.

This said, they mounted, both, the gorgeous
Chariot, And, furious, make directly at *Tydides*.
(q) First, *Sthenelus* perceiv'd the coming Storm,
And thus premonishing his bold Associate ;
“ Dear *Diomed*, said he, Two mighty Men Are
“ coming, full of Ardour, to engage you : For
“ Strength and Courage, both invincible : The

mer says here, to alight or de-
scend from the Horses, meaning
to quit the Reins, and to stand
on Foot upon the Chariot. And
he adds, δύνασθε τον αὐτούς
καὶ μόνον. Thus one might say,
in like manner, to descend or
alight from the Ship, to signi-
fy, quitting the Helm of the
Ship or the Oar, in order to take
up Arms.

(p) They better will obey
a Hand they know.] *Pandar-*
us here follows the Precept

which *Nestor* gave his Troops,
as I've before explain'd it.

(q) First, *Sthenelus* perceiv'd
the coming Storm.] *Sthenelus*,
who is upon his Chariot, sees
these two Enemies before *Diomed* cou'd, who is on Foot ;
and he sees them at a consider-
able Distance. This is ne-
cessary for the Probability ;
for if *Æneas* and *Pandarus*
had been already near at hand,
Diomed wou'd not have had
time to have said what he did.

" one is Pandarus, Lycaon's Son, Peerless at
 " Drawing of the Bow: the other, *Aeneas*,
 " who derives his boasted Birth From great
 " Anchises, and the Queen of Love. Mount,
 " then, this Car, and from the Front retire;
 " Weary'd with Slaughter, give yourself some
 " Respite; Lest your high Courage shou'd
 " prove fatal to you, And the exulting Fo
 " cut short a Life So precious, and so useful
 " to the Greeks.

To this, bold *Dioned*, with frowning Look,
 And Tone denoting Indignation, said, " Talk
 " not to me of Flight; Thy Counsel's vain:
 " 'Tis not for *Tydeus'* Son to fly or fear:
 " Whole are my Pow'rs, and Courage unabated:
 " Nor shall I even deign to mount my
 " Chariot, But thus on Foot will go and meet
 " those Warriors, Who in thy Eyes appear so
 " formidable. *Pallas* permits not *Dioned* to
 " fear. Now, on my Word, those Steeds
 " however fam'd For Fleetness, shall not save
 " them both from Death, Or bear them back
 " to Troy: 'twould be too much, If either of
 " them 'scape our Hands by Flight. (r) But if
 " it be the sage *Minerva*'s Pleasure, That, to
 " my Glory, both of them I kill, Be sure thou
 " speedily alight, first fast'ning The Reins in
 " to the Seat, then, fly to seize *Aeneas'* Steeds
 " and send them off with speed: For they're of

(r) But if it be the sage
Minerva's Pleasure, that, to
 my Glory, both of them I kill.]
Dioned promises himself to
 kill at least one of them, and
 does not despair of killing

them both. What a Character is here! And what a heightning, after the Council which *Sthenelus* had just given him!

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Enneas being desirous to revenge Pandarus, is ready to be crush'd with a
Prodigious Stone wh^{ch} Diomed throws at him. While Venus flyes
to his aid, Sthelenus siezes his Chariot & Horses. B.N.

B. Picart delin:

W. F. Smith sculps.



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“ heav’ly Race, and got by those Which he
 “ who darts the Thunder gave to *Tros*, In Re-
 “ compence for ravish’d *Ganymed*, The best
 “ that ever trod Earth’s sounding Surface, From
 “ the declining Sun to rising Morn. (s) To
 “ them *Archises* privily convey’d Six beauteous
 “ Mares, and had a Colt by each; Four he
 “ reserv’d; these two he gave *Aeneas*, Well
 “ broke to War, and perfectly inur’d To
 “ spreading Flight and Terror thro’ the Ranks.
 “ To take these Horses were a glorious Deed:
 “ (t) So brave a Prize wou’d make our Names
 “ immortal.

Thus they discours’d, whilst the two fierce
 Assailants, Driving amain, were now come
 pretty near: And thus *Lycœon*’s Son bespoke
Tydides; “ Intrepid warlike Son of glorious
 “ *Tydeus*, Since my swift Arrow cou’d not
 “ conquer thee, I come to try how well my
 “ Lance will speed. With this, the pond’rous
 Spear flew from his Hand; It pierc’d *Tydides*’
 Target thro’ and thro’, But stuck within his
 Armour.

(s) To them *Archises* pri-
 vily convey’d six beauteous
 Mares, and had a Colt by
 each.] This Passage seems to
 shew, that in all times the
 Cov’ring of Mares by Stealth
 was in some sort excusable;
 since *Homer* does not feign
 when he says of *Archises*, that
 he trick’d *Laomedon* out of a
 Breed of Horses; for this Ac-
 tion of *Archises* is properly
 stealing. *Eustathius* calls it

a *husbandly Theft*, a Theft
 which is not dishonourable nor
 very blameable, and which no
 Gentleman scruples to do,
 when he cannot otherwise have
 what he desires.

(t) So brave a Prize wou’d
 make our Names immortal.]
Diomed expects more Glory
 from taking these Horses,
 than from defeating the two
 Warriors that own them.

Proud of his Fortune, *Pandrus* thus ex-
claim'd, " Now have I reach'd thy Root of
" Life, my Lance Has deeply drench'd itself
" within thy Body; Thou canst not long sur-
" vive this Wound; While I Shall, by thy
" Death, immortal Glory gain.

" Thou art deceiv'd, said *Diomed* undis-
" may'd, Thou hast not wounded me; but I
" believe, One, if not both your Bloods, be-
" fore we part, (u) Will feast the hungry
" Throat of murd'ring *Mars*.

This said, he threw his Spear, which *Pallu*
guided Between the Eye and Nose of *Pandarus*;
(w) Descending to his Mouth, it broke his

(u) Will feast the hungry
Throat of murd'ring *Mars*.] *Eustathius* pretends that *Homer* here gives his Sword the Name of *Mars*, and that he, as it were, animates it, by calling it *πολεμιστὴν*, *Warrior*; in this Sense it should have been translated, *will feast my blood-thirsty Sword*. It is certain, that in this Poet, *Mars* sometimes signifies a Sword, and I have noted the Places where it is so; but here I confess, I do not incline to *Eustathius's* Opinion, because it seems to me to favour of too much Hardiness, to call a Sword *πολεμιστὴν*, *invictum bellum*, *an unconquer'd Warrior*.

(w) Descending to his Mouth.] 'Tis made a Question here, how *Diomed*, who is on Foot, cou'd give such a Wound as this which *Homer* describes, and which seems im-

possible to be done. To this it is answer'd, first, that *Homer* says *Minerva* directed the Weapon; and, secondly, that even without having Recourse to a Miracle, the Wound might have been given whilst *Pandarus* was stooping; or else, that as a Man who is on Foot has it in his Power to take the Advantage of the Ground, so *Diomed* might be upon some Eminence, which made *Pandarus*, tho' on his Chariot, to be still below him. Let a Man well examine all the Wounds which *Homer* mentions, and which he has turn'd and diversify'd a thousand and a thousand Ways, and he will not find one which is not true, and which does not shew in *Homer* an exact Knowledge of the Construction of a humane Body.

Teeth;

Teeth ; And cutting thro' his Tongue, the pointed Iron, Beneath his Chin, just by the Throat went out. He from his Chariot drops ; his beauteous Arms, With fearful Clank, accompany'd his Fall ; The frightened Horses shiver, whilst cold Death There, where he fell, arrests his weltr'ing Body.

But stout *Aeneas*, to prevent the Greeks From being Masters of the Trunk, leaps down, And rushing, stood before it like a Lion, Confiding in his Strength : he rounds his Charge, Covering the Body with his ample Shield, And ut'r'ing dreadful Menaces of Death To any that dares first presume t' approach. The Son of Tydus, seeing this, up-lifted A Stone of an enormous size, and such. (x) As two Men, now a-days, cou'd hardly move : He singly took it up, and at *Aeneas* Threw it with Ease ; it struck him on the Hip, The Hollow where the Joint doth move the Thigh, 'Tis call'd the Huckle-bone ; the sharp-edg'd Point Broke this to Shreds, dissecting both the Nerves, Which, passing there, down to the Heel extend. *Aeneas*, stagg'ring, falls upon his Knees ; He stays his Temples leaning on the Earth ; Pain dims his Sight, and Darkness circles round him.

(y) There had he dy'd, but that the beau-

(x) As two Men, now-a-days, cou'd hardly move.] 'Tis visible from several Passages of Homer, that he was persuaded of this Truth, viz. that the Men of former Times were larger and stronger than those of his Time.

(y) There had he dy'd.]

Eustathius very well observes here, that if History had ever so little favour'd Homer, he wou'd have made *Aeneas* been kill'd by *Diomed*. But as it was notorious, and even recent in his Time, that *Aeneas* surviv'd the Taking of Troy, the Poet was oblig'd to ac-

teous

teous *Venus* Perceiv'd the dangerous State of her lov'd Son, Whom she by great *Anchises* had, when he His Father's Flocks upon Mount *Ida* fed. Her Snow-white Arms she instantly threw round him, (z) And with the Lappet of her shining Robe, As with a Rampart, covers him from Danger, For fear lest some bold Greek shou'd with his Jav'lin Dispatch her Favourite Issue : in this manner, She from the Field convey'd him, unperceiv'd.

Now *Sthenelus*, remembering well his Orders, Out of the Tumult of the Battle hasten'd, Ties to his Seat the Reins, then quick descends, And laying Hands upon *Aeneas*' Steeds, He leads them tow'rds the Greeks, and there intrusts them To lov'd *Deiphylus* his dear Companion; And whom of all his Friends he tender'd most, (a) Because they sympathiz'd in Inclinations, In Humour, and in Wisdom.

Then burning with Impatience to rejoin His Friend *Tydides*, he remounts his Chariot, And stretches after him along the Plain; But *Tydeus*' Son was now in chase of *Venus*, With Lance

commodate himself to it. He is therefore content with putting *Aeneas* in very great Danger, and afterwards saves him by a poetical Accident. This is a Lesson to Poets, not to offend, either in their Fable or Episodes, against receiv'd Story.

(z) *And with the Lappet of her shining Robe, as with a Rampart, covers him from Danger.* This Robe was to *Aeneas* a Rampart; not that

it was Proof to defend him from their Weapons, but only to conceal and cover him from their Sight. That is the true Meaning of this Passage, which otherwise wou'd be ridiculous, since *Venus* herself was wounded thro' it, tho' it conceal'd her Son, as Homēr is going to tell us.

(a) *Because they sympathiz'd in Inclinations.* Homēr expresses all this in one Word, *ἀρνα*, which properly

in Hand, (b) well knowing she was none O'th' Warrior-Goddesses, who at the Head Of Armies march, and over Fights preside, Like *Pallas* or *Bellona*, but a Goddess, Who, sunk in Softness, hated noisy War.

Her, following close, at last he overtook, And with his Spear, his Arm advancing, struck; The Weapon pierc'd the Veil which screen'd her Son; That Veil, which ev'n the Graces wrought themselves, It Pierc'd, And (c) near her Wrist the Goddess wounded. Strait from

signifies equal, consentaneous, suitable. It is Conformity of Inclinations that constitutes Friendship.

(b) Well knowing She was none o'th' Warrior-Goddesses.] There was no Likelihood of mistaking her. *Venus* wears such obvious Characters, that they soon discover her, and distinguish her very sensibly from those Warrior-Goddesses.

(c) And near her Wrist the Goddess wounded.] Homer not content with attributing to the Gods the Passions and Vices of Men, gives them all the Weaknesses of humane Nature. They fight with Men, and are hurt. This looks so injurious to the Divinity of the Gods, that *Plato* for this Reason banish'd Homer out of his Commonwealth; and *Pythagoras* too, for the same Reason, said, he was severely tormented in Hell, for having inserted in his Poems such unbecoming and unworthy Fictions. *Ari-*

tote, to justify him, says only, that in this he did but follow what *Fame* had reported before him. For *Orpheus*, and the other Poets who preceded him, told the same Tales, and if he added to them something of his own, as 'tis likely he did, it was however conformable to the rest, and, as the Saying is, of the same Trimming; and such is this Wound of *Venus*, which is purely his Invention, as he proceeds afterwards to shew. As for my part, without seeking to justify Homer upon the account of Allegory, as might be done, nor upon the account of Fable, or common *Fame*; I shall barely say, that this Fiction of *Venus*'s Wound ought not to seem surprizing, since it naturally results from the Opinion entertained in those Times, that these inferior Gods (the Angels) were corporeal; and the Sequel proves it. Besides, Homer might easily fancy that these infe-

the Wound out sprung th' immortal Blood, But Blood like that of Gods, which, strictly speaking, Is nothing but a Dew or Steam divine; (d) For they, not feeding upon humane Viands, (e) Have not a gross terrestrial Blood like ours; And therefore are immortal and divine.

Thro' Anguish of the Wound the Goddess fill'd The Air with Cries, (f) and let *Aeneas* fall; But *Phœbus* took him in his friendly Arms, (g) And wrapping, in a sable Cloud, his Charge, Convey'd him from the Fury of the *Greeks*.

Mean while, *Tydides* flying after *Venus*, Thus with insulting Language cry'd aloud, " Away, " *Jove's Daughter*, and from War abstain! " (h) Is not thy Empire large enough o'er Wo- " men; Weak Women, who, by thy insidious

rior Deities, who thus con-
ven'd with Men, might be ca-
pable of sharing in their Fail-
ings and Infirmitiess.

(d) For they not feeding up-
on humane Viands.] Homer
very poetically explains the
difference between the Essence
of the Gods, and the Constitu-
tion of Men, and he could
not have given a more lively
Image, to make us sensible,
that what preserves Life to
Men, is precisely the Source
and Cause of their Death.

(e) Have not a gross ter-
restrial Blood like ours.] This
is a Proof that they reckon'd
these Gods corporeal; but in-
deed they ascrib'd other Kind
of Bodies to them than ours;
finer and more subtle Bodies.

(f) And let *Aeneas* fall.] For he said before, that she

took him up in her Arms.
Homer always paints the Ob-
jects he presents, and forges
not any one of the chief Lin-
ements.

(g) And wrapping in a sable
Cloud.] For *Apollo*, the Fa-
ther of Light, does likewise
form Clouds with the Vapours
he draws up.

(h) Is not thy Empire large
enough o'er Women, weak Wo-
men?] Thus ought a great
Warrior to speak of *Venus*:
These are the true Colours
in which that Goddess should
be painted. I am charm'd
with this Place, which shews
both the Wisdom of Homer,
and the End he propos'd to
himself in his Poem, To lay
down Precepts useful for Man-
ners.

“ Arts, Betray’d, rush headlong on the Snares
 “ you spread ? But, I believe, a few of these
 “ Assaults Will cure your Love of War ;
 “ which, if but nam’d, May turn your Rosy
 “ Cheeks as pale as Lillies.

Thus he ; the Goddess, sighing, went her way, Extremely griev’d, and full of Indignation. (i) Swift Iris seeing her o’erwhelm’d with Sorrow, And that her Colour too began to fade, Taking her Hand, conducts her from the Fight.

After some Paces tow’rds the War’s Left Wing, They found Mars sitting, who his Arms and Horses Hid in a Fog, by Man impenetrable. Venus with instant Pray’r besought the God ; “ Dear Brother, bear me hence ; lend
 “ me thy Chariot, That I to high Olympus
 “ may return, The proper Place of Residence
 “ for Gods ; I feel excessive Torments from a
 “ Wound Tydides gave, who, in his present
 “ Madness, Would fight e’vn Jove himself,
 “ were he to meet him.

She spoke ; (k) The God of Battel gives his Chariot. Venus ascends it, full of Pain and Passion. Next Iris mounts, taking the Whip and Reins ; And, lashing, drives them on with full Career. The generous Coursers second her

(i) Swift Iris seeing her o’erwhelm’d with Sorrow] Iris comes to the Relief of Venus ; and that is to shew, poetically, the Swiftness with which that Goddess returns to Heav’n. Furthermore, the Poet knew that Iris was not an Enemy to Venus, since she was fabl’d to be the Mother of Love by Zephyrus.

(k) The God of Battel gives his Chariot.] Mars makes the Goddess no Answer, but gives her his Chariot, without saying any thing. What cou’d he have said ? Pity is not the Passion of Mars. Homer, who so well knows when to speak, knows likewise when to be silent.

Impatience, And in a Moment reach Olympu-
Seats. The Wind-outstripping Goddess stops
the Horses; And taking off their Harness,
gives them Food, Such as the Horses of the
Gods are us'd to. (1) But *Venus* falling on
Dione's Lap, Her Mother help'd her up with
sweet Embraces; And, pitying, stroak'd her
with her gentle Hand: "Tell me, dear Child,
" said she, which of the Immortals Did this
" rash Act, as if he had surpriz'd you In the
" Commission of some open Crime?
Venus reply'd: "This Blood *Tyrides* drew,
" This Wound I got from impious *Diomed*,
" Because I rescu'd from his bloody Hand My
" Son *Aeneas*, whom I love so dearly. (m)
" 'Tis now no more a War 'twixt *Greeks* and
" *Trojans*; 'Tis now a War of *Greeks* against
" the Gods.

To this *Dione* answer'd: "Dearest Daugh-
" ter, Whatever Pain you feel, support with
" Patience: (n) You're not the first Immortal

(1) But *Venus* falling on
Dione's Lap.] Homer makes
Venus the Daughter of *Dione*.
The Fable of *Venus* being
born of the Sea, is not there-
fore so old as *Homer*: It was
fancy'd by those Poets that
came after him, and not be-
fore.

(m) 'Tis now no more a
War 'twixt *Greeks* and *Tro-
jans*.] There is a great deal
of Grandeur in these two
Verses: *Venus* had before said,
that *Diomed* wou'd fight *Ju-
piter* himself; and here he
extends it to all the *Greeks*
in general, as if they aim'd at

none but the Gods. The In-
tention of *Venus* was, to make
them be look'd upon as so many
new *Titans*, and by a Counter-
stroke, it is a great Compli-
ment *Homer* very cleverly
passest upon them, by treating
them as Men equal to the
Gods: And this is a good Ju-
stification of the Elogium he
gave them in the Beginning
of his Poem, in calling them
Heroes.

(n) You're not the first In-
mortal that has suffer'd from
the prophanee Audaciousness of
Men.] *Dione* comforts her
Daughter, by reminding her

" that

" that has suffer'd From the prophane Audaciousnes of Men ; Many who these celestial Seats inhabit, Have felt Mens Insolence ; " the Gods delighting Sometimes to usethem as their Tools of Vengeance Against each other in their private Quarrels. Mars, formidable Mars has been a Suff'rer By mortal Out-rage, (o) when *Aloeus*' Sons, Proud *Otus*, and

of other Deities, superior to her, yet as ill treated by Mortals, as herself ; but at the same time, as *Eustathius* has very well observ'd, *Homer*, in this, does cunningly justify his Fictions ; for, that he may not be accus'd of too extravagant a Hardiness in making the Gods to be wounded, he quotes old Fables to the same purpose : So that no Body can justly reproach him with offending against Probability in this Particular, since he only imitated and follow'd what he found perfectly establish'd to his Hand. Fable had currently told how *Juno* was wounded ; it like-
wise mention'd a *Hurt Pluto* receiv'd : *Homer* therefore might speak of *Venus* being wounded ; and it is this same Passage of *Homer* that furnish'd *Aristotle* with the Answer which he teaches his Readers to make to the Criticks, who condemn these Fictions of *Homer* as false and injurious to Truth. You must, says he, have Recourse to Fame, and prove, that so it was reported. Thus it is, that *Homer* is laud in what he says

concerning the Gods ; he follow'd common Report, &c. Thus neither the Sidings, nor Wounds, nor Punishments, nor Tears, nor Imprisonments of the Gods, nor any other of those Accidents into which *Homer* makes them continually falling, have in themselves any thing for which *Homer* can be justly blam'd.

(o) When *Aloeus*' Sons, proud *Otus*, and the dreadful *Ephialtes*.] Why shou'd not these Sons of *Aloeus* have the Boldness to attack *Mars*, they who dar'd to besiege the Gods, and scale Heav'n ? *Eustathius* explains, at length, the Meanings of the Allegories contain'd in these Fables. For Example, he says, that here *Otus* means such Literature and Documents as we derive by the Ear ; and *Ephialtes*, such Instructions and Doctrines as are naturally instill'd into us. They both restrain *Mars* with Chains, that is, they subdue, or bind brutal and irrational Passion. *Eribee*, their Step-mother, is Discord, Sedition, the true Step-mother of Instruction and Good-Nature : She makes use of Mer-

" the dreadful *Ephialtes*, Presum'd to bind the
 " God with pond'rous Chains, And thirteen
 " Months in a Brass Dungeon kept him. That
 " God, who nothing breaths but fierce Alarms,
 " Perhaps had perish'd, if their Step-mother,
 " Fair *Eribæa*, had not made it known To
 " *Hermes*, who, unseen, deliver'd him With
 " his unwieldy Fetters almost dead. (p) *Ev'n*
 " *Juno* too has the like Ills sustain'd, When by
 " *Amphytrion's* Son, on the Right Pap, With
 " a three-pointed Arrow she was wounded;
 " Such Pains she felt as seem'd incurable. *Pluto*
 " himself, th' unruly God of Hell, Was not
 " against *Alcides'* Insults safe, Not in the dusky
 " Mansions of the Dead: Him, by a Shaft of
 " equal Bitterness, This Son of *Jove* did thro'
 " the Shoulder gore: Angry, and full of Pain,
 " the God of Shades (The Shaft yet in his
 " Shoulder) fled to Heaven, Th' Abode of

cury, that is, Persuasion and
 Artifice, to set free this Fu-
 riōso. See *Eustathius*, Page
 360.

(p) *Ev'n* *Juno* too has the
 like Ills sustain'd.] See how
Eustathius explains this Alle-
 gory. *Juno* is the Air, and
 every thing above the Earth.
Pluto, the Air beneath. *Her-
 cules* signifies a Philosophic
 Mind, the true Offspring of
Jupiter. *Hercules* darts his
 Arrows against *Juno*, and
 against *Pluto*, and wounds
 them; that is, a Philosophic
 Mind darts abroad its Re-
 flections, Ideas, Views; and
 thereby penetrates into what-
 ever is most abstruse relating

to *Juno* and *Pluto*; for no-
 thing can escape or conceal it-
 self from Philosophy. *Eustathius*'s Words are observable,
 Καὶ οὐδὲ πιλοτοῦσσες ἀνθ-
 ιαὶδὲ συνιτταῖς οὐδὲ διστρ-
 σατ, βάλλει, οὐδὲ τυγχάν-
 τοῦ σπέντου. οὐδὲ αἴλονται
 ζηλούμενοι. αἰδάνοις γαρ τὶ^{τὶ}
 πιλοτοῦσσες οὐδὲ οὐτε τὸν αὐ-
 οῦτε τὸν κατὰ γῆν. Against
 which a Philosophic Mind is
 citing itself, and launching its
 Darts, strikes, hits the Mark,
 and finds what it look'd for; for
 nothing is impenetrable to Phi-
 losophy, either under the Earth
 or above it. And therefor
 Mercury hath been call'd its
 celestial and terrestrial, &c.

" Jove *Ægiocbus*, where *Paon*, Physician of
" the Gods, with Sov'reign Balm, Cur'd him;
" for he had nothing in him mortal. (q) An
" impious, haughty, and ungracious Wretch,
" That trembled not at Sacrilege, but dar'd
" With his presumptuous Shafts to wound the
" Gods! As for what now has happen'd to
" You, Child, 'Twas *Pallas* set *Tydiades* on
" t'insult you, Stir'd up his Courage, and in-
" spir'd with Rashness. (r) Fool! to forget,
" that those who have the Madness To fight
" against the Gods, are never blest With Length
" of Days; nor that their tender Infants Sitting
" upon their Knees shall ever give them, In
" half-form'd Words, the pleasing Name of
" Father, Return'd from War and bloody Ex-
" peditions. (s) Let *Diomed*, brave as he is, be-

(q) *An impious, haughty and ungracious Wretch.*] These In-
jectives which *Dione* makes
against *Hercules*, are so many
moral Precepts *Homer* gives
is Reader, to induce him to
espect the Gods.

(r) *Fool! to forget that those,*
etc.] This is a wonderful
eian way of inserting Sen-
tences without their appearing,
nd whose Effect is felt without
eing them. *Homer* here do's
ot utter a meer positive Sen-
tence, such as, *All who fight*
gainst the Gods are short-liv'd;
ut he says, *Fool! to forget*
at, &c. as if these Truths
ere Sentiments grav'd in the
heart of every Man. *Homer*
as the first that discover'd the

Art of placing, in this man-
ner, disguis'd Sentences; the
Greek Lyric Poets happily imi-
tated him; and after them
Horace and *Virgil* are Models
to be follow'd.

(s) *Let Diomed, brave as*
he is, beuare.] *Dione* here
foretells to *Diomed*, that a
God will one Day revenge
Venus, and punish him for
his sacrilegious Audaciousness.
This way of foretelling that
Hero's Death by a Dream of
his Wife's, is very Novel and
very Poetical; there is like-
wise in it, with regard to that
Lady, an Elogium, which, in
my Opinion, is marvellous, for
the fine and delicate Senti-
ment it contains.

" ware, Lest he some stronger Deity provoke,
 " And lest *Ægiale*, the gentle Consort Of that
 " proud Warrior, frighten'd in the Night By
 " some sinister Dream, should raise the Hou-
 " hold, And fill her Palace with shrill Lamen-
 " tations, Demanding *Diomed*, her Husband
 " *Diomed*, The first and only Object of her
 " Vows.

Whilst thus *Dione* spoke, she wip'd away
 The Blood that ran from her dear Daughter's
 Wound. Strait were the Goddess' cruel Tor-
 ments ceas'd, And her fair Hand entirely heal'd.

But *Juno* and *Minerva*, who were Witness
 To what befel the Queen of Love, assay'd
 With sly Discourse to anger *Jove* against her.
 (t) The blue-ey'd Goddess first began, and said:
 " (u) O Father, let not what I say displease!

(t) *The blue-ey'd Goddess first began, and said.*] This is a very ingenious, nipping Raillery. Homer makes *Minerva* say it, and not *Juno*, because *Juno* is too grave and majestic to descend to Raillery, whereas that Character agrees with *Minerva*, who is younger, who is the declar'd Enemy of *Venus*; and who besides is the Goddess that presides over Wit.

(u) *O Father, let not what I say displease you.*] *Eustathius* upon this has made a Remark, which to me seems worthy to be remember'd; for every Thing that tends to Decency and Decorum ought to be prais'd. He says, then, that since at a time so sharp and full of Action, Raillery

wou'd look unseasonable and flat, and yet since it might come in naturally enough, because of the Quality of the Parties, *Venus* on one side, and *Juno* and *Minerva* her greatest Enemies on the other; Homer took care to fortify himself with a good Parrot; he begs of *Jupiter* (and, in him, all Persons of Sense) leave to enliven by a Piece of Mirth so serious a Passage. After which, having nothing more to fear, he ventures his Raillery, which succeeds perfectly well, because of the Precaution he had taken. If any Critic so rigid and ill humour'd, as to condemn what *Jupiter* has permitted, and which even drew a Smile from him?

" Nor blame me for my Tale: The charming
 "(w) *Venus* Has doubtless been engaging some
 " fair Greek To take the *Trojans* Part, and gra-
 " tify Some of her *Phrygian* Friends whom
 " she's so fond of; And as she try'd to stir her
 " with Carefies, (x) The Golden Clasp that
 " fastens the long Robes Those *Grecian* La-
 " dies wear, has hurt the Goddess, And scar'd
 " her with a Scratch upon the Hand.

(y) Smiling, the Father of the Gods and
 Men Call'd charming *Venus* to him: " Child,
 " said he, The rough Affairs of War are not
 " thy Province: 'Tis not for thee to meddle
 " with the Sword: Look thou to Joys of Love
 " and nuptial Dues, And leave to *Mars* and
 " *Pallas* bloody Battels.

Whilst thus th' Immortals entertain'd them-
 selves, (z) Again *Tydides* on *Aeneas* rushes,

(w) *Venus has doubtless been engaging some fair Greek to take the Trojans Part.*] What Bitterness there is in this Rail-
 lery! *Minerva* treats *Venus* as a Seducer, and twits her with the Rape of *Helen*, and at the same time mocks her for her Faint-heartedness; for her being frighten'd at a Wound, which strictly is nothing but the Scratch of a Buckle.

(x) *The golden Clasp, &c. has hurt the Goddess.*] The Women of *Doris* invented these training Robes, which at the Breast were fasten'd with a Clasp or Buckle; wherefore *Herodotus* calls these Robes *Dorian*.

(y) *Smiling, the Father of*

the Gods and Men, *Jupiter* does not laugh, he only smiles; for it does not agree with the Majesty of the Master of the Gods to laugh out.

(z) *Again Tydides on Aeneas rushes.*] After the mighty Praises *Homer* had given *Diomed*'s Valour, one wou'd think he had no more to say; but yet he finds new Colour to make him appear still greater and more invincible. Nothing can be added to the Boldness and Intrepidity he gives him in this Place. What Elogiums for a Warrior! How much was *Alexander* in the right, to wish for a *Homer* to be the Herald of his Atchievements!

Altho' he saw that *Phæbus* self upheld him,
Eager his Life and glorious Arms to take, He
to that powerful God no Rev'rence paid.
Thrice rush'd he on him rudely, thrice the
God With the sole Lustre of his Shield repuls'd
him. Th' intrepid Mortal, like the God of
War, Attempts a fourth Assault : *Phæbus*, in-
cens'd, Thus in a threatning Tone his Rashness
chides : " Consider, Son of *Tydeus*, and re-
" tire ; Nor madly think thyself a Match for
" Gods : Infinite is the Difference between
" The ever-during Essence of the Immortals,
" Who Heav'n inhabit, and the Nothingness
" Of mortal Men who crawl upon the Earth.
(a) At this *Tydides* mov'd a little back, To
shun the Anger of the dreadful God.

Apollo took *Æneas*, and convey'd him To
Temple of his own in *Pergamus*. (b) *Latona*
strait and chaste *Diana* lead him Into the holiest
Place, there dress his Wounds, (c) And with
accumulated Glory crown him.

(a) At this *Tydides* mov'd
a little back.] *Diomed* does
not fly, neither does he ab-
solutely retire, but he mov'd
a little back, τοθὸν ἀτίσσα. a Man so restiff in retreating,
when even a God threatens
him, is very near beginning
again.

(b) *Latona* strait and chaste
Diana lead him into the holiest
Place.] *Æneas* is the Char-
acter of a religious Man ;
wherefore Homer feigns that
Latona and her Daughter
Diana themselves dress his
Wounds, and in the very
Temple of *Apollo*.

(c) And with accumulated
Glory crown him.] I know
very well there's nothing more
honourable for *Æneas*, than
the Care these Goddesses take
of him ; yet I don't think this
a proper Place to speak of
Honour and Glory. The Wond
of the Text κύδαινε τι, &
glorificabant, I am apt to sus-
pect. I did not dare to correct
it in the Text ; but I am per-
suaded, Homer writ it οὐδεπο-
τε, & curabant, and that it
must be translated thus ; they
themselves dress'd his Wounds
and took care of his Life.

Mean while, *Apollo* had a Phantom form'd
So like *Aeneas*, both in Shape and Armour,
The Greek and Trojan Troops, deceiv'd, rekindle
The Fight around this Image ; Breast-plates,
Shields, Head-pieces, Jav'lins, Pikes, in Splinters
fly ; And dreadful Slaughter rag'd on
either Side.

Then *Phæbus* thus relentless *Mars* address'd ;
" Mars, murd'ring Mars, whose sole Delight is
" Blood ! Who sportest with the Ruin of Man-
" kind ! Fierce God of War, whose Joy is De-
" vastation ! Wilt thou not drive this Mortal
" from the Field, This *Diomed*, who in his
" present Madness Wou'd fight e'en *Jove* him-
" self, were he to meet him ? First, *Venus* he
" attack'd, and made her bleed, (d) And then
" at Me he flew like any God.

Apollo thus concluding, went to *Troy*, And
made the Tow'r, call'd *Pergamus*, his Seat.
Mars takes the Form of valiant *Acamas*, The
Thracian Leader, and from Rank to Rank,
Throughout the *Trojan* Army goes, exhorting
The Troops, and animating them to Battel :
But above all, to *Priam*'s Sons addressing ;
" How long, said he, great *Priam*'s valiant Sons,

(d) And then at Me he flew like any God. 1 Pray observe, says *Eustathius*, with what Decorum Homer conducts himself here. He gives *Diomed* no Advantage over *Apollo*, because he wou'd not say Things utterly incredible, and which Allegory itself cou'd not justify. He wounds *Venus* and *Mars*, for it is morally possible

to overcome and surmount the unreasonable Passions represented by those two Deities. But 'tis impossible to overcome *Apollo*, whether he be consider'd as the Sun, or as Destiny. The Sun may be shot at, as some Barbarians still do, but he cannot be wounded ; Destiny may be resisted, but cannot be surmounted.

" Can ye endure the Slaughter of your Men?
 " Wait ye, until they brave you at your Gates?
 " The Son of great Anchises, bold *Aeneas*,
 " Whom we as much as God-like *Hector* honour,
 " Lies now hem'd in with Foes : Come,
 " let us run To disengage and save our valiant
 " Friend.

These Words new-strung each Soldier's wea-
 ry'd Nerves, Nor was there one but felt fresh
 Force and Spirit. *Sarpedon*, likewise, sharp'ning
 noble *Hector*, With bitter Taunts, thus tax'd
 him ; " Son of *Priam* ! Where is thy former
 " Strength and Courage gone ? You boasted that
 " you cou'd defend your City, Without the
 " Townsmens Help, or Foreign Aid : You,
 " with your Brother and your Sisters Hus-
 " bands ! Yet, on whatever side I cast my Eye,
 " Not one of all your numerous Kin I see :
 " Fear makes them hide, like Hounds slipt at a
 " Lion. None here, but We, the doubtful
 " War maintain, Who yet are nothing but
 " Auxiliaries ; For I, as an Assistant only, came
 " From farthest *Lycia* wash'd by rapid *Xan-*
 " *thus* : Leaving my All, my Wife, and In-
 " fant-Son, (*) With Wealth enough to satiate the
 " most Ambitious, And which I might have
 " peaceably enjoy'd : Yet, ev'ry Day, my
 " Troops I bring to Battel, And burn impati-
 " ently, myself, to cope With yon bold Greek,
 " that has such Havock made : (e) Tho' I

(*) [With Wealth enough, the Wishes of the Poor; says the Original.] thing here that lies at Stake, or which the greedy Foe can ravish from me.] This Re-

(e) Though I have no proach is very grave, and very

" have

“ have nothing here that lies at Stake, Or,
 “ which the greedy Foe can ravish from me ;
 “ While you, who for your Wives and Chil-
 “ dren fight, Your Goods, your Country, you
 “ unactive stand, Nor go among the Troops to
 “ rally them, For fear lest they, (f) surpriz’d,
 “ as in a Net, Shou’d fall a Prey to your in-
 “ sulting Foe, Who soon this lofty City wou’d
 “ destroy, And lay its deep Foundation on a
 “ Heap. This Care shou’d Night and Day
 “ your Thoughts employ ; This, without Rest
 “ or Respite, you shou’d study, (g) To follow
 “ the Auxiliar Princes close, Conjuring that

capable to touch not only a stout Man, but even to animate the greatest Coward. Those who have no interest in the War, and can lose nothing, fight incessantly ; and those who have their Wives and Children to defend, do not fight at all. These are the Turns which *Demosthenes* so much study’d in *Homer*, and which he so well retain’d.

(f) *Surpriz’d as in a Net.*] *Eustathius* observes here, that tho’ *Homer* makes his Heroes live only on Beef and Mutton, yet he shews, that in those Times both Fishing and Fowling were known ; for from thence he took this Metaphor, *Surpriz’d as in a Net*. But you will say, How comes it then, that he makes his Heroes eat neither Fowl nor Fish, except in some time of Famine, as in the *Odysses*? It was because Fish and Fowl were look’d

upon as too delicate a Food for Heroes ; besides, it was contrary to the Simplicity of those Elder Ages. In holy Scripture, we find that Beef and Mutton, in a word, Butchers Meat, was the only Food in Use, which lasted till the *Egyptian Captivity* ; for then the *Israelites* began to eat Fish. *Athenaeus* observes in his first Book, that they began but late to eat it in *Greece*.

(g) *To follow the Auxiliar Princes close.*] There is in this Exhortation a secret Reproach ; but which is however perceivable ; for ‘tis all one as if *Sarpedon* had said to *Hector*, ‘Tis your Duty to exhort and animate continually the Leaders of the Auxiliary Troops ; and, on the contrary, they are forc’d to exhort and animate You. At the same time, ‘tis worth while to observe the Wisdom.

" they wou'd not slack their Hands, But cease
" their Murmurings, and banish Faction.

Sarpedon's Speech touch'd *Hector* to the quick: Down from his Chariot, wholly arm'd, he leaps. (b) Nought he reply'd, but ran throughout the Army (A Dart in either Hand) cheering the Troops. His sole Appearance animates the War. Asham'd, the *Trojans* rally, and turn Head; Nor did the *Greeks* prepare themselves for Flight, But closing up their Ranks, the Charge attended. (i) As on the (k) spacious Floor, when golden *Ceres* The Winnowers as-

of this Precept which Homer gives here to Princes, who have Allies engag'd in their Quarrels.

(b) Nought be reply'd.] The more Courage a Man has, the silenter he is at a Reproach he has deserv'd. *Hector* has no Answer to make to *Sarpedon*; he must justify himself by Deeds, not Words; and so he does. 'Tis observable in *Homer*, that all the Reproaches and Remonstrances he makes, have constantly their Effect, πᾶς γὰρ παρανήσος λίγος οὐ διαγνοεῖ ταῦτα μάλιστα, as *Eustathius* very well says. *Hector* chides *Paris*; and *Paris*, who ran away before, returns to the Fight; *Sarpedon* reproves *Hector*, and *Hector* does marvellous Exploits. By which the Poet wou'd teach, that there is nothing so beneficial, as to reprehend Men, provided it be done pertinently.

(i) *As in the spacious Floor,
when golden Ceres.] All Na-*

ture is the Appanage of Poetry: Wherefore, *Homer*, to set forth all its Riches, leads his Reader into all its Treasures. Here, to represent Squadrons whiten'd with the Dust which their Horses raise, he has Recourse to a Comparison taken from a Threshing-Floor, where Corn is winnowing; for then the Wind which bears away the light Chaff, makes of it here and there little Heaps, which appear all white with the Dust which the same Wind that assembles them covers them with. This is very natural; and it is an Image so much the more agreeable, as it is borrow'd from an Art full of Gentleness, and very opposite to that of War.

(k) *Spacious.*] Homer says
Sacred; and he calls it the
Sacred Threshing-Floor, because
it was consecrated to Ceres,
but this Epithet to me seems
too foreign in our Language.

seemles.

embles, who, assisted By breezing Zephyrs, fan her precious Gifts, The useless Chaff dividing from the Corn ; Whiten'd with Dust, in Heaps, this Chaff is seen ; So might you see the Greeks to Battel rush, All gray with Dust, which by their Horses Feet Was rais'd in Whirlwinds, and to Heav'n ascended. The Chariots mix, anew the Fight begins.

Mars to th' Assistance of the Trojans flew,
(l) Drawing a Veil of Darkness o'er the Field ;
From Rank to Rank he went, and to each Tre-
jan Gives Fortitude, as Phœbus had enjoin'd
him, When Pallas from the Greeks remov'd her
Aid.

Whilst Mars obey'd his Orders, Phœbus
brings Æneas from the Fane, entirely cur'd ;
(m) The God confirms him with recruited
Strength, Then Courage gives incapable of
Fear. But when the Soldiers at their Head be-

(l) Drawing a Veil of Dark-
ness o'er the Field.] This is
saying in a Poetical Manner,
that Mars, in exciting the
Squadrons, raises so much Dust,
that all the Field is cover'd
with it. Thus this same Dust
which at first whiten'd the
Squadrons, makes, a Moment
after, a thick Cloud, to which
Homer gives the Name of
Night, because it hides the
Light of the Sun from them,
and makes them fight in Obscu-
rity. Homer's Expression is re-
markable, *ἰκάλυψεν τύχα τε-
γίτην*, meaning, fudit,
condensavit.

(m) The God confirms him
with recruited Strength, then

Courage gives incapable of
Fear.] Homer, in all the
Miracles he relates, never de-
parts from Probability. Æ-
neas is not only cur'd of his
Wounds, but he recovers his
Strength, and finds his Va-
lour increas'd ; for to God
nothing is impossible. He
restores Strength to the Yas-
tigued, and he increases the
Courage of those who are the
most dejected. *Dat lasso vir-
tutem, & his qui non sunt,
fortitudinem & rubor multiplicat.*
He giveth Power to the
Faint, and to them that have
no Might, he increaseth Strength.
Isa. xl. 29.

held Their Prince alive, and all his Pow'rs entire, Transporting Joys reviv'd their sick'ning Souls : (n) Yet stood they not to ask how this befel, Another sort of Task requir'd their time, Impos'd by *Phæbus*, harmful *Mars*, and *Discord*.

The two *Ajaces*, *Diomed* and *Ulysses*, On their side chear'd the *Grecians* to the Fight. Nor did th' advancing *Trojans* them deject : Fearles, they heard their Out-cries and Bravades, And firmly standing did their Charge expect. (o) As those thick *Clouds*, which *Jove* sometimes assembles Upon a Mountain's Top, and there retains, Whilst *Boreas* sleeps, and all the rustling Winds ; for when They once are rouz'd, their horrid Whistlings Have soon dispers'd that Mass of gloomy Vapours : So stood the *Greeks*, waiting the *Trojans* Onset : While great *Atrides* coasts about the Army, Giving Commands, and stirring up his Soldiers.

(n) *Let stand they not to ask how this befel.* This Passage alone might suffice to shew, that when *Homer* makes his Heroes hold a long Discourse, 'tis when the Occasion is not very pressing, and gives them time to do it ; for where the Action is ever so little sharp, he very well knows how to retrench all the Speeches which wou'd be superfluous or improper. After this Remark, I shall relate one of *Eustathius*'s, which deserves some Attention. He says, that *Homer* slightly passes over this miraculous Cure of *Eneas*, because ha-

ving no other Foundation for the Probability of it, than the Power of the Gods, and it not being justifiable, either by Fable or Allegory, it ought not to have been told more at large.

(o) *As those thick Clouds, which Jove sometimes assembles.* This Image is fine and noble, and it appears in the Sequel so much the more just, as it foretells the Flight of the *Greeks*, and as the *Trojans* are compar'd to *Boreas*, and to the other stormy Winds, which dissipate the Clouds.

" Shew

(p) "Shew yourselves Men (my Friends)
" and be courageous, And arm yourselves with
" dauntless Resolution. (q) Let that Respect
" you owe to one another, Oblige you in the
" Fight to do your Duty. Remember, in an
" Army of brave Men, More are preserv'd
" than perish; but the Tim'rous, Besides their
" Loss of Glory, lose their Strength, And
" fall an easy Victim to their Foes.

With this, he strongly threw his pond'rous
Spear: It reach'd *Deicoon Pergasides*, Who
bravely fought among the foremost Troops,
Aeneas' Friend; and no less dear to *Troy*, Than
if he one of *Priam*'s Sons had been, Because
he oft had bore the Brunt in Fight. Him, on
the Shield, *Atrides*' Jav'lin struck, And meeting
slender Opposition there, It urg'd a Passage
thro' his Belt and Belly; Down fell he, with
his rattling Armour, dead.

Enrag'd at this Mischance, *Aeneas* kill'd
Orfilochus and *Crethon*, two brave Greeks. They
were the Sons of wealthy *Diocles*, Who in the
beauteous Town of *Phera* liv'd, But fetch'd
his Pedigree (r) from *Alpheus*' Stream, Whicha

(p) *Show yourselves Men, my Friends, and be courageous.* These Expressions are often repeated in the Speeches which the Generals make to their Troops; for it was the Oriental Style. In Holy Scripture, the Chiefs exhort their Soldiers thus, *Viriliter agite, confortamini, nolite timere.*

(q) *Let the Respect you owe to one another.* The Greek

says, have *Shame* for one another; that is, let the *Shame* of doing a cowardly Thing in the Presence of one another influence you. There is nothing more beneficial in any Thing whatever, than this *Shame*; for which Reason *Terence* said, *Eruhuit, saffores est.*

(r) From *Alpheus*' Stream, which often overflows the Pylian Lands. The Term *εὐπό-*

often overflows the *Pylian Lands*. That God was Father to *Orsilochus*, Who o'er a mighty Nation bore the Rule. *Orsilochus* begot brave *Diocles*, And he gave birth to these two valiant Captains, (s) Who, in their Prime of Youth, embark'd for *Troy*, To share the Honour of *Atrides*' Quarrel ; But had no Glory, but of Dying there. As two young Lions, by their Mother bred To Carnage in the Forest's thick Recesses, By Fury led, descend into the Plain, And there destroy Steers, Oxen, tender Sheep, Ev'n to the Owner's Lodge bear Fright and Terror, And every where leave Tokens of their Rage ; Till by the Shepherds they themselves are slain : So these two youthful Warriors, who had spread Destruction far and wide, kill'd by *Aeneas*, Fell to the Earth, and in their Fall resembl'd (t) Two stately Fir-trees, which a Storm throws down.

At their untimely Fall, great *Menelaus* Was touch'd with Pity : to the Front he came, Shining in Arms, and threatening Death to him That shou'd the first adventure to approach.

which Homer makes use of here, is not to express the Breadth of the River *Alpheus*, but to shew its Nature, and that it is subject to overflow its Banks ; οὐ μίνες αἱ κατὰ χάρα, says *Eustathius*, αλλ' οὐτιβάλλεις μη κόλπον εὑρεται, ο δε μίχητις τοιούτος. It does not always remain within its Bounds, but leaving its Bed, it extends itself, and overflows the Fields, as even at this Day it does.

(s) Who in their Prime of

Youth.] Homer shews by this, that in Greece they sent their Children betimes to the War. This likewise appears from several other Passages.

(t) Two stately Fir-trees.] With what Art does Homer pass from one Image to another ! After having given, by the Comparison of the two Lions, an Idea of the Courage of these two Brothers, he gives an Idea of their Stature, by this Image of the Fir-trees.

(u) But Mars, by thus provoking him, sought only To make him fall a Prey to great *Aeneas*. When Nestor's Son *Antilochus* observ'd him, Thus bent to urge a Combat of such odds, He rushes thro' the foremost Ranks to join him, Fearing some Mischief might befall the King, Which might deprive them of the Victory, (v) And make them lose the Fruit of all their Labours.

Already *Menelaus* was near *Aeneas*, Already had they, with a threat'ning Air, Survey'd each other, and prepar'd to charge ; When Nestor's Son came up.

But when *Aeneas*, valiant as he was, Saw these two Warriors join their Force against him, (x) He thought it not improper to retire. They, profiting by his Retreat, bear off

(u) But Mars by thus provoking him. [Homer could not shew the Difference between the Valour of *Aeneas*, and that of *Menelaus*, in a finer and more Poetical Manner. *Menelaus* wou'd have sunk beneath *Aeneas*'s Efforts, if *Antilochus* had not come to his Aid.

(v) And make them lose the Fruit of all their Labours.] For, as Agamemnon gave to understand in the 3d Book, *Menelaus* being 'dead', the War wou'd be at an end, and the Greeks think of nothing but returning Home.

(x) He thought it not improper to retire.] This is a Passage which French Valour wou'd find it hard to understand, and which it will never

pardon ; for neither our Officers nor Soldiers are wont to run from two Men. They fight without telling Noses. 'Tis not for me to speak upon these Subjects ; but I think that we cannot accuse Homer of being ignorant of what true Valour can and ought to do, he who has so often describ'd it in the most sublime Manner. This great Poet knew that Valour shou'd neither be rash nor mad, and that there are Occasions, when the bravest Man may without Shame call Prudence to his Aid. The ancient Proverb, Hercules himself is not equal to two, ne Hercules contra duos, siue 'tis an ancient Persuasion, that a brave Man may without Cowardice shun two Ene-

The Corps of *Creton* and *Orfilochus*, Who had been so unfortunately slain: And, having giv'n them to the Greeks, return'd Into the Fight, and gave new Marks of Valour.

On this Occasion fell *Pylæmenes*. He led the generous *Paphlagonian* Troops. The Son of *Atreus*, valiant *Menelaus*, Who us'd his Lance with wonderful Dexterity, Struck him i'th' Throat, and laid him at his Feet.

Antilochus, on his side, with a Stone, Wounded *Atymnius'* Son, the valiant *Mydon*, Who drove the Chariot of *Pylæmenes*, And always near him fought: he wounded him Just on the Elbow, as he turn'd his Horses: (y) Down drop the Reins, (z) and trail along the Sand. *Antilochus*, without delay, runs at him, And strikes him on the Temple with his Sword. Gasp'ing, (a) brave *Mydon* from his Chariot fell,

mies, especially when nothing engages him indispensably to stand them, and that he may do better elsewhere. [The former Part of this Note, I suppose, Madam *Dacier* will think advisable to omit in the next *French* Edition; and whether it ought not to have been put among the *Errata* of this, I leave to the *English* Reader to determine.]

(y) Down drop the Reins, and trail along the Sand.] The Greek says, the Reins white with Ivory. They us'd to adorn the Reins with Ivory, and at the end there were likewise little Ivory Sticks to hold them by.

(z) And trail along the

Sand.] Homer paints even the Trailing of the Reins. This is what Poetry ought always to be doing; it should be everlastingly painting.

(a) Brave *Mydon* from his Chariot fell Head foremost, where the Sand was soft and deep.] Homer so well varies all the different Attitudes (or Postures) of the Wounded, and of those that were dying, that here he paints the Fall of a Man, who, tumbling Head foremost in a soft and deep Place, sinks up to the Shoulders, there remains fast, and is held erect with his Heels in the Air, by the Weight of his Armour.

Head foremost, where the Sand was soft and deep ; There to the Shoulders sinking, stood an-end, His Heels upright : his Horses trod him down. These Nestor's Son drove off.

At this, in *Hector* flew, with mighty Up-roar : The *Trojans* follow'd with undaunted Steps : Great *Mars* and stern *Bellona* went before them. (b) *Bellona* scatter'd Terror and Dismay, And *Mars* was arm'd with an enormous Lance, Which with a fierce and threat'ning Air he bore : (c) That dreadful God of Battel sometimes march'd Before great *Hector*, sometimes follow'd him.

Tyrides, seeing this, was seiz'd with Fear. As a raw Traveller, when he hath pass'd Thro' spacious Plains, and many a Mile has gone, Meets, on a sudden, in his way, a River, Which fiercely rolling down its foamy Torrent, Conveys its wat'ry Tribute to the Ocean ; Startl'd he stops, and back again returns : So far'd it

(b) *Bellona scatter'd Terror and Dismay.*] I have translated the Verse of *Homer*, as we would now-a-days speak ; not daring to venture the Figure he has us'd, lest it shou'd seem too bold, or indeed, lest it should not be understood. *Homer* says, *Bellona had* (wore) *Terror and Dismay*, that is to say, Terror and Dismay were the Arms of *Bellona*. This Idea is grand and beautiful. The Sequel manifestly proves this to be the right Sense of it. *Bellona* had for her Arms Fear and Dismay, and *Mars* bore an enormous Lance, &c. this is

clear. How ingenious is he to give to Arms the Name of the Passions which they inspire !

(c) *That dreadful God of Battel sometimes march'd before great Hector, sometimes follow'd him.*] *Homer* is perpetually giving Marks of a vast and sublime Wit. What a Greatness, what an Elevation is there, in this Elogium of *Hector* ! *Mars* himself has no Advantage of him, if he sometimes precedes *Hector*, he is likewise sometimes preceded by him.

with

with *Tydides*, who retiring, Made this short Speech, directed to his Troops: "No Wonder, " Friends, that *Hector* is so valiant, Who always has some favouring God to guard him: " Now, whilst I speak, *Mars*, in a humane Shape, Associates with him; and assists his Rage. Forbear, then, farther to attack the *Trojans*; Retire, but keep your Faces to the Foe; (d) Yield to the Gods, nor rashly fight against them.

He ceas'd; when strait the *Trojans* pour upon them, And in the middle of their Squadrons, *Hector* Slew, with his Hand, *Menestheus* and *Antchialus*, Two Leaders expert in the Art of War; They both together in one Chariot rode,

The mighty *Ajax*, Son of *Telamon*, With Pity touch'd, advances to revenge them; And stoping at some Distance from the Foe, He lanch'd his Spear, and wounded *Amphius*, The Son of *Selagus*, who dwelt in *Paeos*, Where he in Wealth abounded; but the Fates Sent him to *Troy*, in Aid of God-like *Priam*. The mortal Weapon pierc'd his Shoulder-belt, And entring deep his Belly's lower Rim, It drank his Blood: unhappy *Amphius* falls, And far the Clanking of his Arms was heard.

Ajax ran in to strip him of his Arms: The *Trojans* pour upon him Show'rs of Darts, With which his ample Shield is soon stuck full: Yet he, undaunted, rush'd on *Amphius*' Corps, And treading on his Breast, pluck'd forth his Spear,

(d) Yield to the Gods.] See for *Diomed* is incapable of resistance, Effect of the Counsels which *Minerva* gave *Diomed*; for he obeys. Yet does he not fly,

Then

Then he withdrew, nor cou'd he have the Glory, To gain his beauteous Arms: he was the Butt Of all their Darts, and saw their Bands, compacted, And cover'd with their Shields, advancing fiercely, To save the Body of unhappy *Amphius*. His Prudence then prevailing on his Courage, He gave the Torrent way, and back return'd.

Whilst thus, in stubborn War, both Armies toil'd, Fate push'd the valorous Son of *Hercules*, The big *Tlepolemus*, against *Sarpedon*. Soon as these two, (Jove's Grandson and his Son) Were near each other, ready for the Charge, Thus to Jove's Son, *Tlepolemus*, first spoke: "Why did'st thou, (e) vain *Sarpedon*, leave thy Country? What forc'd thee here, to shew thy Want of Courage, And make it known, that thou'rt not born for Battels? They lye, that style thee Son to Jove, since Jove No such weak Men begot in elder Times: But such as *Hercules*, my Father; he Was Jove's true Issue, dauntless as a Lion, Untam'd by Toil, invincible in War. (f) He to this Country try whilom came, to fetch The Horses of

(e) Why did'st thou, vain *Sarpedon*.] *Eustathius* very well advertises us, that *Homer* gives here, in the Person of *Tlepolemus*, the Charakter of a vain Man, who can do nothing but deck himself with the Exploits of his Father; and this to shew us, that the Virtues of our Ancestors are only Secondary to our personal Virtues, and make almost nothing for us. Of what use is all

Hercules's Valour to *Tlepolemus*? It does not hinder him from being kill'd by *Sarpedon*.

(f) He to this Country whilom came.] *Homer*, to divert his Reader, very naturally brings in several ancient Stories suitable to the Subject. Here he tells him of the first Taking of *Troy* by *Hercules*, and *Tlepolemus* would thereby insinuate, to

" Laomedon: he came, With six small Vessels
 " only, and few Men, And yet he fail'd not
 " to destroy the Town, And make of Troy's
 " broad Streets, a frightful Desart. But thou
 " a Coward art, a very Coward; Nor canst
 " thou, with thy miserable Troops, Afford much
 " Help to Troy; No, tho' thou wert A Prodi-
 " gy of Valour; for, this Moment, My Lance
 " shall send thee packing down to Hell.

To this the Lycian Leader thus reply'd;
 " 'Tis true, *Tlepolemus*, Troy once was sack'd
 " By *Hercules*, because the King had wrong'd
 " him: (g) Laomedon imprudently refus'd To
 " let him have the Horses he had promis'd,
 " And which that Hero came so far to fetch.
 " The perjur'd King, not satisfy'd with This,
 " Gave him sharp Language, and unworthy
 " Treatment, (h) Tho' Hercules had done him
 " signal Service. But as for thee, *Tlepolemus*,

Sarpedon, that if *Hercules*, with six Ships only, cou'd take *Troy*, it was less likely to resist a Fleet of a thousand Ships; and that if this City was ruin'd, for having refus'd *Hercules* the Horses which were promis'd him, 'twas not to be doubted, but that its Fall wou'd be yet more unhappy for the Rape of *Helen*, and for having refus'd to restore her to her Husband.

(g) Laomedon imprudently refus'd. *Sarpedon* cannot deny that *Hercules* took *Troy*; but he tries to detract from this Action, by saying, 'twas less owing to the Valour of Her-

cules, than to the Injustice of Laomedon. But what then will become of the *Trojans*? Will not the Injustice of *Priam* and his Princes be still more fatal to them? *Sarpedon* knows this Consequence, therefore insists not on it, but proceeds instantly to Threats, Thy Life's last Moment waits thee, &c.

(h) Tho' Hercules had done him signal Service.] For *Hercules* had sav'd his Daughter *Hesione*, by killing the Sea-Monster to which she was expos'd, and who was going to devour her, *Apollodorus*, Lib. 2.

" I for-

“ I fore-tell, Thou shalt not have the Fortune
“ of thy Father: Thy Life’s last Moment
“ waits thee on this Spot: Here thou shalt
“ fall, and I the Glory boast, Of adding one
“ Shade more to *Pluto’s Empire*.

This said, their Spears at once left both their
Hands: *Sarpedon’s* pierc’d quite thro’ *Tlepolemus’*
Neck: Death clos’d his Eye-lids with eternal
Darkness.

The Jav’lin, which *Tlepolemus* had lanch’d,
Sarpedon’s Left Thigh hit: the greedy Point,
Push’d with a mighty Force, enter’d the Bone,
And there remain’d: *Jove* sav’d his Son from
Death.

Sarpedon’s Friends from out the Tumult bear
him; Extremely pain’d; the Spear still in his
Thigh: (i) For none once thought of drawing
out the Shaft, Such Haste they made to get
him out of Danger.

The Greeks, mean while, bear off *Tlepolemus*.
Magnanimous *Ulysses* at the Sight Was mov’d,
and with himself debating stood, Whether he
shou’d pursue the Thund’rer’s Son, Or wreak
his Vengeance on the *Lycian* Troops. But ’twas
not fated, that the warlike Son Of *Jove* shou’d
fall beneath *Ulysses’* Pow’r: (k) *Minerva* there-

(i) For none once thought.] This is a Thing, which, be-
cause of its being very natural,
seems to me to be likely to
happen very often in Battels.
Homer, by the Choice of Cir-
cumstances, and different Acci-
dents, which commonly hap-
pen in Battels, throws an ad-
mirable Variety into his Verses,

and Nature appears in every
thing he says.

(k) *Minerva* therefore turn’d
his Arms and Anger.] *Mi-
nerva*, without doubt, did it
for this farther Reason; it
wou’d not have been very glo-
rious for *Ulysses* to kill *Sarpe-
don*, whom another had already
wounded.

fore turn'd his Arms and Anger Against the Lycians, in the midst of whom, He kill'd Alastor, Chromius, Ceranus, Alcander, Alius, Prytanu, and Nemon.

He in his Rage had many more destroy'd, But that bold Hector saw the Ravages The Hero made, ev'n in the hindmost Ranks. Strait he advances, arm'd with glitt'ring Steel: His threatening Mien brought Terror and Affright.

The Son of Jove, Sarpedon, seeing Hector, Was over-joy'd, and raising up his Voice, He, in a Tone, which shew'd his Weakness, said, "Leave me not, Hector, to the Greeks a Prey! " Grant me thy Aid, and save me from their "Hands! (i) Then in your City let me end "my Life, So shall I be content, since Destiny "Denies my Wife and tender Son the Plea- "sure, Ever to see me more.

He spoke; but Hector stay'd not to reply: Swift he pass'd on, impatient to repulse The Greeks, and drown Earth's Surface with their Blood.

The noble Friends of the divine Sarpedon, Place him beneath a Beech, sacred to Jove. There valiant Pelagon, his dearest Friend, Drew forth the Spear: (m) with Pain Sarpedon fainted: Lost was his Sight in Darkness, but at length, His Soul, almost extinct, rekindl'd

(i) Then in your City let me end my Life.] It was not Death that made Sarpedon afraid, for that wou'd have been unworthy of a Hero and a Son of Jupiter, but the Shame of falling into his Enemies Hands, and

the Indignities they wou'd have exercis'd on him.

(m) With Pain Sarpedon fainted.] This often happens, when Arrows are drawn out of Wounds.

in him: (n) For friendly *Boreas* flying to his Aid, With cooling Blasts recall'd his wan-d'ring Spirits.

Mean while, fierce *Hector* and War's dread-ful God Attack'd the Greeks with such impetu-ous Fury, That they no longer cou'd sustain their Shock. Yet turn'd they not their Backs to gain their Ships, Nor cou'd they stand it out; for *Mars*, they saw, Headed the Foe: so, fighting, they retreated.

(o) Whom first? Whom last did *Priam's* warlike Son And the fierce God of Battel overthrow? The Godlike *Teuthras*, and the brave (p) *Orestes*, Generous *Aetolian Trechus*, *Aenomaus*, The Son of *Aenops*, *Helenus*, *Ore-bius*, Who always wore a Helmet oddly deck'd, And in *Bœotian Hyla*, on the Lake, *Cephissis* dwelt, abounding in rich Pasture, Where he to Culture strongly bent his Mind.

All these brave Chiefs were kill'd in this Attack. But when the white-arm'd *Juno* saw the Loss, Which the Greeks suffer'd in this vi-gorous Action, She to *Minerva* thus herself ex-preß'd: " What do we see, O Jove's uncon-quer'd Offspring? Vain will our Promise be

(n) For friendly *Boreas* flying to his Aid, with cooling Blasts recall'd his wan-d'ring Spirits.]

What Poetry is here! to signi-fy, that a fresh Breeze of Wind fetch'd *Sarpedon* out of his Swoon!

(o) Whom first?] Homer of a sudden interrupts his Narra-tion by this Apostrophe, to render his Reader more atten-

tive to the great Exploits of *Hector*.

(p) *Orestes* — *Aeno-maus* — *Helenus*.] These are the proper Names of some Grecian Captains, and must not be confounded with *Orestes*, the Son of *Agamemnon*; with *Aenomaus*, Father-in-Law of *Pelops*; nor with *Helenus*, *Hec-tor's* Brother.

" to

“ to Menelaus, That he shou’d, after sacking
 “ haughty Troy, Return to Greece victorious,
 “ and reveng’d, If thus we suffer Mars, with-
 “ out Controul, To exercise his Rage amid the
 “ Greeks. Let’s rouze ourselves, and try what
 “ we can do, To stop his Fury, and support
 “ the Greeks.

She spoke: nor was *Minerva* disobedient,
 To lose no Time, Dread *Juno* went herself,
 Her Horses to prepare, whose braided Mains
 With golden Rings were ty’d.

To second her Impatience, charming *Hebe*
 (q) Puts to the Chariot’s iron Axle-tree The
 brazen Wheels, of eight concentring Spokes:
 The Fellies, made of ever-during Gold, Were
 shod with Brasses, and wonderfully wrought:
 The Naves on both sides were of Massy-Silver.
 The Chariot, semi-circularly form’d, Suspending,
 sway’d on gold and silver Braces: A silver Pole

(q) *Hebe puts to the Chariot’s iron Axle-tree, &c.* Homer here lets us know that there were Chariots which took to Pieces, and instead of standing in Coach-houses, the several Parts were lock’d up, and put together again when they were to be us’d. This agreed perfectly with the Chariots of the Gods, and still more with that of *Juno*, who is nothing but the *Aura*, as the Daughter of *Pythagoras*, the sage *Damo*, made appear in her Commentary upon *Homer*, where she explain’d all the allegorical Passages. ’Tis a thousand Pities that Commentary is lost. Since

therefore there were such Chariots which us’d to be taken to Pieces, Homer very naturally lays hold of this Opportunity to describe all the different Parts of that Chariot of *Juno*, as if he had made it himself; and this is the Master-piece of Poetry, to be able to succeed in these sort of Descriptions. That we might see the infinite Advantage the Greek Tongue has over ours [the French] I shou’d be glad some great Poet wou’d undertake to put into Verse the whole Fabrick of a Chariot. We shou’d find a great Difference.

was fasten'd to the Carriage ; On this the Goddess ties the golden Gears. The Chariot thus prepar'd, the Queen of Heav'n, On Blood and Slaughter setting all her Mind, With her own Hands put to her fiery Coursers.

Mean time, the Offspring of Almighty Jove, The Warrior *Pallas*, went to arm herself. And first, (r) her Veil the Goddess did unclasp, That Veil, which by her own fair Hands was made, Extremely fine, and admirably wrought : Down on her Father's azure Pavement, waving, (s) The loosen'd Veil falls at the Goddess's Feet. (t) The Thund'r'r's massy Armour she claps on ; Fitting herself for Fights and fierce Alarms : (u) Then on her Shoulder hangs the horrid *Ægis*, Surrounded with a hundred Tufts of Gold : (w) Horror and Fear the dreadful Margin fill'd :

(r) *Her Veil the Goddess did unclasp.* This Veil, *πεπλος*, was a sort of training Mantle ; a Robe which the Women of Quality wore above their Gowns, and which was fasten'd with a Clasp or Buckle.

(s) *The loosen'd Veil falls at the Goddess's Feet.* The Greek Expression is remarkable, *She pours the Veil at her Feet, νεριχειν.* This Word implies not only the Fineness and Suppleness of the Stuff, but likewise the Manner of its falling at the Goddess's Feet, in several Plaits or Folds, which, as it were, flow'd like Waves.

(t) *The Thund'r'r's massy Armour she claps on.* Minerva wears no Arms but those of Jupiter ; for she herself is

nothing but the Wisdom of that God.

(u) *Then on her Shoulder hangs the horrid *Ægis*.* The *Ægis* is here manifestly the Buckler ; for, in going to Battel, the Buckler is worn upon the Shoulder. *Eustathius* tells us, that the Ancients mark'd these Verses with an Asterism * a Note they assign'd only to that which they deem'd perfectly Elegant, and more than ordinary Bright. I am persuaded, there's no Reader but will perceive the Beauty of them ev'n in my Translation (the French) without the Help of this Star.

(w) *Horror and Fear the dreadful Margin fill'd.* Homer here paints Terror, Rout,

In it, around the Centre, were Contention, And Fortitude, and terrible Pursuit ; Attacks, Rout, Fury, and distracted Flight ; Slaughter, and Death, with all the Train of War : And in the middle stood out *Gorgon's Head*, That monstrous Head, whose very Sight is mortal, Amazing Prodigy of wrathful *Jove* ! And next, the Goddess puts upon her Head A Cask of Gold shadow'd with four large Plumes, (x) It might have been sufficient to have cover'd The numerous Army of a hundred Cities. Thus she the flaming Chariot mounts, near *Juno*, And, with a Force resistless, takes a Lance, Of Weight and Size miraculous ; that Lance, With which, when anger'd, she whole Armies scatters.

Juno the Horses drove, nor spar'd the Whip. (y) Heav'n's ample Gates, on grinding Hinges,

Discord, &c. as Figures grav'd upon the Shield of *Jupiter*, and these are only the different Effects of the Power and Omnipotence of that God. What a Greatness is there in this Idea !

(x) It might have been sufficient to have cover'd the numerous Army of a hundred Cities.] Homer say's these two Lines in four Words, and these four Words, *Eustathius* observes, may likewise signify, that upon this Helmet were engraven the numerous Battalions of an Army. I like the first Construction the best ; but take it which way we will, Homer by this great and noble Idea was minded to signify,

that the Providence of God extending itself over all the Universe, the Helmet that covers his Head, might also cover whole Armies. Indeed the Helmet of *Jupiter* ought to be of an immense Size, since it is for a Head that governs the whole World ; and a Head that governs the whole World, ought not to be a small one. The Head must always be proportion'd to the Offices and Functions.

(y) Heav'n's ample Gates, &c.] Homer says, the Gates of Heav'n, meaning the Entrance of Heav'n, as the Hebrews us'd to say, the Gates of the Earth, for the Ends of the Earth, the Entrance of the

rung, And of their own accord flew open to her. (z) Those Gates, which to the *Horæ* are committed, Who, e'er since Time began, have had the Watch Of high *Olympus*, and Jove's glitt'ring Palace; And who, according as these everlasting Gates Are either to be shut or op'd, with ease Collect or scatter the thick Cloud, their Barrier. Their willing Horses flew, and soon they won The highest Summit of th' Olympian Hill; Where, sever'd from the other Gods, fate Jove. Heav'n's Queen her Horses stop'd, and thus address'd him: "Great Jupiter, the Sire of the Immortals, Canst thou, well pleas'd, behold the God of War Thus raging in the Field? art thou not mov'd, To see so many Greeks thus butcher'd by him? And must disfiguring Sorrow cloud my Brow, Whilst *Venus* and *Latona*'s Son deride me, And quietly enjoy the Satisfaction Of setting (a) that mad God against the Greeks; That Sot, who owns no other Law but Force? Great Jove! shall I incur your high Displeasure, If I this cruel Homicide oppose; And, wounding, make him from the Fight retire?

The Master of the Thunder thus replying:

Earth. The Prophet *Jeremiah* xv. 7. *Et dispersam os ventilabro in portis terra.* And I will fan them with a Fan in the Gates of the Land. All this is admirable Poetry.

he says very well, that the Gates of Heav'n are committed to them; because it is the Seasons that open and shut Heav'n, either by driving away, or bringing together the Clouds.

(z) Those Gates which to the Horæ are committed. Homer here calls Hours (Horæ) what we call the Seasons; and

(a) That mad God—that Sot, who owns no other Law but Force. What a Portraiture is here of Mars!

“ Goddess, said he, (b) leave this to warlike
 “ Pallas; For she knows how to thwart him;
 “ She, of old, Has been his Bane, and often
 “ overcome him.

He spoke: Nor did Heav'n's Queen delay
 one Moment To execute a Thing so grateful to
 her: Urg'd with her Whip, away the Horses
 flew, 'Twixt Heav'n and Earth, and leap'd at
 every Stroke, (c) As far as from a Promonto-
 ry's Point, In a bright Day, a Man can stretch
 his View, Along the azure Plain's immense Ex-
 pansion.

When the two Goddesses arriv'd near Troy,
 Where *Simois* and *Scamander* wed their Waves,
Juno her Horses stop'd, and then, untying,
 About them she diffus'd a sable Cloud. Strait,
Simois did, on his Banks, produce Divine *Ambrosia* for their Provender: Then, without
 touching Earth, the two Immortals (d) Mov'd,
 like a Pair of Doves, to aid the Greeks.

(b) *Leave this to warlike Pallas, for she knows how to thwart him, &c.*] For nothing but Wisdom can master Strength. It is not improper to observe here the Conduct of Homer. He sets *Minerva*, and not *Juno*, to fight *Mars*; because a Battel between *Mars* and *Juno* cou'd not have been supported by any Allegory, to have authoriz'd the Fable; whereas the Allegory conceal'd under a Contest between *Mars* and *Minerva*, is sufficiently obvious.

(c) *As far as from a Promontory's Point, &c.*] *Longinus*, amaz'd at the Noble-

ness and Grandeur of this Idea, has not forgot to set it down in the Chapter, where he treats of the Sublimity of Thoughts. See, says he, how Homer aggrandizeth his Deities, measuring the Leaps of their very Horses by the Breadth of the Horizon, so that shou'd these Horses of the Gods take a second Stretch, the World wou'd want room for a third.

(d) *Mov'd, like a Pair of Doves.*] He compares the Gate of these Goddesses to that of Doves, to shew the Delicacy and Lightness of their Motion; for the An-

They

They went where they the greatest Throng observ'd, And found a Number of the bravest Chiefs, Assembl'd round illustrious Diomed; All look'd like Lions at a bloody Feast Of new slain Carcasses; or furious Boars, Who, strong beyond Encounter, keep at bay The Courage of the most determin'd Hunters. There Juno stop'd, and taking the Resemblance Of generous Stentor, whose amazing Voice Than Brass was louder, (e) and who, singly crying With stretch'd-out Throat, cou'd make himself be heard Farther than fifty the robustest Men; "Base, Coward Greeks! the Goddess strait exclaims; Soldiers in Name and Shape, but not in Act! (f) Whilst Peleus' Godlike Son in Fight appear'd, The Trojans never dar'd to set a Foot Without their Gates, His very Looks they fear'd; (g) But now at distance

cients have written, that this sort of Dove which Homer speaks of, left no Impression of their Feet behind them; and therefore the Poet says, they mov'd without touching Earth [βάτην in the Greek; from βαῖνει, eo, incedo, and also ascendo; tho' Mr. Barnes and the other Latin Translators render it by incedo only.]

(e) *And who, singly crying.* This was a very valuable and necessary Quality, especially in those Heroic Times, before the Use of Trumpets; nor was it disesteem'd after the Invention of that Instrument. Herodotus observes, that Darius had, to attend him, an

Ægyptian, who had the loudest strongest Voice of any Man in that Age. Homer does not depart from Probability in making Juno so vocal, since Juno is nothing but the Air, and since Air occasions Sound.

(f) *Whilst Peleus's Godlike Son in Fight appear'd, the Trojans never dar'd,* &c. With what Art does the Poet here extol the Valour of Achilles, and at the same time prevent his Reader from forgetting his Hero!

(g) *But now at distance from their Town they fight.* Strabo makes use of this Passage of Homer, to prove that Old Troy was much farther

" from their Town they fight, Nay almost
" push the War on Board your Ships,

While *Juno* thus, by sharp Reproaches, gave Fresh Strength and Resolution to the Army, *Minerva* went to *Tydeus*' valiant Son, Whom standing near his Steeds and Car she found. That Hero was withdrawn a little Space, To take some Respite, and to cool his Wound; For he, beneath the broad and heavy Belt On which his Buckler hung, ran down with Sweat; So faint, his Soul scarce gave his Body Motion. But lifting up the Belt, he wash'd the Wound, And wip'd away the Blood that melted from it. (b) The Goddess, on the Horses Withers leaning, Spoke in this sort: " *Tydeus* indeed has " got A Son who is not over-like his Father! " *Tydeus* had no such advantageous Stature, As " hath his Son; but then he had a Heart! I " never shall forget (i) when from the Greeks " He singly went Ambassador to *Thebes*: Tho'

from the Sea than *New Troy*: Which was so near to it, that the Poet cou'd not have said *The Trojans fought at distance from their Town*; Besides, as he very well says, if *Old Troy* had been so near to the Sea, one cou'd not tell which most to wonder at, the Folly of the Greeks, or the Cowardice of the Trojans; the former for leaving their Camp and Fleet so long without any Fortification, under the Nose of so great an Enemy-City; and the latter for not daring to undertake any thing, so long a time, against an Army not intrenched; they who afterwards per-

form'd such great things, when it was cover'd with good Intrenchments!

(b) *The Goddess on the Horses Withers leaning.*] With what Art does Homer preserve Consistency! To bring in this Conversation of *Minerva*'s with *Diomed*, he takes the time when that Hero, withdrawn from the Fight and out of Breath, is employ'd about cooling and relieving his Wound upon the Banks of *Simois*.

(i) *When from the Greeks he singly went Ambassador to Thebes.*] *Agamemnon* recount-ed this Story in the pre-

" I much blam'd his Boldness, and forbade him
 " To quarrel with the *Thebans*, who were nu-
 " merous, Or to insult them with his usual
 " Fierceness ; But, feasting with them, fit in
 " peaceful Manner. My Orders and Precau-
 " tions were in vain, Nor cou'd they bridle
 " his unruly Courage ; Those proud *Cadmeans*
 " boldly he defy'd, And foil'd them all with
 " ease ; for I assisted. Nor do I less for thee,
 " than for thy Sire, I'm always with thee, I
 " protect, defend thee : (k) Yet when I bid
 " thee go against the *Trojans*, Pretended Wea-
 " riness or Fear detains thee. (l) Thou shalt
 " no more be deem'd the Son of *Tydeus*, That
 " *Tydeus* who in Courage so excell'd, That ev'n
 " Myself cou'd not its Sallies curb !

ding Book ; and therefore *Ho-
mer* only touches it *en passant*,
because he supposes his Reader
already instructed.

(k) *Yet when I bid thee go
against the Trojans, pretended
Weariness or Fear detains thee.*] I
can't forbear putting in a
Word here, (for the Assistance
of such as may need it;) It is,
to shew the Force and Beauty
of this offensive Parallel which
Minerva makes between *Diomed*
and his Father *Tydeus* ; for I'm
persuaded, such Remarks
may be of more use than
any that might be made upon
the Points of Antiquity. *Tydeus*,
alone, in an Enemy-
City, fought against the *Cad-
means*, notwithstanding the
Prohibition of *Minerva*, and
conquer'd them : And *Diomed*
at the Head of his Troops, in

the midst of a great Army, and
against Enemies much inferior
in Number, refuses to fight,
tho' *Minerva* bids him. *Ty-
deus* disobeys that Goddess,
for the sake of Fighting ; and
Diomed disobeys her to avoid
Fighting ; and disobeys, after
he had, upon a thousand Oc-
casions, experienc'd that God-
dess's Assistance. These are the
Turns which *Demosthenes* seems
to have so thoroughly study'd,
and which he has imitated in
so many Instances. *Demos-
thenes* is indeed the most *Home-
rical* of all the Orators, and
I'm apt to think one might ex-
plain his Art by that of *Homer*.

(l) *Thou shalt no more be
deem'd the Son of Tydeus.*] This
Consequence, so necessa-
rily and briefly deduc'd, is ad-
mirable.

The Hero, interrupting, thus reply'd ; " God-
" des, I know thee, thou *Jove's* Offspring art ;
" And therefore, I, without Disguise, shall speak.
" (m) 'Tis neither Weariness nor Fear detains
" me, But your Commands, which bad me not
" contend With any God, unless I *Venus* met;
" Her only, you allow'd me to attack, And with
" my Lance to wound : this is the Cause Why
" thus I yield ; this forc'd me to command
" The *Greeks* to fight retreating ; for I see
" *Mars* domineering at the *Trojans* Head.

To this the sage *Minerva* : " Dearest *Diomed*,
" Fear neither *Mars* nor any other God ; But
" for your Safety, on my Care depend, And
" know, you are protected by my Shield ;
" Drive then thy mettl'd Horse directly at
" him ; Charge home, and Hand to Hand en-
" gage that *Royster* ; That publick Pest so
" hurtful to Mankind ; That Rattle ; That In-
" constant, who, but lately, Promis'd both
" *Juno* and myself to fight Against the *Trojans*,
" and to aid the *Greeks* ; And now, behold, he's
" in the *Trojan* Int'rest ; And, mindless of his
" Promise, fights for Them.

This said, she by the Hand takes *Sthenelus*, To
cause him to descend from out the Chariot. He,
in the instant, leaps to Earth ; the Goddess,
Boiling with Vengeance, vaults into his Place,
And near the Son of *Tydeus* seats herself :

(m) 'Tis neither Weariness
nor Fear detains me.] There shews, that he has no less
is an infinite Discretion in this Courage than his Father, but
Answer of *Diomed* ; for it that he is more submissive to
the Commands of the Gods.

The

(n) The beechen Axle groan'd beneath the Burden; So bold a Hero, and so great a Goddess! She snatches up the Reins, and drives full speed At Mars, who just had slain great *Periphæn*, *Ochæsus*' Son, the stoutest of th' *Ætolians*; War's cruel God bereav'd him of his Life. (o) *Pallas*, to hide herself from Mars's Sight, Puts *Pluto*'s Helmet on. The God of War No sooner set his Eyes on *Diomed*, But leaving *Periphæn*, he march'd against him. When they were near; *Mars*, first, at *Diomed*, Impatient to destroy him, reach'd a Thrust, With his strong Lance, above the Horses Reins; But *Pallas*, with her Hand, the Point averted, And struck the eager Lance below the Chariot. Next, the bold Greek his Jaylin did address: Directed by *Minerva*, deep it went, Below his Ribs; (p) and piercing thro' the Truss, Which girds the Waste, there, where the Corslet ends, Gave a deep Wound, and tore his handsome Body. *Mars* drawing out the Spear, his Throat sets up, As if Ten Thousand Men, in Battel met,

(n) *The beechen Axle groan'd beneath the Burden.*] How cou'd a Chariot, made by a mortal Hand, do otherwise than groan beneath the Weight of a Goddess, a Goddess clad in the whole Armour of *Jupiter*?

(o) *Pallas, to hide herself from Mars's Sight, puts Pluto's Helmet on.*] As every Thing that goes into the Kingdom of *Pluto*, disappears and cannot be seen, the Greeks borrow'd from thence this figurative Expression, to put on *Pluto's Helmet*,

met, meaning, to become invisible. Putting on *Pluto's Helmet* was a Proverb, like that of having *Gyges's Ring*. *Plato* makes use of it in the 10th Book of his *Republick*.

(p) *And piercing thro' the Truss, which girds the Waste, there, where the Corslet ends.*] This is that steel Truss lin'd with Wool, which they us'd to gird themselves with under the Extremity of the Cuirass, to save the Default of it. I have already mention'd it.

Had bray'd out all their Breaths in one Confusion.

At this loud Roar, both Greeks and Trojans trembled; So dreadful was the Voice of War's fierce God. (q) As sometimes, when a Southern Wind arises, Excited by the Dog-Star's burning Heats, A pitchy Cloud is seen to mount on high; So seem'd, to *Diomed*, redoubted *Mars*, Ascending, in a Storm of Dust, to Heav'n.

He, in a Moment, reach'd th' eternal Mansions; And, wrung with Pain and Grief, resumes his Seat; Shews to *Saturnian Jove* th' immortal Blood Which issu'd from his Wound; then, deeply sighing, Thus pour'd forth his Complaints: "Great *Jupiter*, Is not your "Wrath mov'd with these impious Actions? "Do not we Gods, as many as we are, Daily "from one another undergo A thousand Grie- "vances to serve Mankind? (r) You are the

(q) As sometimes, when a Southern Wind arises, &c. Let us endeavour a little to unfold the Beauty and Exactness of this Idea. *Mars* after a very sharp Engagement, in the midst of the Rout of the *Trojans*, wrapt in a Whirlwind of Dust, which so many thousand Combatants raise, flies away to *Olympus*. In these Circumstances, *Homer* compares him to those black Clouds, which in the Dog Days, during a very scorching South-Wind, are sometimes rais'd towards Heav'n; for then the Wind, gathering the Dust in a Heap, forms of it an obscure Cloud.

The Heat of the Battel, the Flight of the *Trojans*, and the Dust, which, forming a thick Cloud over the Army, stole *Mars* from his Enemy's Sight, furnish'd *Homer* with this beautiful Image.

(r) You are the only Cause of all our Contests.] This I take to be the Sense of these Words, οὐλαίνεις μαχόμενος. οὐλ, for thee, that is, οὐλ σή because of thee; and *Mars* throws upon *Jupiter* all the Dissensions and Debates of the Gods, because he gave an entire Licence to *Mineruſ*.

" only

" only Cause of all our Contests, (s) For you
 " brought forth this mad pernicious Maid,
 " Who, bent on Ill, no Justice knows, nor
 " Rule. While we the other Gods obedient
 " are, And with a due Subordinacy serve you ;
 " Her only You indulge, her only cocker : (t)
 " You nor by Word, nor any Touch of Hand
 " Ever correct her, 'cause she's Your Creation,
 " And from You only did receive her Birth.
 " Hence she's the only Object of your Love ;
 " Hence she engrosses all your Complaisance,
 " Which she too scandalously does abuse. Ev'n
 " now she breath'd into the rash *Tydides* The
 " Boldness to attack th' immortal Gods : With
 " *Venus* he began, and hurt her Hand : Then
 " like a Fury did ev'n Me afflai; My Fleetness.

(s) For you brought forth this mad pernicious Maid.] Homer, by this Fable which is full of Allegory, shews that such as are the most outrageous, the most unjust, and the most violent, accuse of Outrage, Injustice, and Violence, those who have the most Moderation and Tenderness. Mars, whom his Mother just before call'd *Mad God, and Sot*, who owns no other Law but Force, accuses *Minerva* of this same Madness, and of knowing neither Justice, nor Rule ; this Character is very well pursu'd, for what is an irrational Man ? Is he any thing but a crooked Rule ; making a wrong Judgment of every Thing, and setting awry what was the most straight ?

(t) You nor by Word, nor any Touch of Hand, &c.] Mars here treats *Minerva* as the *Fondling of Jupiter*, if it may be permitted to use that Word. Under these Fables of the Gods, as I have before observ'd, Homer describes what is very usual in the Course of humane Life, wherein the Divisions which prevail in Families, oftentimes proceed from a blind Affection the Parents have for one of their Children above the rest. Our Histories furnish us with very instructive Examples of this. To conclude, it is manifest from this Passage, that the Fable of *Minerva's* being born of *Jupiter* himself, without a Mother, is very ancient, and that Homer was acquainted with it.

“ did with Difficulty save me; Else, there,
 “ among the Dead, to grievous Pain I long
 “ had been expos’d; or else, perhaps, Immor-
 “ tal tho’ I am, I had been crippl’d With
 “ Showers of Darts with which I had been
 “ pierc’d.

(u) *Jove, with contracted Brow, made this Reply: “ Com’st thou to me with thy Com-
 “ plaints, thou* Villain, Thou Shatter-Brains,
 “ that run’st from side to side!* (w) *Of all the
 “ Gods that dwell on high Olympus, Thou art
 “ the most ungrateful to my Sight: Thou only
 “ Discord, War, and Fighting lov’st; (x) On
 “ thee thy Mother’s Spirit is entail’d, Unruly,*

(u) *Jove, with contracted Brow, made this Reply.] For Jupiter, that is to say, the Understanding, cannot be surpriz’d by the false Allegations of senseless and brutal Passion.*

* [*Thou Villain, thou Shatter-brains, or Changeling, that run’st from side to side: The Greek Word, Ἀλλοπιστελλός, signifies both Villanous and Inconstant, though Mr. Barnes translates it by the latter only; but Madam Dacier uses both, because the Sense will bear it; and this she does upon all other the like Occasions, that so the Mind of Homer may be the more completely render’d.]*

(w) *Of all the Gods that dwell on high Olympus, thou art the most ungrateful to my Sight.] For God, who is nothing but Gentleness, Tranquility, and Peace, hates, above*

all Things, irregular, irrational Passion; as the reasonable Part of the Soul hates the Extravagancies and Excesses of the unreasonable Part.

(x) *On thee thy Mother’s Spirit is entail’d, &c.] Homer teaches here, that whatever proceeds merely from God, partakes of his Wisdom; whereas, that which he has created by the Ministry of second Causes, and the Concurrence of Matter, has a Tang of that Spirit of Division and Rebellion, which reign’d in the Primitive Confusion, is the first Chaos; and this is what Plato very well comprehended, and as well explain’d. Minerva, born of Jupiter alone, is Wisdom itself, and Mars who had a Mother, that is to say, who is born of Matter, and who participates, as Plato says, of both the one and the other, is a Shatter.*

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“ stiff-neck'd, stubborn, never yielding: (y)
“ Did not the Strictness of my Laws restrain
“ her, There's nought in Heav'n or Earth but
“ she'd o'erturn. 'Twas thro' her Means that
“ thou thus wounded art: But Care shall strait
“ be taken for thy Cure; Nor will I longer
“ leave thee to thy Pain, (z) For I'm thy Fa-
“ ther, and Thou com'st of me: Hadst thou of
“ any other God been born, Distorted as thou
“ art to all that's good, Thou long since
“ hadst been headlong thrown to Hell; Deep-
“ er than that wherein I ram'd the Titans.

This said, (a) to Pæon he commits his Cure.

brains, a *Furoso*. It is easy to see likewise, that *Minerva* represents the Understanding, the superior Part of the Soul; and that *Mars* represents the inferior and injudicious Part. (y) *Did not the Strictness of my Laws restrain her.*] For were it not for the Laws of Providence, the whole World would be nothing but Disorder and Confusion; and in the best of us, if Reason did not govern the Passions, Life wou'd be but a continued Series of Injustice and Guilt.

(z) *For I'm thy Father, and thou com'st of me.*] God has created all Things, the Mind as well as the Body, Reason as well as Passion. He will not therefore destroy and annihilate Passion, because it is of use to Reason, who stands in need of it, as Princes do of their Guards. It is *Fulstadius*'s Comparison, and pleases me wonderfully τῷ ἔννοια, says he, προσδι-

τει νοὶ τοῦ αἰνέου μέρους τῆς φυχῆς, τοῦ θυμικοῦ, σια την οὐγαρτή, ο νοῦ καὶ ο σπόνδης, καθα νοὶ διαριθμοὶ σανδαλίς, &c. And indeed Reason and Wisdom have occasion for the unreasonable Part of the Soul (Passion) because of a kind of Kinship there is between them; in like manner as Princes have occasion for Guards: Therefore Reason and Wisdom chide Passion, correct it, keep it in Subjection, but do not ruin or utterly destroy it. From hence it is, perhaps, that some Philosophers have borrow'd what they have said of the Passions, that they were necessary, and ought only to be moderated, and kept from running to Excess.

(a) *To Pæon he commits his Cure.*] Homer, by this, very formally teaches, that the Passions are not cured, nor corrected, without the Help of God.

Peon obey'd, and instantly infus'd A sov'reign Balm, which qualify'd the Pain, And heal'd the God; for Gods have nothing mortal. (b) As Milk, when by some Housewife's skilful Hand 'Tis mingled with coagulating Runnet, Is seen to close and thicken into Curd; So when the salutary Balm was pour'd By *Peon* on the Wound, the parted Sides ran quick together, and consolidated. (c) *Hebe* prepar'd a Bath, and sumptuous Raiments. The God thus heal'd and gloriously adorn'd, Down by his Sire, exulting, plac'd himself.

Juno and *Pallas*, having quell'd the Rage Of murd'ring *Mars*, and driv'n him from the Battel, No longer stay on Earth; but, ascending, Soon gain high Heav'n, the brilliant Court of *Jove*.

(b) *As Milk, &c.*] To represent with what Expedition and Readiness a Wound heals, when the Physician of the Gods pours into it an exquisite Balm, Homer could not have chosen a Comparison more lively, more just, or at the same time more agreeable, than that of Milk, which coagulates by means of the Runnet that is put into it; for this paints the Thing so well, we see it before our Eyes. The Reader ought to be advertis'd, that in Homer's Text, the Ancients, instead of *μητρόπεπται*, read it with Reason, *μητρόπεπται*, that is to say, coagulates itself, turns itself to Curd, thickens. *Eustathius* at-

tributes this Correction to *Herodian*. [They anciently us'd, for turning their Milk, the Juice of a press'd Fig (οπες) as now Runnet; which, by the way, may signify any other Thing us'd for curding of Milk, as well as that which we in *England* particularly call so; thus in the *West-Indies*, they sometimes use a certain dry'd *Rush* for their Runnet. The Word is not Runnet, *μητρόπεπται*, as some think; but comes from the Dutch, *Rennen*, or *Rennen*, to curdle, to wax thick, to coagulate.]

(c) *Hebe prepar'd a Bath.*] For the Gods have always Youth on their side.

Argument





Hector, coming to Troy, while the Greeks & Trojans are engaged, is melted wth grief of Andromache, & Tears of his Son, whom he lately embrac'd before he returns to the fight.

B. VI.

Albert delin.

26. 1st. August 1781

Argument of the Sixth Book.

HE Gods having left the Field, the Greeks prevail, and make great Havoc among the Trojans. Hector, by the Order of Helenus, returns to Troy, and counsels Hecuba to go to the Temple, with the Principal Trojan Ladies, and pray to Minerva, and to promise her a Sacrifice of twelve Heifers, if she wou'd remove Diomed from the Fight. Mean time, Glaucus and Diomed meeting, and coming to the Knowledge of the Friendship and Hospitality which had been between their Fathers, make a mutual Exchange of their Arms. Hector, after having spoken with the Queen his Mother, and bid adieu to his Wife Andromache, returns to the Battel with his Brother Paris.





THE
ILIA D
O F
H O M E R.

BOOK VI.

(a)



OTH Sides unaided by the
Gods remain, Yet cease they
not the Fight; now here,
now there, The restless Com-
bat rages thro' the Field,
Whilst Storms of adverse
Spears obscure the Sky, 'Twixt Simois' Streams
and Xanthus' flow'ry Banks. First, Ajax Tela-
mon, his Country's Wall, Weigh'd down the
Scale of Conquest for the Greeks; Troy's stub-

(a) Both Sides unaided by the
Gods remain.] Homer removes
the Gods out of the Battel,
that he may not tire his Rea-

der by too long a Fable, and
that he may come to something
natural, by making his Heroes
not alone, and of themselves.

born

born Ranks he broke ; and, to his Friends, (b) Fresh Hope and Spirit gave, when, with his Hand, He slew huge *Acamas*, *Euscorus*' Son, Who, of the *Thracians*, was the most redoubted. He struck his Cask's plum'd Top with such a Force, His Weapon, thro' the Forehead, pierc'd his Brain, While circumambient Darkness wraps his Eyes.

Then fell, by bold *Tydides*' Hand, *Axylus*, *Tenthras* his Son, who dwelt in fair *Arisbe* ; Vast Wealth he had, and, with his Wealth a Heart, (c) Which, to all Comers equally benign, A hospitable Welcome did afford. (d) And living near a much frequented Road, His House was ev'ry Traveller's Resort : Yet, of those many whom he had oblig'd, (e) Not one 'twixt him and Death did interpose. He and

(b) *Fresh Hope and Courage gave.*] The Text says, re-
g'd Light to his Troops ; an Expression full of Force, and which the Greeks imitated from the Orientals ; Holy Scripture furnishes us with infinite Examples of it.

(c) *Which to all Comers equally benign, a hospitable Welcome did afford.*] Here is an Asiatic prais'd for exercising Hospitality to all People ; for in those Primitive Times, this sort of Charity was very much practis'd, and there was nothing more sacred. Holy Scripture is full of Examples like this in Homer. *Abraham* went himself to meet Passengers, to desire them to come into his House ; and *Didorus Siculus* speaks of one *Gallias* of *Agrigentum*, who

had several Inns built on purpose to receive Strangers, whose Charges he there defray'd. Homer therefore did not design to decry this Generosity, exercis'd without Distinction or Choice, as some of the Ancients believ'd ; for, on the contrary, this is the Merit of it. 'Tis Humane to do Good only to the Deserving ; but 'tis God-like to do it to every Body, or, at least, to be willing to do it.

(d) *And living near a much frequented Road.*] For *Arisbe* was on the Road to *Abydos*, a Place very much frequented. This *Arisbe* was a Colony of *Mitylene*.

(e) *Not one 'twixt Death and him did interpose.*] For in all Ages, the most generous, and the most beneficent,

his

his Charioteer *Calepus* too Were headlong by
Tydides sent to Hell.

Euryalus made *Dreus* bite the Dust; Ophel-
tim too he kill'd: nor ended there, But
march'd against *Aesopus*, and bold *Pedasus*,
Twin-Brothers (f) born of a fair Water-
Nymph To King *Laomedon*'s base Son, *Bucolion*:
Tending, on *Phrygian* Plains, his Father's
Flocks, He woo'd the Nymph, who Love for
Love return'd: Both these *Mecistheus*' Son,
Euryalus, Depriv'd of Life and Arms.

Bold *Polypetes* kill'd *Astyalus*. *Ulysses* slew
Pericopian *Pidyes*. *Teucer* o'erthrew the valiant
Aretaeon. The Joy of *Nestor*, brave *Antilochus*,
Pursu'd, and with his Spear *Ablerus* kill'd. The
warlike *Agamemnon*, who discharg'd The Func-
tions of a Captain, and a Soldier, Slew *Elatus*,
who reign'd at *Pedasus*, Near to the flow'ry
Banks of rapid *Sarnion*. In vain did *Phylacus*
from *Leitus* fly; That Hero caught, and fell'd
him at his Feet. *Melanthius* ow'd his Death to
bold *Eurypilus*. Alive, *Adrestus* fell into the
Hands Of *Menelaus*; for his frightened Steeds,
Hurrying impetuous, broke the Chariot's Pole,
Against a low-grown Tamrisk's shrubby Trunk.

were those who made the most
Ingrates. Homer wou'd hereby
teach, that Death spares no
Body, and that we shou'd not,
on Earth, expect the Recom-
pence of our good Actions.

(f) Born of a fair Water-
Nymph.) Homer calls her,
The Nymph Abarbarea; but
this Name did not seem agree-

able to me in our Language;
and 'tis a thing singular enough,
that a Name, which Homer
did not think too hard for his
Verse, nor ill-form'd for the
Ear, shou'd seem to me too
rough for my Prose. [For his
Translation is done in Prose,
as I told the Reader in my Pre-
face.]

Loose,

Loose, towards Troy, the Horses take their way,
 With many more, contending all to Town,
 Scar'd from the Field, and draging empty
 Chariots. The Shock against the Tamisk was
 so rude, That, headlong, to the Earth, *Adrestus*
 fell: Prone, on his Face, he lay, wrapt up in
 Dust; By him stood *Menelaus*, with his Spear,
 Ready to plunge it in his Breast: but he, Cling-
 ing about the Conqueror's Knees, beg'd Mer-
 cy: " Spare me, O *Atreus'* Son, and take a
 " Ransom! O let my Life at any Rate be pur-
 " chas'd! My Father in rich Moveables
 " abounds, And has great Store of Gold, and
 " Brass, and Iron: His Gratitude unlimited.
 " you'll find, When he shall hear I by your
 " Mercy live.

He spoke: *Atrides* with his Pray'r was mov'd,
 And to the Ships *Adrestus* he had sent, But at
 that Instant *Agamemnon* came, And in a Tone
 that shew'd his Anger, said, " What mean you,
 " *Menelaus*? why this Pity? You have much-
 " Cause indeed to love the Trojans, For their
 " Humanity and gentle Treatment! Let not a
 " Soul of them escape our Hands, (g) No, not
 " the Infant at its Mother's Breast; But let

(g) No, not the Infant at its Mother's Breast.] He does not mean the Infant not yet born, and which is yet in its Mother's Womb; but the Infant which is at the Nipple; for in the sacking of Towns, the Greeks spar'd the Women, and carry'd them away Captive. Long after I had made this Remark, I found that *Grotius* follow'd the Sense I rejected; for he says, that

Agamemnon wou'd have them kill the Infants in the very Wombs of their Mothers, which Scripture calls *prægnantes dividere*, as in this Passage of the II. Book of Kings, viii. 12. where *Elisha* says to *Hazaël*: *Quia scio qua facturus sis filiis Israel mala, civitates eorum munitas igne succendes, & juvenes eorum interficies gladio, & parvulos eorum elides, & pregnantes divides.*

" thema

“ them All with Troy’s proud City perish, And
“ let their just Correction be a Warning To
“ the affrighted Universe for ever!

(b) This Admonition, full of Force and Wisdom, Chang’d Menelaus’ Mind; with Violence, He push’d th’ unfortunate Adrestus from him; At the same time, stern Agamemnon

plung’d His brass’ Spear into his tender Breast, (i) The Royal Youth fell backward; and Atrides, Treading upon his Throat, his Spear

Because I know the Evil that thou wilt do unto the Children of Israel; their strong Holds wilt thou set on Fire, and their young Men wilt thou slay with the Sword, and wilt dash their Children, and rip up their Women with Child. On the Authority of so learned a Man, I had like to have chang’d my Mind, not doubting but I was mistaken. But when I had examin’d this Passage more attentively, I saw that it cou’d have only the Sense I had gi’n it. *Ἐν γαστρὶ σπειρεῖν*, signifies two Things, to carry a Child in the Womb (to be big) and to carry it in one’s Arms at the Pap, which is in our Tongue, to carry at the Breast, which signifies both. And to convince yourself, that it is here used in the last Sense, you need only examine the Terms of the Text; for Homer, to take away all Equivocation from this Phrase, and to determine it, added *κοῦποι σούλα, juvenem puerulum existentem, a yet young Child*; which wou’d be

ridiculous, if it were spoken of a Child not yet born; these two Words justify Agamemnon. Homer took care not to blacken him so much, as to make him capable of so barbarous a Cruelty. Nay, I do not think it can be found, that it was ever practis’d or thought of by the Greeks.

(b) This Admonition, full of Force and Wisdom, Homer praises this Cruelty of Agamemnon’s, for as there’s a pernicious Pity, so there’s a wholesome Cruelty; such unjust and perfidious Enemies, as the Trojans, deserved not to be spar’d.

(i) The Royal Youth fell backward. ’Tis in the Greek, *ὅτι αἰσθανετο*, which at first seems Equivocal, for it may be thought the Poet speaks of Menelaus, and that to shew, that he not only had not the Heart to kill this young Prince at his Feet, but that he even had not the Courage to see him kill’d, the says, *ὅτι αἰσθανετο*, Menelaus turn’d aside his Head. But after having

regain’d.

regain'd. Then *Nestor*, with a Voice as audible
As he cou'd make it, thus bespoke the Greeks :
" Heroes of *Greece*, and Favourites of *Mars* !
" Let no Man stay to gather up the Spoils,
" Nor, greedy, mind the filling of his Ships !
" (k) Let us now think of nought but Van-
" quishing ! (l) Then you'll have Leisure to
" despoil the Dead.

These Words gave Strength and Courage to
the Greeks : Then had the *Trojans* to their
Walls been driv'n, And to their Foes the Vic-
tory abandon'd, Had not the Son of *Priam*,
Helenus, By far the most enlighten'd of the
Augurs, Thus spoke to warlike *Hector* and
Aeneas : " Since on you Two, O *Hector* and

well consider'd this Passage, I spoil the Dead, as taking no
law that Sense did not agree
with what the Poet had just
said, Agamemnon's Words
chang'd Menelaus's Mind ; I
have follow'd *Eustathius*, who
says that this is spoken of
Adrestus, and that *Homer* uses
the Word *ἀνεσπαντινας*, for
ἀπνομονειν, to fall backward.

(l) Let us now think of
nought but Vanquishing.] The
Greek says, let us now think
of nothing but killing our En-
emies ; but I speak my own
Language, and this is the same
Sense. The Nobleness of this
Sentiment of *Nestor's* shou'd
be observ'd ; in exhorting the
Greeks to Battel, he says, let us
think, &c. *ἀλιωπυσιν*, making
himself one of them, notwithstanding
his great Age ; and in
speaking of the Booty, he says,
then you'll have Leisure to de-

spoil the Dead, as taking no
share therein himself, but lea-
ving it all to others.

(l) Then you'll have Leisure
to despoil the Dead.] This is
one of those Lessons of War,
which caus'd *Alexander* to
esteem our Poet so much, and
made him study his Trade in
Homer. He made good use of
this in the Battel of *Arbela*,
when *Parmenio* was going to
weaken the main Body to de-
fend the Baggage, he sent to
him this Message, Leave the
Baggage there, for if we get the
Victory, we shall not only re-
cover our own, but we shall be
also Masters of all that is the
Enemies. Ancient and modern
History is full of Examples of
Enterprizes miscarrying, and
Battels lost, by the Soldiers
Eagerness for Pillage.

" *Aeneas*,

" *Æneas, This Day's Success* entirely depends,
 " And since not we alone, but our Allies,
 " Place all our Hopes on You ; not without
 " Cause, Since you in Counsel and in War
 " excel ; Strait, get betwixt the Trojans and the
 " Gate, And stop them in their homeward-
 " bent Retreat, Before they fly for Shelter to
 " their Wives, And, skulking, hide themselves
 " in their Embraces, And so become the Mo-
 " kery of the Foe. When you have once en-
 " courag'd them to turn, *Æneas* and myself
 " will with them tarry, And, tho' fatigu'd, and
 " almost overcome With the incessant Labours
 " of the Day, Will undertake to stop the pre-
 " sing Greeks : For fierce Necessity's the sharp-
 " est Spur. Whilst this we do, (m) *Hector*, go
 " thou to Troy, And having found the Queen,
 " our Mother, bid her Assemble the most ho-
 " nour'd *Trojan* Matrons, And let her take the
 " largest Veil she has, The finest wrought, and
 " most magnificent, (n) And that which she

(m) *Hector, go thou to Troy.*] *Helenus* here speaks with Au-
 thority, because he was an
Augur; and this Quality ren-
 der'd him very considerable
 in his Family; all his Brothers
 look'd upon him with Respect.
 Such a Character as this was re-
 quisite to oblige *Hector* to take
 a Step which might be so ill
 interpreted; for this Turn,
 which *Helenus* causes him to
 take into the City out of the
 Battel, has the Appearance of
 Flight; but *Helenus*'s Charac-
 ter saves all; *Hector* is oblig'd

to give way to Religion, and
 obey the Gods. Besides, Ho-
 mer, who knew that his Reader
 might be soon weary of so
 many Battels, is willing to re-
 fresh him with some agreeable
 Stories; and that he might not
 offend Probability, he contrives
 a very natural Reason for re-
 moving *Hector* from the Battel;
 for *Hector* giving over fighting,
 the Battle will slacken, and the
 Poet will have Leisure to bring
 in his Episodes.

(n) *And that which she
 herself esteems the best.*] *He-*

" *herself*

herself esteems the best ; Then in Procession
march to *Pallas' Temple*, (o) And placing on
the Goddess' Knees the Veil, Vow to the
Virgin-Deity an Off'ring Of twelve young
Heifers that ne'er felt the Yoke, If she, com-
passionating *Troy's Condition*, And touch'd
with Pity for our Wives and Children, Will
from our Walls remove the Son of *Tydeus*,
That Fury, that Artificer of Flight, Who
scatters Dread, and singly overthrows us :
He, surely, all the *Greeks* outdoes in Strength ;
Nor, did we ever fear, like him, *Achilles* ;
Tho' he's a Goddess' Son, as Fame reports,
He never did what *Diomed* hath done.

(p) *Hector* rejected not his Brother's Coun-
sel ; He lightly from his Chariot leaps to Earth,
And, shaking in his strenuous Hands two
Spears, He hastens, rapidly, thro' all the

thereby teaches us, that when we offer any Thing to God, it shou'd not only be the most valuable and finest we have, but likewise, that which we love the best, and that we shou'd take it, not from other People, but from ourselves ; wherefore he says, *Let her chuse one in her own Palace.*

(o) And placing on the Goddess' Knees the Veil.] *Stra-
bo*, Lib. 13. collects from this
passage, that the *Palladium*,
or Statue of *Minerva*, which
was in *Troy*, was in a sitting
Posture, since they put on her
Knees the Off'rings they wou'd
have put at her Feet, had she
been standing : And he con-

firms this by other Statues of that Goddess, which were likewise sitting, as at *Phocis*, at *Marseilles*, at *Rome*, at *Chio*, and several other Places. How-
ever, he says, the Statue, which in his Time was at *New Troy*, was in a standing Posture. That therefore was not the ancient Statue of *Priam's* Time.

(p) *Hector* rejected not his Brother's Coun-
sel.] *Hector* ob-
eiy'd his Brother, who was an Augur, and who, in that Quali-
ty, had a Right to command him ; but he retires not, till he has re-establish'd the Battel, and put his Troops in a Condition to conquer.

Troops,

Troops, Revives their Courage, and restore the Fight. The Trojans and Auxiliars, now ashame'd Of their base Flight, once more the Grecians face, And make such vig'rous Efforts, that the Greeks, In their Turn shrinking, intermit the Slaughter.

At this so unexpected Change, they thought, (q) Some God was drop'd from Heav'n to save the Trojans. Then *Hector* to his Troops thus cry'd, aloud : " Brave Trojans, and illustrious Allies, Who came solicited from Realms remote ; Now give fresh Marks of your undoubted Courage ; Maintain the Fight, whilst I repair to *Troy*, And order our grave Counsellors and Wives, To seek the Gods with Off'rings, Vows, and Pray'r.

This said, he left them ; on his Shoulder throwing His Shield immense, which cover'd him entire.

At the same time, between both Hosts advanced *Glaucus*, *Hippolochus*'s Son, and *Diomed* : Both burning with Impatience to engage : As they drew near, and ready were to charge, Thus *Di'med* question'd first his daring Foe : " (r) What art thou, who thus boldly durst

(q) Some God was drop'd from Heav'n.] What an Elogium of *Hector* is here ! and what a Fertility in *Homer*, after having prais'd Valour so often, and in so sublime a Manner, to find yet new Turns, which are not inferior to the first.

(r) What art thou.] This long Conversation between

Glaucus and *Diomed*, in the midst of a Battel, has offend'd some modern Critics, who never carry their Views beyond their own Age, and who would have had *Homer* and *Virgil* have form'd the Manners of their Personages upon ours : But their Centuries has been so effectually answer'd in the Commentaries

" advance ?

" advance? (s) For I till now ne'er met thee
" in the Fight. In Confidence, 'tis plain, thou
" dost excel; Since thou, within the Danger
" of my Spear, Dost thus present thyself: But
" know'st thou not, Those Sons are born of
" most unhappy Parents, Who dare oppose
" themselves against my Fury? But if thou art
" a God and com'st from Heav'n, I wave the
" Combat, nor will change a Spear. For
" strong *Lycurgus*, Son of *Dryas*, daring To war
" on Gods, not long surviv'd his Rashness;

(t) Frantick, he *Bacchus*' Nurses once dis-

upon Aristotle's Poetics, Chap.
26, that I can add nothing
to what has been said there.
Thither therefore I refer my
Reader, and am content to
quote Enstathius's Remark,
which is sufficient to shew the
Beauty of this Episode: "This

" Poet, says he, after having
" remov'd so dangerous a Com-
" batant as *Hector*, and made
" him retire from the Fight,
" interrupts the Violence of
" Battels, and gives his Readers
" some Relaxation, by making
" him pass from the Trouble
" and Disorder of Action, to
" the Tranquility and Secu-
" rity of an Historical Narra-
" tion; for, by the happy
" Episode of this *Glaucus*, he
" finds means to cast into
" his Poem several wonderful

" Things, as Fables which
" contain charming Allego-
" ries, and Histories, Gene-
"alogies, Sentences, ancient
" Manners, and several other
" such Graces, which diversify
" his Poem, and which by
" breaking, if I may so say,

" its Monotony, agreeably in-
" struct his Reader. [Homer
had just before said that the
Fight was intermitted, and the
Slaughter ceas'd; so that this
Conversation between *Glaucus*
and *Diomed* is not at all un-
seasonable.]

(s) For I till now ne'er met
thee in the Fight.] This is not
to be wonder'd at. *Glaucus*
undoubtedly was not long ar-
riv'd, for the Entrance into
Troy was always free: And by
several Passages of Homer it
appears, that there often enter'd
new Succours. The Greeks
did not understand the Lines
of Circumvallation; nor did
they very exactly dispose Bo-
dies of Troops around Places,
to hinder the Enemy's Egreis
and Regress.

(t) Frantick, he *Bacchus*' Nurses once disturb'd, &c.] 'Tis
pretended, that this Fable is
founded upon *Lycurgus*' root-
ing up most of the Vines of
his Country; and that his Sub-
jects, who before drank their
Wine pure, were oblig'd to

" turb'd,

" turb'd, Amidst their Orgies, and with Scour-
 " ges chas'd Each furious Dame o'er Nyssa's la-
 " cred Hill: They, frightned at the impious
 " King's Pursuit, Threw down their leafy
 " Staves: The God himself Was forc'd to dive
 " beneath the Sea's Salt Waves. *Thetis* receiv'd
 " him, trembling, in her Bosom. But at this
 " Crime the Gods were so incens'd, The Son
 " of *Saturn* struck the Wretch with Blindness:
 " His Death too, soon ensuing, was the Fruit
 " Of that just Hate the Gods conceiv'd against
 " him. Were this the sole Example of their
 " Vengeance, I wou'd not fight with Heav'n,
 " nor tempt my Fate: But if thou'rt mortal,
 " (u) and Earth's Fruit thy Food, Approach,
 " and from my Hand thy Death receive!

To this *Hippolochus*'s Son reply'd: " Why
 " dost thou, *Diomed*, my Race enquire? (w)
 " As are the Leaves in Forests; so are Men

put a great deal of Water
 in it, which gave Occasion to
 say, that *Thetis* receiv'd him
 in her Bosom. [Homer applies
 the Epithet *Frantick* to *Bacchus*, and not to *Lycurgus*;
 they were indeed both struck
 with a *Frenzy*, the one by
Juno, and the other by *Ju-
 piter*.]

(u) And Earth's Fruit thy
 Food.] For this is what renders
 Men subject to Death, and
 which differences them from
 Gods, from Angels, and from
 Heroes, who are divested of
 the Body.

(w) As are the Leaves in
 Forests.] *Glaucus* here answers
Diomed like one not very con-

ceited of his Birth, but per-
 suaded, that Men are only
 estimable for their Deeds; that
 they are the Sons of their own
 Actions; and this is a manifest
 Truth. The Compari'on which
 Homer uses here, is consecrated
 in our Holy Books, it is en-
 tirely in *Ecclesiasticus* xiv. 18.
*Sicut folium fructificans in ar-
 bore viridi, alia generantur,
 & alia deficiuntur; sic genera-
 tio carnis & sanguinis alia for-
 nitur, & alia nascitur.* As of
 the green Leaves on a thick
 Tree, some fall and some grow,
 so is the Generation of Flesh and
 Blood, one cometh to an end,
 and another's born.

" Upon

Upon this Earth ; the Forest's verdant Ho-
noars, Torn by autumnal Winds, decay in
Dust ; And in their place the Spring pro-
duces others. So 'tis with Men : One Gene-
ration passes, Another comes ; but if you're
bent to know From whence I spring, my
Race enough is known Throughout the
World, nor shall I blush to trace it. At the
Extremity of fertile Argos, Stands a fair Town
call'd * *Ephyra* ; where reign'd In ancient
Times, (x) the wisest of Mankind, Call'd
Sisyphus, the Son of *Aeolus*. This *Sisy-*
phus begat a Son nam'd *Glaucus*, And *Glauc-*
us got the brave *Bellerophon*, On whom the
bounteous Deities bestow'd (y) A lovely
Valour and a warlike Beauty. But *Prætus*
mighty Ills devis'd against him ; *Prætus*
then rul'd the Argive State, and *Jove* Had
put *Bellerophon* within his Power. The Cause
of *Prætus*' Rage, in brief, was this : His
Queen, *Anteia*, stung with hot Desire
Tow'rds this young Prince, solicited his
Love, And with clandestine Joys to quench
her Flame. (z) *Bellerophon*, who entertain'd
no Thoughts, But what were full of Piety

* Afterwards Corinth.

(x) The wisest of Mankind.] The Greek Word *νοστιμος* may be taken in a good and bad Sense, for it signifies Crafty and Cunning, Sage and Prudent. It is here in the last Sense. This *Sisyphus* was so wise, that he was said to have bound Death, because he always liv'd in Peace during his Reign.

(y) A lovely Valour.] Because, indeed, there is a gentle Valour, which gains Love, and there is a fierce one, which contracts Hatred.

(z) Bellerophon, who entertain'd no Thoughts, but what were full of Piety and Wisdom.] Here is the Wisdom of a Man well pris'd by a Pagan Poet.

“ and Wisdom, Consents not to her infamous
 “ Desires. That Princess, spited with his cold
 “ Contempt, Had to the blackest Calumny re-
 “ course; Addressing *Prætus*’ Ear, she thus com-
 “ plain’d: *My dearest Lord* (and here she
 “ pausing wept) *Or die thyself, or let Bellerop-
 “ phon, Who has presum’d to lift his Eyes on
 “ Me, And wou’d have forc’d Dishonour to thy
 “ Bed.* This Accusation wrought with easy
 “ *Prætus*, Who strait into a furious Raving
 “ fell; (a) Yet car’d he not to take his Life
 “ directly, Fearing t’attract the Vengeance of
 “ the Gods, For violated Hospitality; So,
 “ hiding his Resentment, sends the Prince,
 “ (b) With well-seal’d Letters unto *Lycia*’s
 “ King, His Consort’s Father, who therein

(a) *Yet car’d he not to take his Life directly.*] This offended Prince wou’d not kill his Enemy, out of Respect to Hospitality, but makes no scruple of leaving to the King his Father-in-Law this Murder, as if the Crime were not as great. This very well describes a Man, who wou’d obey his Religion, but who wou’d also make his Passions, Interests, and Designs, agree with it. [Bellerophon was first call’d *Hipponous*, but killing *Bellerus*, a great Man of Corinth, he affum’d this Name. After he had slain *Bellerus*, he fled to *Argos*, and was kindly treated by King *Prætus*, &c.]

(b) *With well-seal’d Letters unto Lycia’s King.*] Eu-
 stathius pretends, that these

Letters of *Prætus*’s were Tablets, containing, instead of Letters, Hieroglyphics, Signs which shew’d King *Jobates* the pretended Crime of *Bellerophon*, and the Vengeance he desir’d shou’d be taken on him; wherefore, Homer calls these Letters $\sigma\mu\mu\lambda\alpha$, Signs. This Remark wou’d have some Foundation, if the History of *Bellerophon* had certainly preceded the Days of *Cadmus* (who carry’d Letters into *Greece*) but this Chronology is so contested, that I do not believe any Thing certain can be establish’d upon it. Real Letters might very well be call’d poetically Signs, $\sigma\mu\mu\lambda\alpha$, because indeed, they are Signs and Marks of Thoughts. ’Tis plain, they had that very Name given them, for we find

“ was

" was pray'd, To give the trait'rous Beater
" speedy Death.

" *Bellerophon*, conducted by the Gods, Protec-
" tors still of Innocence and Wisdom, In Safe-
" ty reaches *Lycian Xanthus' Flood*. With much
" Magnificence, the King receiv'd him, And all
" the Tokens of a real Joy. Nine Days he feas-
" ted him, and every Day A Bull he slew in
" thankful Sacrifice, For the Arrival of his
" honour'd Guest. (c) But on the Tenth, the
" King desires to see The Letters his lov'd Son-
" in-Law had writ: (d) Which, when per-
" us'd, he first employs the Prince The ter-

in the Ancients, — Φοινικαὶ σημεῖα Καδμεῦ, the Phenician Signs of Cadmus; that is, the Letters whick Cadmus bore from Phenicia to Greece.

(c) But on the Tenth, the King desires to see the Letters.] This was a Point of Good-Breeding of the Ancients towards their Guests, not to demand of them, till the Tenth Day of their Arrival, what they came for. By asking them on the first Day, they wou'd have been afraid of giving them room to think they were impatient to have them gone. [Note, tho' she translates the Word *ισπίειν*, to sacrifice to the Gods in way of Thanksgiving, &c. yet that Word signifies likewise, simply, to kill. The first Beasts that were slain, were for Sacrifice only; but afterwards, when they were kill'd to be eaten, they retain'd the same Word.]

(d) Which, when perus'd,] *Bellerophon*, driven from his Country, by the Commands of an unjust King, and charg'd from him with Letters which might have been suspected by him, does not fail to deliver them. What Fidelity is here! Plutarch very well says, that the same Virtue which fortify'd *Bellerophon* against the Solicitations of the Queen, likewise fortify'd him against the Vice of Curiosity: *Bellerophon*, says he, did not open the Letters which were written against him, and forbore touching the King's Dispatches, as he had refrain'd from touching his Wife; and this by the same Virtue of Continence; for Curiosity is an Incontinence, as well as Adultery. I fear that this Prudence of *Bellerophon's* is more contrary to our Manners, than the strangest Thing that appears in Homer.

"rible Chimæra to assail ; (e) A Monster
" sprung from Race divine, not mortal : (f)
" Before, a Lion ; but behind, a Dragon :
" And in the midst, a Goat's shag'd Form she
" bore : Torrents of Fire and Flame, incessant,
" issu'd From the wide-gaping Furnace of her
" Throat.

" Bellerophon, (g) confiding in the Gods,
" Who lent their Aid, this Monster overcame.
" (h) Next he against the Solymi was sent,
" Renown'd for War ; these two the Prince
" defeated, But own'd the Victory was dearly
" bought. His third huge Labour was an Ex-
" pedition Against the Amazons, those mar-
" tial Females ; Here his superior Valour too
" prevail'd.

" The Lycian King, still bent on his Destruc-
" tion, Flew to close Arts, since open Force
" miscarry'd ; The stoutest Lycians he cou'd
" chuse, were plac'd In Ambuscade, to kill
" him on his Way : But none of these revi-
" sited their Homes : The brave Bellerophon de-
" stroy'd them all.

(e) A Monster sprung from
Race divine, not mortal.] That is to say, 'twas a Monster of an enormous Size, as the Hebrews said, a divine Mountain, for a very high Mountain.

(f.) Before, a Lion.] This Chimæra was a Mountain in Lycia, which had several Tops full of wild Beasts ; Bellerophon purg'd it of them, and this gave Occasion to the Fable. See Strabo.

(g) Confiding in the Gods, who lent their Aid.] For the Gods never abandon Wisdom and Virtue.

(h) Next he against the Solymi was sent, renown'd for War.] The Solymi were People who dwelt near Termessus on the River Meander ; in Strabo's Time, there was yet seen near that Place, the Valley of Bellerophon, and the Tomb of his Son Isandrus, who was kill'd in the Battel.

" The

VI.
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The

BOOK VI. OF HOMER.

125

" (i) The King perceiving by these great Ex-
" ploits, That he deriv'd his Lineage from the
" Gods, (k) Detain'd him, and his Daughter
" made his Bride; And for her Dow'r gave
" Half his Regal Honour. The *Lycians*, by
" th' Example of their Prince, Gave him a
" spacious Piece of Land, inclos'd; Fruitful of
" Corn and Wine, and pleasant Groves. (l)
" Three Children by his Spouse he had, *Isan-*
" *drus*, *Hippolochus*, and beauteous *Laodamia*:
" Her *Jove* compress'd, and got divine Sarpe-
" don. (m) But, in his Rear of Life, *Bellerop-*
" *phon*, Having incur'd the Hatred of the
" Gods, Liv'd up and down in the *Aleian De-*

(i) *The King perceiving by these great Exp'pts, that he deriv'd his Lineage from the Gods.*] For Virtue is the true Mark of the Children of the Gods.

(k) *Detain'd him, and his Daughter made his Bride; And for her Dow'r gave Half his Regal Honour.*] See the Effect of Virtue. *Bellerophon* became the Son-in-Law of that King who had done all he cou'd to destroy him. The History of *Joseph* in *Egypt* has a great Relation with this of *Bellerophon*.

(l) *Gave him a spacious Piece of Land, inclos'd.*] These People did not only honour *Bellerophon*, because the King had honour'd him, but because they had a Share in the Good he had done. They likewise witness'd their Acknowledgment to him. They gave him a great Inclosure of

Ground; a common Present the People made to Heroes; by which, they treated them like Gods; for the Gods had also Lands consecrated to them.

(m) *But, in his Rear of Life, Bellerophon, having incur'd the Hatred, &c.*] Homer does not say, in what Point *Bellerophon* attracted the Hatred of the Gods. Might not the Poet thereby intend to shew, that 'twas easier for that Prince to preserve his Innocence whilst he was unfortunate and persecuted, than after he was happy and plac'd on a Throne? [Being proud of his Atchievements, he attempted to ascend Heaven itself with his Horse *Pegasus*, which *Neptune* had given him; *Jupiter* incens'd at it, sends a Gad-Fly to sting *Pegasus*, and so he falls into *Lycia*, &c.]

" sarts, Gnawing his Heart, and shunning
 " humane Converse: Blood-thirsty *Mars* his
 " Son *Isandrus* flew, Fighting against the va-
 " liant *Solymi*: (n) Incens'd *Diana* kill'd fair
 " *Laodame*. Thus there but one remain'd of
 " his Three Children, *Hippolochus* by Name,
 " whose Son I am. To *Troy* he sent me; and,
 " at my Departure, Charg'd me, (o) No Op-
 " portunity to lose, Wherby I might my Virtue sig-
 " nalize; In Valour to excel the most Heroic; By
 " no mean Action to disgrace my Birth, Which
 " springs from the best Blood that ever flow'd
 " In *Ephyrean* or in *Lycian* Veins. This my
 " Descent is; This the Stock I boast.

He spoke: *Tyrides*, ravish'd with his Words,
 Turn'd his Spear's Point, and stuck it in the
 Ground; Then, with the utmost Marks of
 Friendship, said; " Our Ancestors have been
 " commutual Guests: (p) The sacred Knot of
 " Hospitality, Which They reciprocally ty'd,
 " is binding On us their Sons, and so We are
 " akin: For Godlike *Oeneus* heretofore re-
 " ceiv'd, Within his Palace, brave *Bellerophon*;

(n) Incens'd Diana kill'd
 fair *Laodame*.] The Greeks
 attributed the sudden Deaths
 of Women to *Diana* (the
 Moon) and those of Men to
Apollo (the Sun)

(o) No Opportunity to lose,
 whereby I might my Virtue
 signalize.] Here are three
 Precepts of a wonderful Beau-
 ty, and the best a King cou'd
 give his Son, whom he sends
 to the War.

(p) The sacred Knot of Hos-
 pitality.

pitality.] This Knot was in-
 deed so Sacred, that it was pre-
 fer'd to the Tyes of Blood.
 Kindred fought without scrup-
 ple against one another, as
 Toucer against the *Trojans*,
 tho' he was a *Trojan* origi-
 nally, and next Kin to *Hector*;
 but People who were ally'd
 by the Right of Hospitality,
 tho' never so ancient, woud
 have fear'd being curs'd by
 God and Man, if they had
 violated it.

" And

" And there detain'd him twenty Days with
 " Feasts : And, when the Time was come of
 " his Departure, They Gifts exchang'd, as
 " Pledges of their Friendship: My Sire gave
 " thine a Belt of richest Purple ; Thine, in
 " Return, gave him a golden Cup. (q) At
 " Home I left it, when I sail'd for Troy ; And
 " 'tis from thence I learnt the Tye I speak of :
 " For I retain not in my Mind my Father :
 " A Child I was when the brave *Tydeus* parted
 " To th' *Theban* War so fatal to the *Greeks*.
 " Each therefore has a faithful Friend to visit :
 " You, one at *Argos* ; I, in *Lycia*, one : Mean
 " while, let us Hostilities forbear ; Each
 " other's Spear declining when we meet :
 " Enow there are amongst the *Trojan* Bands, If
 " Jove so please, to glut my Thirst of Blood ;
 " You *Greeks* enow will find to send to Hell.
 " But e'er we part, let us our Arms exchange,
 " For sign of Friendship, and that all may
 " know, We glory in our Sires hospitious Rites.
 Concluding thus, they both, from out their
 Chariots, Alight, embrace, join Hands, give
 Faith and take. (r) Now Jove the Mind of
Glaucus did enlarge : He, in Exchange for

(q) *At Home I left it, when I sail'd for Troy.*] For they
 kept, with a great deal of Care,
 those Presents in the Family,
 as durable Pledges of this
 Right of Hospitality, and they
 were oblig'd to transmit them
 to their Descendents from Age
 to Age.

(r) *Now Jove the Mind of Glaucus did enlarge.*] When

in great Poets we find Pas-
 sages which present a Sense
 low and unworthy, we shou'd
 look if those Terms, which
 they use, have not also some-
 times a quite contrary Signifi-
 cation, for by this Means,
 we may answer all the ill-
 grounded Criticisms, which
 may be made on those Pas-
 sages. Here is a very re-

Diomed's Brass Arms, Gave Arms of Gold:
Arms worth a hundred Beeves, For Arms
worth only Nine.

Hector, mean while, arriving at the Beech,
And *Scæan* Gates; Women of all Conditions
About him flock, eager to be inform'd, How
Fathers, Brothers, Children, Husbands far'd.
He not amus'd himself to give them Answer;
But bad them to the Temples strait repair, And
deprecate the Ills that threatn'd All: This
done, he hastens on to *Priam's* Palace. With
Porticoes this Palace round was run: Fifty Pa-
villions at the Entrance were, Of various co-
lour'd Stones, where *Priam's* Sons Lodg'd with
their Wives; and, opposite to these, Twelve
more Pavillions for his Daughters Husbands.

markable Example of it. *Homer*, in speaking of this Exchange, which *Glaucus* makes with *Diomed*, expresses himself in such a Manner, that one wou'd think he said, *then the Son of Saturn took away Glaucus's Prudence*. Which wou'd be unworthy of *Homer*, for he wou'd then very impropertly blame *Glaucus's* Generosity. In the Remarks on *Aristotle's* Poetics, Chap. xxvi. Monsieur *Dacier* has very well explain'd this Passage after *Porphyrius*, who was the first that shew'd, that the Word ἀχαλο signifies not only took away, carried away, but likewise rais'd, enlarg'd, ἀχαλπτο, ιωνιστο. And this is the true Sense of this Passage, which thereby becomes very beautiful; for the Poet shews,

that *Jupiter* hinder'd *Glaucus* from falling into the base and sordid Thought, that his Arms, being all Gold, were of a greater Value than those of *Diomed*, which were nothing but Brass, and obliges him to give them. In which *Glaucus* imitates, and even surpasses the Generosity of his Grandfather, who gave to *Tydeus's* Grandfather a golden Cup for a Purple Belt, which he had receiv'd of him; and thus *Glaucus* executes the Command his Father had given him, To lose no Opportunity, whereby he might his Virtue signalize; In Valour to excel the most Heroic; by no mean Action to disgrace his Birth. *Eustathius* has follow'd this Explication of *Porphyrius*.

Here,

Here, *Hecuba*, as she conducted home *Lassice*, the fairest of her Daughters, Sees *Hector*; strait she runs to meet her Son, And pressing hard his Hand, she thus bespake him : “ Wherefore, dear Son, have you the Battel left ? Have those accursed Children of the Greeks Repuls’d the *Trojans* to our very Walls ? ” (s) And com’st thou hither, as the last Resource, To lift thy helpless Hands to *Jove*’s high Throne ? But stay a Moment, till some Wine be brought, That so to *Jove*, and all the deathless Gods, Libations you may make, and then recruit Your wasted Spirits, and your Strength repair ; For Wine’s a marvellous Support to Men, Who have, like You, fatigu’d themselves with Toil.

“ Bring me no Wine, good Mother (*Hector* said) (t) Lest rather it impair than help my

(s) *And com’st thou hither, as the last Resource, to lift thy helpless Hands to Jove’s high Throne ?* *Hecuba* knew *Hector* too well, to believe he fled from the Battel ; she guesses, that he comes into the Town to implore the Help of the Gods.

(t) *Lest rather it impair than help my Strength.*] These two Sentiments seem very different. *Hecuba* says, that Wine is a marvellous Support for a fatigued Man ; and *Hector* says on the contrary, that it wou’d weaken him, and take away his Strength ; but there’s no Contradiction in it. Wine, in an aged Man, might have the Effect *Hecuba* speaks of,

and in a young Man, like *Hector*, already spent, it might very well consume the Spirits which remain’d, after having reviv’d them for a Moment. *Didymus* relates, that some ancient Critics, to save this pretended Contradiction, explain’d this Passage otherwise, and that they said *Hector* refus’d this Wine, only for fear lest, making Libations with Hands impure and stain’d with Blood, he shou’d attract the Wrath of *Jupiter*, and lest that God shou’d in Anger take away his Strength and Courage. This Sentiment is very fine ; but this does not hinder the first Explication being true.

" Strength : Nor shou'd I my accustom'd Vi-
 " gour keep, If, thus unpurify'd, I made Liba-
 " tions. For, one whose Hands are soil'd with
 " Dust and Blood, Is not allow'd t'address the
 " King of Gods. But hasten, Mother, and with
 " utmost speed Assemble the most honour'd
 " Trojan Matrons, (u) And go with the most
 " exquisite Perfumes To Pallas' Fane, put on
 " that Goddess' Knees The largest, finest, and
 " most costly Veil, And that which you your-
 " self esteem the best. Vow to the Virgin
 " Deity an Off'ring Of Twelve young Hei-
 " fers that ne'er felt the Yoke, If she, compas-
 " sionating Troy's Condition, And touch'd with
 " Pity for our Wives and Children, Will
 " from our Walls remove the Son of Tydus,
 " That Fury, that Artificer of Flight, Who
 " scatters Dread, and singly overthrows us.
 " Whilst to the Goddess' Temple you repair, I
 " will my Brother Paris seek, and try, If my
 " Advice can urge him to the Field : (w) Ah !

(u) And go with the most
 exquisite Perfumes.] In our
 Days we shou'd say, and with
 Frankincense. In the Time
 of the Trojan War, Frankin-
 cense was not known, as Pliny
 assures us in the first Chapter
 of the thirteenth Book. *Iliacis*
 temporibus iubore non suppli-
 cabatur, *cedri* tantum & *citri*
 suorum fruiticum in sacris fu-
 mo convolutum midorem verius
 quam odorem noverant. And
 Arnobius in the sixth Book :
Nam negus in iis temporibus
 quemadmodum creditur & per-
 tibetur, *heroicis, quidnam esset*

thus scitum est, scriptoribus ut
 comprobatur à priscis, quorum in
 libris nulla mentio ejus reperi-
 tur. Virgil has however men-
 tion'd Frankincense in spe-
 king of Venus's Temple at
 Paphos.

— *Ubi templum illi con-*
tumque Sabao
Thure calent ara —

But 'tis by a Figure, call'd
Prolepsis, or Anticipation.

(w). Ah ! that the Earth
 wou'd swallow him alive.]
 These Imprecations against

" that

" that the Earth wou'd swallow him alive,
 " And headlong take into her yawning Gulf!
 " Since Jove in him a Monster has preserv'd,
 " For Priam's Ruin, and for Troy's Destruction.
 " Cou'd I but see the Wretch to Hell descend,
 " I soon shou'd all our Miseries forget, And
 " cast my Load of Grief !

He spoke: The Queen returns to her Apartment, Commands her Damsels forthwith to assemble The Dames of Troy most eminent for Virtue.

Whilst this is doing, (x) *Hecuba* descends Into a Room perfum'd hith finest Odours, Where many precious Moveables were stor'd, (y) Wrought by Sidonian Dames, whom *Paris* forc'd Thro' swelling Billows from their Native

Paris arise here very naturally to *Hector*: The Sight of so many unhappy Persons, who had already lost, or who were going to lose, some their Fathers, others their Husbands, these their Brothers, those their Children, recalls into his Mind the Cause of all these Evils, and extorts these Curses from him, which *Paris* too much deserv'd.

(x) *Hecuba* descends into a Room perfum'd with finest Odours.] Queens and Princesses had Closets of Cedar and Ivory, and all perfum'd, wherein they kept their Habits and precious Goods. In the Epithalamium of *Solomon*, the Prophet says to that Prince, *Myrrha & Stacte & Cassia, à vestimentis tuis, à domibus eburneis, ex quibus delectaverunt te filia*

regum in honore tuo. All thy Garments smell of Myrrh, and Aloes, and Cassia, out of the Ivory Palaces, whereby they have made thee glad, Psal. xlvi. 8.

(y) Wrought by Sidonian Dames, whom *Paris* forc'd, &c.] *Paris*, when he had stoln *Helen*, did not return with her the shortest Way, for fear of being pursued. He coasted along *Egypt*, and went to *Sidon*, where he bought these Women, or perhaps forc'd them away. The Poet, who made the Poem of the *Cypriacs*, follow'd a very different Tradition; for he says, *Paris* in his Return had so favourable a Wind, that in three Days he arriv'd from *Sparta* to *Troy*. Besides, what Homer says here of the Sidonian

Shores, When he from *Greece* pursu'd his fatal Voyage. From thence, a Veil with utmost Care she chose, The finest, largest, and, to her, the best: (z) It lying undermost, came out the last: Glitt'ring with Gold, and Brilliant as the Sun. With this, before the *Trojan* Daines she marches.

When they to *Ilium's* Citadel were come, (a) The fair *Theano*, Daughter of *Cisseus*, And brave *Antenor's* Wife, unlocks the Fane; (b) Her had the *Trojans* made *Minerva's* Priestess. The Doors being op'd, all raise their suppliant Hands, With Wailings and Complaints denoting Grief; While from the Queen, *Minerva's* lovely Votress Receives the Veil, and with profound Respect Plac'd it upon the Goddess' Knees, (c) then pray'd, With elevated Voice, to *Jove's* bright Daughter: "Guardian of *Troy*,

mians, is confirm'd by the Testimony of our Holy Books, where we see that *Tyre* and *Sidon* were stately Cities, where Magnificence reign'd, and where were found the most excellent Workers in every Thing that regarded Luxury, either for Houses, Goods, or Habits; plain Trades-Women were there like Queens.

(z) It lying undermost, came out the last.] For that which is most precious, is commonly best secur'd. Homer adds this Particularity, to shew, that *Hecuba* visited all her Vests one after another, and that she did not leave out or forget any.

(a) The fair *Theano*, Daughter of *Cisseus*, and

brave *Antenor's* Wife.] Here *Minerva* had for a Priestess, not a Maid, but a Wife, and a Wife whose Husband was yet alive. This is worthy of Observation. [May not Madam *Dacier* herself be call'd the *Theano* of our Times, tho' not the fair one? Does any of her Sex better deserve to be High Priestess to the Goddess of Wisdom?]

(b) Her had the *Trojans* made *Minerva's* Priestess.] We see by this Passage, that in former Times, the High Priestesses were not nam'd by the Prince, but elected by the People.

(c) Then pray'd.] Observe 'twas the High Priestess that pray'd, and not the Queen.

" O venerable *Pallas*! O Goddess of superior
 " Rank in Heav'n! Break stern *Tyrides*' Spear,
 " (d) and let him fall Before our Gates, head-
 " long, and on his Face! So, in the instant,
 " at thy Shrine shall Bleed Twelve Heifers
 " that ne'er felt the galling Yoke. Daughter
 " of *Jove*! Vouchsafe to pity *Troy*! Her Wives
 " and Children save, this Empire's sole Re-
 " source! (e) Such was her Pray'r, but *Pallas*
 wou'd not grant it.

Whilst thus the Queen, and all the Trojan
 Matrons, Prostrate at *Pallas*' Feet, address'd their
 Pray'rs; *Hector* into the Citadel resorts, Where
Paris for himself a Court had built, With all
 the Cunning of the ablest Artists. The Structure
 stood 'twixt *Hector*'s and the King's, Within a
 vast and very spacious Court. This *Hector* cross-
 ing, enter'd the Apartments: He bore a Spear,
 * eleven Cubits long, And pointed at the Head
 with polish'd Steel, Which to the Staff a Ring
 of Gold did bind. Him *Hector* finds (f) about

(d) *And let him fall.* } *Theano* is not content to beg
 that *Diomed* may fall before
 the *Scæan* Gates; she prays
 that he may fall, and fall
 forwards too, i. e. that he
 may be kill'd flying. How
 honourable this Pray'r is for
Diomed! and what a wonderful
 Art in the Poet to praise his
 Heroes!

(e) *Such was her Pray'r,*
 but *Pallas* would not grant it. } *Helenus* only order'd that they
 should pray to *Minerva* to re-
 move *Diomed* from the Ram-
 parts of *Troy*: But *Theano*

does not confine her Prayers
 to that. Women are not so
 moderate in the Prayers they
 make against their Enemies;
 she prays that *Diomed* might
 perish, and perish with Shame;
 wherefore her Pray'r is rejected,
 for God does not change the
 Laws of his Providence to
 gratify our Passions.

(f) *About his Armour busy.* } Perhaps to shew them to his
 Women, and to entertain
 them with the great Exploits
 he meditated.

[* *Madam Dacier* says but
 Ten.]

his

his Armour busy, And furbishing his Bow, Cuirass, and Buckler. Near him sat lovely *Helen*, 'mongst her Maids, Giving to each her Task in choicest Works.

Hector, with fiery Eyes, thus chides his Brother : " Ill-fated Prince, (g) is this a proper time, To manifest your Wrath against the Trojans, When thus beneath our very Walls they perish ? What wait you ? Is it not for you alone, This War was kindled, and Troy thus beleaguer'd ? Ought not you therefore to support the Troops, To rally them, and lead

(g) Is this a proper time, to manifest your Wrath against the Trojans ?] *Hector*, that he may not accuse *Paris* too openly of Cowardice, makes sliue that he believes 'tis nothing but his Resentment against the Trojans, who hate him, which makes him retire. This Address succeeds to *Hector*'s Wish. Dissimulation often does more than Violence. This Art of *Hector*'s did not escape *Flutarch*, who from it has drawn a fine Precept for Manners in his excellent Treatise, how to discern the Flatterer from the Friend : " As a Physician, says he, had rather cure his Patient by Diet and Repose, than by Calotremum and Scamony ; so a good Friend, a good Father, a good Master, had always rather make use of Praise than Blame in the Correction of Manners ; for nothing, to one who repre- hends with Freedom and Liberty, is so helpful, hurts

less, and profits more, than to reprove calmly, with Affection, and without any Sign of Wrath. Wherefore you should never think with Bitterness to convince those who deny the Fact they are reproach'd with, nor hinder them from justifying themselves ; but on the contrary, furnish them dexterously and prettily with plausible Excuses, and specious Pretexts, and when you see that they themselves go from the shamefulllest Part of the Fact, you shou'd, if I may so say, lend an Ear to them, and give them their Way, as *Hector* does to *Paris* in Homer, when he says to him, Is this a proper time to manifest your Wrath against the Trojans ? as if his Retreat from the Combat with *Menelaus* had not been a Flight, and a Mark of his Fear or Cowardice, but an Effect of his Wrath.

" them

" them to the Charge? Come forth, lest thy
" fair Tow'rs, and those of Troy, Be burnt by
" hostile Flames about thy Ears!

To whom thus *Paris* modestly reply'd:
" *Hector*, I own that your Reproofs are just:
" Yet let me speak, and give me equal Hear-
" ing. (b) 'Tis not so much my Spleen against
" the *Trojans* Makes me retire, and keep my-
" self thus close, (i) As to conceal the Grief,
" which gnaws my Soul. With sweet Persua-
" sions, *Helen*, as you enter'd, Eas'd my sick
" Mind, and urg'd me to the War, Who of
" myself was ready to be gone: For Arms are
" fickle: Conquest often Changes: And Vic-
" tory by Turns confers her Favours. Stay
" then but till I arm; or go before, And I
" will soon o'ertake thy utmost Haste.

Thus he; but *Hector* deigns not to reply:
Then *Helen* op'ning to her Griefs a Passage;
Thus with a charming Sweetness spoke to *Hec-
tor*: " O Brother, tho' I blush to call you so;
" (k) Can there on Earth be such an odious
" Name, But what would be, by far, too good
" for me, Whom all Men hate, as Authress of

(b) 'Tis not so much my
Spleen against the *Trojans*.] *Paris* is very glad that *Hector*
furnish'd him with this Rea-
son for his Retreat. However,
he partly rejects it, because
there was still the Injustice in
it of letting a Nation perish
through his Resentment; a
Nation which he alone had
engag'd in that War, and who
were sacrific'd only for him.

(i) As to conceal the Grief
which gnaws my Soul.] Be-
cause he had been vanquish'd
in the Combat with *Mene-
laus*.

(k) Can there on Earth be
such an odious Name? *Helen*
loses no Occasion of shewing
her Grief and Repentance; and
she always does it so properly,
and with so much Modesty,
that one cannot but be touch'd
with it.

" their

“ their Ills ? O, wou’d to God, when first I
 “ saw the Light, A Whirlwind from my Mo-
 “ ther’s Arms had snatch’d me, And bore me
 “ to some desert Mountain’s Top, Or hid me
 “ in the roaring Sea’s deep Womb, E’er I had
 “ been the Cause of so much Guilt ! But
 “ (l) since these Mischiefs by the Gods were
 “ will’d, Why am I not some Man of Honour’s
 “ Wife, (m) Who might have had a quicker
 “ Sense of Shame, And seen thro’ the Re-
 “ proaches of Mankind ! But he, whom I un-
 “ happily have follow’d, No Feeling has, (n)
 “ nor ever can have any : (o) Soon therefore, I
 “ believe, he’ll reap the Fruit Of his mean

(l) But since those Mischiefs
 by the Gods were will’d.) It
 seems that *Helen* wou’d thereby
 excuse, or diminish her Fault,
 as if it had not been in her
 Power to hinder what the Gods
 had resolv’d.

(m) Who might have had
 a quicker Sense of Shame.] This
 Passage is so much the more
 difficult, as it seems easy, and
 as at first one thinks one un-
 derstands it ; and I confess
 twas *Eustathius* put me in the
 Way, by advertizing me, that
Helen speaks here with re-
 spect to the disguis’d and hid-
 den Reproach which *Hector*
 had just made to *Paris*, a Re-
 proach which *Paris* did not in
 the least understand, and which
Helen perfectly comprehended.
Helen means, that there’s no-
 thing worse than a Man that
 has no Feeling, and who can-
 not discern the Bitterness hid-

den under sweeten’d Reproofs,
 often more shameful than In-
 vectives themselves.

(n) Nor ever can have any.]
 For the Sentiments of Honour
 do not often awake again, and
 almost never return to such a
 Man as *Paris*, sunk in Volop-
 tuousness.

(o) Soon therefore, I be-
 lieve, he’ll reap the Fruit of
 his mean Spirit, and his Want
 of Manhood.] There is in
 the Text a Decency which I
 did not dare to preserve in
 my Translation, because I
 only guess’d at it. *Helen*,
 after having said that *Paris*
 had no Sense of Shame, and
 that he never sou’d have any,
 adds ;

..... τῷ κτύπῳ πάντα παραπομπαί.
 Βασιλεύ.

Which is literally, wherefore
 I believe he will enjoy. It’s

“ Spirit,

“ Spirit, and his Want of Manhood. But come,
 “ dear Brother, and repose a-while : I see you’re
 “ quite exhausted with Fatigue, By me, vile
 “ Woman, caus’d, and wrongful *Paris*. Un-
 “ lucky Day, that brought us first acquainted !
 “ (p) Our Names will be unfortunately fa-
 “ mous ! Subjects for Songs in all succeeding
 “ Ages !

“ Sister, said he, desire me not to sit : The
 “ Battel calls, I must no longer stay, But fly
 “ to aid our Friends who mourn my Absence.
 “ You, hasten *Paris* with your utmost Rhetor-
 “ rick, That he may join me, e’er I quit the
 “ Town. I go to pass a Moment in my Palace,
 “ To see my Wife, my Child, and Family ;
 “ Perhaps, I never shall return from Fight, But
 “ by the Greeks and conqu’ring Gods be slain.

Hector, this said, went to his stately House :
 But found not There the fair *Andromache* : She,
 with her Son, borne in his Nurse’s Arms, Was to
 the Top of *Ilium*’s Turret gone, From whence
 with weeping Eyes she saw the Fight.

plain, the Grammar is defec-
 tive ; for what will he enjoy ?
Helen means that *Paris* will
 soon enjoy the Fruits of his
 Cowardice, but she stops short
 out of Respect to *Hector*.
 Therefore to preserve the Grace
 and Vivacity of this Passage,
 it should have been translated ;
 Soon therefore, I believe, he’ll
 reap the Fruit of his — But
 come, dear Brother, &c.

(p) Our Names will be un-
 fortunately famous. — Homer
 took Pleasure in embellishing

Helen’s Character, and in gi-
 ving it all the Beauty which
 cou’d consist with the Ground-
 work of it. *Helen*’s Fault, as
 great as it was, does not hinder
 but that she might have a
 great deal of Wit, Spirit and
 Nobleness, a deep Sense of the
 unhappy Condition she is in,
 and so she might carry her
 View to the eternal Infamy
 with which her Name will be
 cover’d. The Contraste of this
 Character, and that of *Paris*,
 is wonderful.

Hector

Hector not finding his fair Spouse at home,
 Strait turn'd him to the Women, thus enquiring: " Say quickly, where's my Wife *Andromache*? (q) Is she at any of her Sister's
 Houses? Or is she to Minerva's Temple gone,
 Among the other Ladies, to disarm, With
 Pray'r's and Vows, the Anger of the Goddess?

Then one reply'd: " She's visiting no Sister,
 Nor went she to the Temple in the Train;
 But to a Tow'r, above the Gate, she's gone:
 Hearing the Greeks did over-pow'r the Trojans,
 She to the Walls, like one distracted,
 flew, Attended only by her Nurse and Son.

(r) Hector, with this, impatient left the House, And took the Way which he before had trod: And having travers'd rapidly the Town, He reach'd the Gates which led into the Field. There his fair Wife, *Andromache*, he met, The Daughter she of great *Eetion*, Who kept his

(q) Is she at any of her Sister's Houses?] The Word Sister-in-Law comprehends what the Greeks separate in two, and which they call *γάλης* and *γάλην*: *γάλης* is the Husband's Sister, and *γάλην* is the Brother's Wife. *Andromache* therefore might be at one of *Hector*'s Sisters, as at *Cassandra*'s, *Laodice*'s; this is *ἐς γάλην*, (*above the House* is understood) or at some of *Hector*'s Brother's Wives, as at *Helen*'s; this is *ἐς γάλην*. Our Sister-in-Law comprehends it all.

(r) Hector, with this, impatient left the House, &c.] *Hector* does not amuse him-

self in seeking his Wife on the Tower of *Ilium*; the Battel calls him, he goes where he is most wanted. Homer never fails in Point of Honour and Decency. In obeying these most severe Rules, he has the Skill to draw from them great Beauties for his Poem. Here, for Example, he has manag'd a very agreeable Surprise for his Reader, who at first is very sorry that *Hector* does not find *Andromache*, and who is afterwards agreeably surpriz'd to see that Chance presents her to him, and gives him a Pleasure which he at first wish'd for, and which he thought he had lost.

Court

Court in *Hypoplacian Thebes*, And o'er Cilicians
did the Scepter sway. She runs to meet him
with the little Prince, Between the Nurse's
Arms, the only Fruit Of *Hector's* Marriage,
and whose Beauty dawn'd, Like to a Star
emerging on th' Horizon. *Scamandrius* was the
Name that *Hector* gave him; (s) But by the
Trojans stil'd *Astyanax*, In Honour of his Sire,
the Prop of *Troy*. (t) Him seeing, *Hector* with
a Smile caresses; Whilst fair *Andromache*, with
wat'ry Eyes, Her Lord approaching, tenderly
embrac'd him; And thus, with Words cut short
by Sobs, began: “ (u) Too valiant Prince, your
“ Courage will destroy you! No Pity for this

(s) But by the Trojans stil'd
Astyanax.] The People, of
their own Authority, often
give to Princes, Names which
continue to them; but they
give them in Relation to the
Qualities of those who are
nam'd; whereas here, as amongst
the *Hebrews*, we see Names
given to Children, in Relation
to the Qualities or Adventures
of their Fathers. The Son
of *Hector* is call'd *Astyanax*,
because his Father defended
Troy; and elsewhere this Poet
says, that *Marpesta* was call'd
Alcyone, because her Mother
had the same Misfortune as
Alcyone, the Wife of *Ceyx*.

(t) Him seeing, *Hector*
with a Smile caresses; whilst
fair *Andromache*.] I think
nothing can be tenderer, finer,
and better describ'd, than this
Parting or Farewell of *Hector*
and *Andromache*. What a

great Number of different
Beauties has this Turn of *He-
ctor* into *Ilium* furnish'd *Ho-
mer* with! *Enstathius*, after
having reckon'd them up, ends
his Remark by this Expre-
sion, which deserves to be
prais'd: Καὶ, τὸ ὄλον τινῆς, τὸ
πεποντός, οὐ Ἐκπαρ, ἀπλαθώ-
τε μάχην ἵλαρύντα γαρ οὐ το-
τούς τοιαύτους οὐ συνθετόμενοι,
καὶ ἀπολύταμην τοῦ λυθροῦ
τοῦ πατέρος, τοῦ εἰπο-
σιονούς στριγάσσει. Is a word,
this Departure of *Hector* is
very well imagin'd; for by this
Means his Poetry, being divest-
ed of the Fierceness and Inhu-
manity of Battles, and being
as it were wash'd from Murder
and Blood, is become calm and
smiling by the Beauty of these
different Episodes.

(u) Too valiant Prince.] The Ancients remark'd, and
admir'd in this Verse, a Beauty
which in our Tongue cou'd

“ Child,

" Child, or me, you feel: By daring thus, too
 " soon, alas! you'll leave A woful Widow,
 " me, and him an Orphan! (w) The Greeks
 " against thy Life bend all their Strength,
 " And by thy Death will soon revenge their
 " Losses. Better for me it were, if you must
 " perish, First to descend into the gloomy
 " Grave: When *Hector* dies, no Joy on Earth
 " remains, No Consolation for *Andromache*;
 " But ev'ry Day a fresh Increase of Grief!
 " Dead are my Father and my Mother too! By
 " stern *Achilles*' Sword my Father fell; By him
 " rich *Thebes* was pillag'd, then laid waste, And
 " her brave Inmates mercilessly butcher'd! He
 " slew *Eetion*, yet despoil'd him not: Maugre
 " his Rage, his Valour he rever'd, And burnt
 " him on an honourable Pile, With all his
 " Arms, and rais'd a Royal Tomb, Which by
 " the Mountain Nymphs (Jove's high Descent)
 " Was girt about (x) with Shelter-giving
 " Trees. Sev'n Brothers I had; in one unhappy
 " Day, They all went down to *Pluto*'s fable
 " Mansions! (y) *Achilles*, in the Pasture where

not be preserv'd. *Andromache* speaking to her Husband, says neither *Hector*, nor *Husband*, nor *Lord*; but she says *despotus*, a middle Term, which signifies neither Happiness nor Misfortune, but a Mixture of both, and which in the Mouth of that Princess shews her Grief and Affliction. Too valiant Prince, is what I thought came nearest to it. [Mr. Barnes turns it very well by *animose*.]

(w) The Greeks against thy Life bend all their Strength.]

Andromache has so great an Idea of *Hector*'s Valour, that she thinks it must be no less than all the Greeks that can kill him.

(x) With Shelter-giving Trees.] It is in the Greek Elms, a Tree with which Tombs were commonly adorn'd, as very suitable to the Dead, because it is barren.

(y) *Achilles*, in the Pastures where they kept their Herds, &c.] This is according to

" they

“ they kept Their Herds and Flocks, bereft
 “ them all of Life ! My Royal Mother, sav’d
 “ from Fire and Sword, He with her Riches
 “ captive thence convey’d, And kept on Board
 “ his Ships near yonder Camp, Till a large
 “ Ransom bought her Liberty ; Then to her
 “ Country back *Achilles* sent her, Where short-
 “ ly after, in my Father’s Palace, (z) *Diana*
 “ shot her with a mortal Shaft ! But Thou to
 “ me art Father, Mother, Brother. All in so
 “ dear a Husband is included. Then pity Me ;
 “ pity our common Joy, For fear thou leav’st
 “ him a poor Widow’s Charge, And to the
 “ dreadfulest of Ills expose us ! Stay, stay thou
 “ at the bottom of this Rampart ! From thence
 “ you may arrest your flying Troops, And set
 “ them in Array on yonder Hill, Where the
 “ wild Fig-trees grow ; (a) for there our Walls
 “ Are easiest scal’d, and fittest for Surprise : And
 “ there the most redoubted of our Foes, Th’
 “ *Ajaces*, *Idomen*, th’ *Atrides*, *Diomed*, - Have

the Customs of those Ages, by which we likewise see the Simplicity of the Patriarchs Times, as describ’d to us in our Holy Books.

(z) *Diana* shot her with a mortal Shaft.] That is to say, she died a sudden Death, as I have elsewhere already observ’d.

(a) For there our Walls are easiest scaled.] If Andromache said this of herself, she did not speak like a Woman, but like a Soldier, which wou’d be a fault ; but she men-

tions it, because the three Attacks of the Enemy had made it known to all the Trojans, as she is going to make appear ; and this is very ingenious, to give *Hector* a Pretence for staying at the bottom of the Rampart without any Shame, if he wou’d have follow’d her Counsel. [A little lower than this wild Fig-tree Hill, which nearly adjoin’d to Old *Ilium*, stood the great Beech-Tree frequently mention’d by Homer.]

“ thrice

“ thrice already with their utmost Force At-
“ tempted to break in and ope their Way. (b)
“ Whether induc'd thereto by some wise Au-
“ gur, (c) Or whether of themselves they had
“ observ'd Some Weakness in the Place, I can-
“ not say.

“ My dear *Andromache*, reply'd brave *Hector*,
“ I'm no less touch'd at your Alarms, than you:
“ But what Disgrace! How will the *Trojans*
“ scoff, Both Men and Women, and asperse
“ my Name, If, like a Coward, I decline the
“ Fight! I am not proof against their sharp
“ Reproaches; Yet this is not the thing ex-
“ cites my Courage: My very Nature prompts
“ me to the War; (d) I am accustom'd to sur-
“ pass the bravest, And fight among the fore-
“ most, when the Foe Invades my Father's Ho-

(b) Whether induc'd thereto
by some wise Augur.] For 'twas
the Custom of the *Grecians* and
Barbarians, hardly ever to
undertake any considerable Enter-
prise, without having before-
hand consulted the *Divines*;
this was a long time practis'd
among other Nations, especially
among the *Gauls*.

(c) Or whether of themselves
they had observ'd some Weakness
in the Place.] This Passage
evidently shews, that in the
Time of the *Trojan War*,
those who laid Siege to Places,
even the *Greeks*, were not ac-
custom'd to take a View of
them before-hand; 'twas only
during the Course of the Siege,
and in the divers Attacks, that

they observ'd the strong or
weak Places thereof. I am
amaz'd at it, for I shou'd think
that this Precaution wou'd very
naturally come into the Mind
the first of any. However, I
do not find that it was then
in Use, neither among the
Greeks, nor other Nations;
a great Proof, that the Art of
War was not yet in its Perfec-
tion.

(d) I am accustom'd.] The
Greek says, *I have learn'd*,
μάθων and by this Word,
Homer shews, that he knew
this Truth, that the Virtues,
even Valour itself, may be
taught, and that Use may
form them.

“ now,

" nour, or my own. (e) I know, a Day will
 " come, when Troy shall fall, With *Priam*, and
 " his People, and his Children ! But, not this
 " Empire's Fall, nor *Priam's* Death, Nor *He-
 cuba's*, nor that of all my Brothers, (Who,
 " trod by hostile Feet, must bite the Sand)
 " Make such a deep Impression on my Mind,
 " As the afflicting Thought, that some rude
 " Greek Will drag Thee, weeping, Captive, to
 " his Country ! There, in the Eyes of all the
 " Argive People, To a proud Mistress's Disdain
 " expos'd, Thou, at a foreign Loom, for her
 " must work ! Or which is infinitely worse, (f)
 " be forc'd, Like to the vilest Slave, to fetch in
 " Water, From clear (g) *Messeis* or *Hyperia's*
 " Spring ! This thou must do, however thou
 " abhor'st : Necessity's a most imperious Mis-
 " tress. When some shall say, seeing thy ab-
 " ject State, That's *Hector's* Wife : of all that

(e) *I know, a Day will come, when Troy shall fall.* He knew it before hand, by some ancient Oracle, to which he gave more Credit than *Priam* and the other Princes. He says, in a loose uncertain Manner, *a Day will come*, that he may not dishearten the unhappy *Andromache*, already sufficiently afflicted ; for the most fatal Events, with which we are threaten'd, are much less terrifying when the Hour is uncertain.

(f) *To fetch in Water.* For Drawing Water was the function of the basest Slaves. This appears even by Holy Scripture, where we see that

the Gibeonites, who had cheated *Joshua*, are made Slaves, and subjected to draw Water. This is the Curse which *Joshua* himself pronounces against them, and which very well shews the Ignominy of that Service : *Sub maledictione eritis, & non deficiet de stirpe vestra ligna cedens, aquasque comportans, &c.* Now therefore ye are cursed, and there shall none of you be freed from being Bondmen, and Hewers of Wood, and Drawers of Water, &c. *Josh. ix. 23.*

(g) *Messeis* or *Hyperia's Spring.* *Hyperia* is a Fountain of Argos ; and *Messeis* a Fountain of Thessaly.

" fought

“ fought for Troy, He was for Deeds of Proves
 “ most renown’d! This thou wilt hear each Mo-
 “ ment; and these Words will but renew thy
 “ Grief, and probe thy Wound, To see thy-
 “ self bereft of such a Husband, The only Man
 “ that could have broke thy Chains, And with
 “ his Sword cut short thy servile Hours! But
 “ e’er I hear your Cries, or see you drag’d,
 “ (b) May Mounds of Earth, pil’d on my
 “ darksome Tomb, Stop ev’ry Sense against
 “ thy Plaints and Plight!

This said, he reach’d his Hands to take his Son. The Infant, of his glitt’ring Arms afraid, And yet more frightned at the Agitation Of the large Horse-hair Plume which nodded dreadful, Back to his Nurse’s Bosom clung, and cry’d. His Parents gently smil’d to see his Fear; *Hector*, to still him, took his Helmet off, And laid it on the Ground, diffusing Light; Then having kiss’d, and danc’d between his Arms His dearest Son, he thus besought the Gods, Raising the Child tow’rds Heav’n: “ Almighty “ Jove! And all ye other Gods, attend me
 “ Pray’r! Grant that this Child may tread his
 “ Father’s Steps; Let his Renown be free from
 “ Stain, like *Hector*’s; Let him with Strength
 “ and Wisdom be adorn’d; (i) Let him in
 “ Ilium reign, belov’d and fear’d; That Men
 “ may say when he returns in Triumph, And

(b) May Mounds of Earth, | by heaping Mounds of Earth
 pil’d on my darksome Tomb.] I | on them.
 have try’d to convey the Force |
 of this Expression, *χυτὸν γῆν*, |
 which shews the Manner in |
 which they made the Tombs, |

(i) Let him in Ilium reign |
 belov’d and fear’d.] How |
 what *Hector* says here, agrees |
 with what he has already said |

“ shew

VO

" shews the bloody Spoils of slaughter'd Foes :
 "(k) This Prince is much more valiant than his
 " Father ! And may his Mother, Witnes to
 " these Praises, Feel all the Joy of having
 " such a Son !

This said : He to his Wife return'd the Child ; She, with a Smile chastis'd with Tears, receiv'd him, And in her fragrant Bosom sooth'd to rest. *Hector* with pitying Eyes beheld her Grief ; Then with his Hand he dry'd her scalding Tears, And tenderly embracing thus advised : " Grieve not with such Excess, too generous Princess ! No Man can die before his Hour is come : And when 'tis come, no Man can put it off ; Brave or not brave, a

that he knows *Ilium* will be sack'd by the *Greeks* ? It must be remember'd that this is a Prayer. *Hector* in an Excess of Emotion and Tenderness for his Son, prays the Gods to preserve *Troy*, and that his Son may reign therein. It is always permitted to pray to God to appease his Wrath, and change his Decrees. How often have Prayers chang'd Destiny ?

(k) This Prince is much more valiant than his Father.] *Hector* wishes that his Son may not only be more valiant than himself, but likewise much more valiant, and this is natural to Fathers. *Sophocles*, touch'd at the Beauty of this Prayer, has imitated it in his *Ajax*, where that unfortunate Father, taking his Son in his

Arms, prays, *That he may be more happy than himself, but in all Things else alike.*

"Ω ταῦ γένοιο πατρός εὐτυχίας,
 Χεῖσθε,
 Τα δ' αὖλλα ὄμοιος.

Whence comes the Difference then of these two Prayers, since the last is form'd on the first ? It comes from this, *Homēr* makes a wife Father speak it, and *Sophocles* puts it in the Mouth of a foolish one. Fools have always such a good Opinion of themselves, that they cannot think they can be surpass'd. I thought it proper to illustrate *Sophocles*'s Wisdom, in the Change he has made in this Character ; it may also be useful for the Manners.

“ Hero or a Coward: The Moment that we’re
 “ born our Fate is fix’d. Therefore, *Andro-
 “ mache*, I pray go home, (1) And with a
 “ Hōusewife’s decent Occupations Drive from
 “ thy Mind these melancholy Thoughts: Ap-
 “ ply thee to the Spindle and the Loom, And
 “ see thy Maids perform their several Tasks.
 “ War is Man’s Province, leave thou that to
 “ me, And those whom I as General shall em-
 “ ploy. This said, he re-assumes his Helm,
 and flies against the Foe.

The sad *Andromache* to Court returns, Oft
 looking back, and shedding plenteous Tears.
 Soon as in *Hector*’s Palace she arriv’d, Her
 Grief fill’d all her Women with Despair: No-
 thing is heard but Sighs, and Cries, and Groans.
Hector, yet living, is deplo’r’d as dead: They
 thought he never could return from Fight, Or
 possibly escape so many Hands Contending for
 his Life.

Paris, mean while, made all the Haste he
 could: No sooner was he arm’d, but thro’ the

(1) *And with a Housewife’s
 decent Occupations, &c.*] Homer always sends the Women
 to their Knitting and their
 Distaff; which brings into my
 Mind a pretty Story told by
Herodotus. He writes, that
 the Princess *Pheretima*, being
 driven from *Cyrene*, with her
 Son *Arcefidas*, retir’d to *Evel-
 ton*, King of *Cyprus*, of whom
 she beg’d an Army to re-
 establish her in her Kingdom.
Evelton continually shifted it
 off, by making her every Day

rich Presents. She receiv’d his
 Presents, and still beg’d Troop.
 One Morning the King of
Cyprus, tir’d with her Impor-
 tunities, sent her a Spindle and
 Distaff, and to tell her that such
 were the only Presents fit for
 Women, and ought to be
 their only Occupation. I am
 afraid some People, reading
 this Work, and finding it far
 above my Capacity, will send
 me also to my Distaff and
 Spindle.

Town He proudly stalk'd, confiding in his Feet. As a fair Courser that has long been pamper'd, Tir'd with Repose, at length he breaks from Stable, With ample Stroke measuring the open Plain; Eager to bathe in some calm Crystal Flood, He cleaves the Air, and makes the Earth resound: Haughty his Paces, and erect his Head, His Shoulders shaded with his flowing Mane; Presuming on his Body's fine Composure, And stung with high Desire, pursues his Way To wonted Pastures, and to well-known Females. So look'd the Son of *Priam*, Godlike *Paris*, Descending from the lofty Tow'r of *Troy*, Cover'd with Arms whose Beams out-shone the Sun's. Burning with hot Impatience for the Fight, He to the Walls directs his rapid Steps, And quickly with his valiant Brother meets, Near to the Place where he his Wife had left; Then with this short Apology began: "Brother, I fear I've made "you wait too long; And that I come not by "the time you wish'd, To second your Impatience for the Fight.

"Prince, reply'd *Hector*, (m) none can "justly tax you With Cowardice; for well "your Valour's known: But sometimes you "have Humours, and are slothful, Because "you will be so, and hate to stir. The Tro-

(m) *None can justly tax you with Cowardice.*] *Hector*, in making a kind of Satisfaction to *Paris* for the rough Manner, in which he had already twice spoke to him to excite him to fight, finds a new way to pique

him in the Point of Honour, by praising his Courage, and telling him, that he only corrupts it by Idleness, a Quality very natural to those who have *Paris*'s Inclinations.

" Jans, who, I must confess, have suffer'd, On
 " your Account, much Hardship and Affliction,
 " Speak all the Ill they can of you, in Spight;
 " Which when I hear, it cuts me to the Heart.
 " But come, let's go where Fame and Danger
 " call: There will be time enough for Recon-
 " cilement, If ever Jove shall put us in a State
 " To offer up the Sacrifice of Thanks, (n) And
 " drink the Cup of Liberty, in Joy For *Ilium*
 " sav'd, and haughty Greeks repell'd.

(n) *And drink the Cup of Liberty.*] That is to say, the Cup, in which they made Libations to Saviour Jupiter, after having driven away their Enemies, and recover'd their Liberty. The free Cup, or the Cup of Liberty, is an Expression borrow'd from the Hebrews, who in like manner said, the Calice, or Cup of Salvation, the Calice, or Cup of Anger, the Cup of Sorrow, the Cup of Benediction, &c. The Expression is remarkable in the

Mouth of Hector. Moreover, there was in Greece a Fountain, whose Water was call'd *λαβάπον*, and *λατρόπον υδων*, Water of Liberty. It was in the Neighbourhood of Mycene, near Juno's Temple, and it was call'd Water of Liberty, not only because Juno's Priestesses us'd it for secret Expiations, but likewise, because the Slavess who were set free drank of that Water, when they had their Liberty given them.





Argument of the Seventh Book.

ECTOR, advancing from Troy with his Brother Paris, re-engages himself in the thickest of the Fight, and performs new Exploits. Minerva, alarm'd for the Greeks, descends from Olympus; Apollo, perceiving her Design, goes to meet her; They agree to separate the two Armies for that Day, and to induce Hector to challenge the stoutest of the Greeks. Helenus, who, as an Augur, had penetrated their Intention, proposes it to his Brother; who, ravish'd with the Proposition, puts back his Troops; Agamemnon does the same thing on his side. Hector advances between both Armies, and proposes the Conditions of the Combat. The Greeks are frighten'd, and make no Answer to this Challenge: At length, Menelaus rises, and after having reproach'd the Greeks for their Cowardice, is for taking Arms himself. Agamemnon binders him; and Nestor so sharply reproves the Generals of the Troops, that Nine of them offer themselves, and contend for the Honour of Fighting Hector. Nestor obliges them to refer it to Chance; each puts his Mark into a Helmet, and the Lot falls upon Ajax, according to the Wishes of the whole Army. These two Heroes enter the Lists, and after having furiously charg'd several times, are parted by their Heralds. Before they retire, they make Presents to each other. Nestor proposes

ARGUMENT.

the Burning of the Dead ; and on that same Day, Antenor moves the Trojans to restore Helen, with all the Riches that came with her. Paris opposes this Motion, and offers only to restore her Riches, with some Addition, if it shou'd be thought proper. The next Day, Priam sends a Herald to make Declaration to the Greeks, of Paris's Offer, and at the same time, to demand a Truce for the Burning of the Dead. The Herald having deliver'd his Message, Diomed represents, That they ought to have no regard to this Proposition, nor even to receive Helen herself, tho' they wou'd restore her. So Agamemnon sends back the Herald, and grants only the Truce. The Dead are carry'd off ; and are plac'd upon the Funeral-Pile. After these pious Duties, the Greeks enclose their Camp with a Wall, flank'd by Towers, and defended by a Ditch, beset with Palisades. This great Work amazes the Gods themselves, and excites the Jealousy of Neptune ; he complains thereof to Jupiter. That God reproaches him for his unbecoming Jealousy, and to comfort him, abandons to him that Wall, after the Greeks shall be departed. The Greeks pass a good Part of the Night in making merriment in their Camp, and the Trojans do the like in their Town. Jupiter, by Thunder and Lightning, gives them new Marks of his Wrath, and they endeavour to appease him with Libations.





THE
ILLIAD
OF
HOMER.

BOOK VII.

English'd by another Hand.



HUS spake illustrious *Hector*, and
advanc'd Without the Gates, with
Paris by his Side: Both eager for
the Fight, intent on War: So
much their Looks foretold. (a)

No prosp'rous Gale sent by the
Gods to a distressed Crew, Long lab'ring against
Wind and Tide, and tir'd With plying the

(a) No prosp'rous Gale 1 how happily fertile is *Homer*
What a Greatness and Justness in praising Heroes!
is there in this Image! And

smooth Oar, was e'er more welcome, Than the
wish'd Presence of these noble Warriors To the
desiring Trojans, press'd in Battel By Numbers of
the Foe. First, *Paris* flew Valiant *Menestheus*,
born to *Arus'* King, Stout *Aretbois*, who weild-
ed well The massy Club ; *Philomedusa* was His
Mother, for the Beauties of her Eyes Renown'd.
Then *Hector*, with his pointed Spear, Smote
brave *Eioneus*, between the Cuirass And tem-
per'd Helmet : To the Ground it fell'd him.
Gaucus, *Hippolochus*'s valiant Offspring, Chief
of the *Lycians*, darted his swift Jav'lin At *Dex-
ius'* Son *Iphinous*, as he stood Erect, within his
Chariot : on whose Shoulder It fell, and threw
him at his Horses Feet.

Gray-ey'd *Minerva* from *Olympus'* Top The
Combat view'd, so fatal to the Greeks : And,
hastening down, to *Ilium*'s Walls she flew ; Her
Phœbus saw from *Pergamus'* dread Height, And
sped to meet her : for he lov'd the Trojans,
And wish'd the Day was theirs. Both Deities
Met (b) near the Beech ; *Apollo* first began, And
thus bespoke *Jove's* Offspring : " Why, O
" Goddess, Why from *Olympus'* Mount, with
" what Design In Favour of the Greeks, for
" whom thou labour'st, Art thou come down
" to turn the doubtful Scale To that lov'd Side?
" For well I know thou hatest The Trojan Race.
" (c) But be advis'd : relent, And join with

(b) *Near the Beech.*] Which
was on the Eminence, opposite
to the *Scaean* Gates.

(c) *But be advis'd, relent,
and join with me.*] This Fic-
tion of Homer's is founded upon
Apollo's being the Represen-

tative of Destiny ; and *Minerva*, that is to say eternal
Wisdom, her representing Providence, which dictates the
Laws that Destiny is oblig'd
to follow, and which it cannot
violate.

" me,

VII.
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e,

" me, to stay the present Combat. Another
" Day's sufficient for the Greeks, And for the
" Fate of Troy ; since 'tis ordain'd (d) By two
" great Goddesses to lay this City Low in the
" Dust, and raze its deep Foundations.

Apollo thus ; and thus the Goddess answer'd :
" 'Twas on the same Design I left *Olympus*,
" And hither came, to part the doubtful Com-
" bat. Say, by what Means the two contend-
" ing Armies Shall stop their Fury in its high
" Career ?

To whom *Apollo*, Son of *Jove*, reply'd :
" Let us with double Strength and Rage in-
" spire Stout *Hector*, to propose in single Com-
" bat Himself a Match to whomsoe'er the
" Greeks Shall choose his Equal ; Let the Foe
" accept This Challenge, and select the most
" approv'd Of all their Captains to engage
" with *Hector*.

He spoke : The Goddess his Design pursu'd.
(e) But *Helenus*, old *Priam*'s Son belov'd, Per-
ceiving how the Deities had fix'd Their Pur-
pose, made his way where *Hector* fought ; And
thus advis'd him : " Son of *Priam*, Hear,
" Though much resembling *Jove* in wise Fore-
" cast ; Yet, knowing as thou art, accept the
" Counsel A faithful Brother gives thee. Stay
" the Battel ; And let both Armies cease their
" mutual Rage, Whilst thou, advancing, shalt
" in single Combat Dare the most hardy of

(d) By two great Goddesses.] fix'd their Purpose.] For it
Juno and Minerva. has been already said, that

(e) But *Helenus* per-
ceiving how the Deities had

“ the Greeks to meet thee, Engaging Man to
 “ Man ; thy destin'd Hour Comes not to day,
 “ nor can the Fates approach thee : (f) For
 “ well I know the Voices of the Gods.

Thus he : His Brother, ravish'd with his Motion, Caught the Proposal ; and incessant flung Himself between both Hosts, and with his Spear, (g) Grasp'd in the Middle, forc'd the Trojans back : Who all obedient from the Fight retir'd, And stood to wait the Issue ; Agamemnon, By his Example, drew the Grecians off, And left an Avenue between both Armies. (h) Pallas and Phœbus took the Form

(f) For well I know the Voices of the Gods.] Homer, therefore, was persuaded, that the Gods suffer'd their Voices to be heard by Men. The Manner in which such Voice was heard, has been very well explain'd by Monsieur Dacier, in the Argument of Socrates's Apology, in the beginning of the second Volume of Plato.

(g) Grasp'd in the middle.] I have already observ'd, that this is the natural Manner, in which an Officer makes his Troops retire, and ranges them, by pushing them back with his Pike side-ways. However, I am oblig'd to take Notice, that Eustathius understands it not in this Sense. He pretends that to take the Spear by the middle of it, was a Signal for ceasing the Combat ; for as the Ancients had neither Trumpets nor Drums, nor any other Instrument to give their Orders by, and since the Voice

alone was not sufficient amidst the Tumult and Noise of a Battel ; they were oblig'd to speak to the Eyes by some visible Sign, and so this Spear, taken by the middle, shew'd, that it was no longer us'd to fight with. But, whatever Deference I have for that learned Archbishop, I am persuaded, that he's mistaken, and that Homer paints Hector as putting back and ranging his Troops with his Pike side-ways.

(h) Pallas and Phœbus took the Form of Vulturs, and perching on the Beech.] The Metamorphoses of the Gods into Birds were receiv'd in Fable long before Homer ; so that he cannot be found fault with, for using what was generally admitted. However, 'tis not by this that I wou'd justify that great Poet. Whatever Liberty Fable might give him, I shou'd think he ought to

of Vulturs; And perching on the Beech, sacred to *Jove*, Sate to behold the Combat in the midst, Pleas'd with the fine Appearance of the Troops, Whose Shields, and Helmets, and resplendent Spears Reflected Horror through the glitt'ring Plains. As when the Eastern Blasts rouze the calm Ocean, And roll the Waves in Ranks, with Light and Shade Casting alternate Horrors: So the *Trojan* And *Grecian* Host appear'd, in dreadful Order; To whom stern *Hector* thus address'd himself.

“ Hear me, ye *Trojan* Chiefs! ye *Grecian*! “ hear What *Hector*’s mighty Soul shall dictate: “ *Jove*, Who from Above all humane Things “ controuls, Resolv’d to break the Truce so “ lately made, New Plagues against both Ar- “ mies meditates, Nor wills the War should “ cease, till either *Troy* Be level’d with the “ Dust, or conquer’d *Grecians* Retire, and seek “ their Safety in their Ships. With you are “ valiant Chiefs, renown’d in War: Chuse “ therefore one, if any one there be, Daring:

have avoided these unworthy Metamorphoses, which drew upon him the Censure of *Plato*; a very just Censure, if that Philosopher had kept it in its due Bounds; but these Fictions of *Homer*’s ought not to be taken grossly. Divination by the Flight of Birds was extremely in use in those Times; *Homer* therefore feigns that *Apollo* and *Minerva* declar'd their Design to *Helenus*, by Means of two Vulturs; and as these two Birds are the Messengers of these two Deities, *Ho-*

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mer, by an Imagination entirely Poetical, takes them for the Deities themselves, which they represent. Thus *Virgil* feign'd that the Fury, which assisted *Aeneas* against *Turnus*, chang'd herself into an Owl. We may likewise say, that the Raven, which help'd *Camillus*, against the Gauls, was some Deity who favour'd that Roman. These Freedoms are permitted in Poetry, and are very beautiful in it, when pertinently us'd.

" enough to meet me Hand to Hand, Here at
 " the Armies Head. Be these the Terms On
 " which we fight, and let great Jove confirm
 " them: If underneath his Sword I fall, my
 " Arms, His Prize, the Victor to yon Fleet
 " may bear; Only my Body be to Troy re-
 " stor'd, Amidst the Tears of Old and Young;
 " and there Receive its Funeral Rites: but if
 " I conquer, By great Apollo's Aid, His Arms
 " be mine; (i) Which at the Shrine of the
 " far-shooting King I'll hang up; his dead
 " Corps be yours, to bear In your tall Ships
 " to Greece, where, (k) on the Shore Of Hel-
 " lessont, you shall erect his Tomb; that when,
 " In future times, the Sailors pass that way,
 " Some one may say, There is the Tomb of him,
 " Once great in Arms, whom greater Hector slew:
 " (l) So shall my Glory reach the latest
 " Age.

(i) Which at the Shrine
 of the far-shooting King I'll
 hang up.] By this Passage it
 appears, that the Custom of
 hanging up, in Temples, the
 Spoils of the Enemy, is very
 ancient.

(k) On the Shore of Hel-
 lessont, you shall erect his
 Tomb.] Homer accommodates
 to his Fable all the Particulars
 that he was acquainted with
 concerning the War of Troy.
 On the Shore of the Hellespont
 were the Tombs of the most
 famous Captains that were slain
 in this Expedition: Near the
 Promontory of Sigeum were

the Tombs of Achilles, Pa-
 troclus, and Antilochus; and
 near Rhœtia was seen that of
 Ajax, with the Statue of that
 Hero, which Anthony took
 away to present to Cleopatra,
 and which Augustus afterwards
 restor'd to the Rhœti.

(l) So shall my Glory reach
 the latest Age.] Time has de-
 stroy'd those Tombs, which
 were to have preserv'd Hector's
 Glory; but Homer's Poetry,
 more durable than Monuments,
 and Proof against Ages, will
 for ever preserve it, and trans-
 mit it even to the remotest
 Posterity.

Thus

Thus he : The Greeks all silent stood, ashame'd
 To wave the Fight, nor daring to accept it.
 At last, deep groaning in his wrathful Breast,
 Stout Menelaus stood up, and thus upbraided
 The Grecian Chiefs : " O Cowards, Boasters,
 " (m) Bullies ! A Host of Women, not of va-
 " liant Greeks ! Turn to your Native Dirt and
 " Rottenness, Rather than live to bear this
 " Load of Shame, Dismay'd with Words and
 " haughty Menaces. Will none meet gallant
 " Hector in the Combat, But all sit mute and
 " heartless ? then will I Accept his Challenge ;
 " (n) let the Gods, who order Th' Events of
 " War, do with me as they please.

This said, he buckl'd on his shining Armour,
 And had that Day resign'd his Soul to Fate,
 By Hector's Arm excelling far in Strength ;
 Had not the Grecian Chiefs all rose at once,
 And interposing stay'd him ; Agamemnon,
 Among the rest, hung on his Arm, and thus
 Address'd him : " Rash, imprudent Man, forbear
 " Words near ally'd to Frenzy ; moderate Your
 " Rage ; nor think you're able to encounter

(m) Bullies.] This is the true Signification of the Word *ἀτελεῖς*, which, as Eustathius observes, signifies, Men who, without Reason, boast ; or, who by their Bravado's wou'd frighten others, *ἀτελεῖς*, says he, *οἱ μὲν καυχαπίστοι, καὶ οἱ καύδοι αὐχοῦστοι* ; *οἱ δὲ εὐσεβοῦσις λέγοισι. οὐδὲ* *απολέπων γαρ λέγεις τὸ ατελεῖν.*

(n) Let the Gods, who order the Events of War.] The

Greek Expression deserves to be explain'd. Homer literally says, *the Ends of Victory are on high, in the Hands of the immortal Gods.* That Poet considers Victory under the Idea of a Cord, the two Ends whereof are tied in Heaven, and which none but the Gods can untie in Favour of him they protect. This Figure was familiar to the Greeks, and even to the Latins ; but it would not be supportable in our Language.

" A Man, whose Name is terrible to Greece,
 " And its best Leaders; (o) ev'n Achilles' self
 " Distrusts his Valour, when with Hector
 " match'd: And can't thou with Achilles vye?
 " for shame, Retire, and take your Station
 " in the Ranks; The Greeks will chuse some
 " other abler Champion, To cope with Hector;
 " and whoe'er he be, (p) From his great La-
 " bour willingly he'll rest, If with his Life he

(o) *Ev'n Achilles' self distrusts his Valour, when with Hector match'd.*] This is not Truth, but Agamemnon says it, the better to dissuade Menelaus, and to shew him, that, without Shame, he might avoid fighting with so redoubted a Man.

(p) *From his great Labours willingly he'll rest.*] The Greek says, he'll willingly bend his Knee; which made some Interpreters believe, Homer meant that he wou'd willingly bend his Knees, to thank the Gods for saving him; but this Expression bend his Knee, plainly signifies to sit down, to repose. Thus in *Æschylus*, *Vulcan* says to *Promotheus*, wherfore thou shalt be ty'd to this frightful Rock, always standing, without sleeping, without bending your Knee, οὐ καμψλον γένον, that is, without reposing. And in the same Piece, the Ocean says of his *Gryphon*, that he'll willingly bend his Knee in his Lodging.

-----ἄσμενος δὲ τὸν
 Στρατοῦ οὐντοτος τινα
 γένον.

Wherefore *Hesychius* has observed, γένον καμψας, ανατραπος, to bend the Knee, to rest. We do not find, that the Ancient Greeks ever bent the Knee in their Prayers; but always pray'd, either standing or sitting; *Pythagoras* too gave this Precept, adore fitting. The Custom of kneeling at Prayers, was practis'd by none but the Hebrews. Holy Scripture says of *Solomon*: *Surrexit de conspectu altaris Domini, utrumque enim genu in terram fixerat & manus expanderat in cælum.* He arose from before the Altar of the Lord, from kneeling on his Knees, with his Hands spread up to Heaven, 1 Kings viii. 54. I have read somewhere, that the *Aethiopians* always pray standing, in their Assemblies, except only on *Pentecost Day*, when they kneel to pray. The Primitive Church always pray'd kneeling, except on *Sundays*, and from *Easter* to *Whitsuntide*. *St. Ambrose*, *St. Jerom*, *Tertullian*.

“ 'scape

" 'scape from *Hector's* Sword. (q) With Words like these, full charg'd with Reason's Force, The King diverts his Brother's rash Attempt, Who, yielding to his just Commands, permits His Servants to unlade him of his Armour: Then *Nestor* from the Greeks up rose, and spake.

" Ye Gods, how low is *Grecian* Honour
 " fall'n? How would the Soul of the great
 " Hero *Peleus*, Who oft with martial Eloquence
 " excited His *Myrmidons* to War, and oft en-
 " quired, When first we sail'd from *Greece*,
 " what Chiefs we had, How born, and
 " whence descended! How wou'd he Groan
 " inward with Disdain, to see his *Greeks* Start
 " at a *Trajan* Name? so mean a Shame Wou'd
 " make him wish not to out-live the Day,
 " But pray the Gods to send him to the Shades.
 " Would *Jove*, and *Pallas*, and *Apollo* grant,
 " That I were young, as when I join'd the
 " Fight at *Celadon*: When *Pylians*, and *Arca-*
 " *dians*, Arm'd with their Darts, engag'd at
 " *Pheas'* Walls, On *Jordan's* Banks; a Cham-
 " pion then stood forth, Call'd *Ereuthalion*, of
 " a God-like Stature: His Arms the Spoils of
 " *Areitboüs*, The fam'd Club-bearing King,

(q) With Words like these, full charg'd with Reason's Force, the King diverts his Brother's rash Attempt.] This Docility of Menelaus's may shock the Boasters of our Age, who will never own any to be braver than themselves, and who therein are often more fool-hardy than brave. As for me,

I am charm'd with it, and I shou'd be glad, if in Valour, and all other good Qualities, every one wou'd own his strong and his weak Side; for 'tis certain, a Man may be sensible of it; Pride alone hinders the seeing it, and acknowledging it.

" such

" such was his Weapon, With which he fell'd
 " whole Ranks of armed Men, Disdaining the
 " long Spear and sounding Bow. By Treache-
 " ry he fell: *Lycurgus* flew him; For rush-
 " ing on him in a narrow Pass, He gored him
 " with his Spear, and brought him low, Ex-
 " tended on the Plain, (r) then seiz'd his Ar-
 " mour, The Gift of hardy *Mars*: which still
 " in Battel He wore, and gave at last, op-
 " press'd with Age, The Spoils to *Ereuthalion*,
 " a fam'd Warrior, The stoutest in his Train:
 " Thus dress'd for War, The Champion dar'd
 " the braveit of our Captains, (s) Till I, the
 " youngest then of all the Leaders, My Spirit
 " prompting, forward stood to meet This

(r) *Then seiz'd his Ar-
 mour, the Gift of hardy Mars.*] There is in this Place a beau-
 tiful Opposition, which de-
 serves to be noted. Nestor has
 just said of *Lycurgus*, that he
 had slain *Areithous*, δόλῳ οὐτε
 μάρτιῃ, not valiantly, but
 treacherously, and that thus he
 gain'd his Arms by Assassina-
 tion; and he says of *Areithous*,
 that *Mars* had made him a
 Present of these Arms, that is
 to say, he had gain'd 'em in
 Battel. Indeed, *Mars* gives
 Arms to those only who win
 them valiantly; the others
 win them not, they steal them.
 All this is Historical. It's
 known that the *Arcadians* were
 often at War with the *Pylians*,
 and that this *Lycurgus*, Son
 of *Aleus*, having succeeded his
 Father, never did any other
 Exploit than this Assassina-

tion; that his Children died
 before him; and that the
 Kingdom pass'd to *Echemus*.
 See *Pausanias*, and correct
 him; for he calls that Prince
Aretus, whom Homer calls
Areithous.

(s) *Till I, the youngest then
 of all the Leaders.*] This
 Youth of Nestor's renders his
 Reproaches much more lively
 and nipping. Nestor, tho'
 young, dares to present himself
 against a sort of Giant; and
 amongst so many brave Chiefs
 of the *Grecian Army*, there's
 not one that has the Courage
 to present himself against *He-
 tor*, who has nothing extraor-
 dinary. This Combat of Nestor
 against *Ereuthalion* has a great
 Resemblance with that of *Da-
 vid* against *Goliath*, whose Me-
 mory was yet fresh in Homer's
 Time.

" mighty

" mighty Hero, confident in Arms ; I fought,
" and, by Minerva's Aid, I conquer'd ; Wide
" stretch'd upon the Field his Carcass lay, Of
" mighty Bulk, and Strength proportionable.
" Wou'd I were young as then, my Strength
" not wasted ! Yon Chief should meet his
" Equal in the Field, Tho' not a Greek in all
" the Troops beside Dar'd to oppose himself
" to Hector's Rage.

(t) Stung with th' upbraiding Words of
good old Nestor, Nine of the foremost Leaders
strait up-rose ; (u) Of these, the King of Men
was first : next him, Brave Diomed, Idomeneus,
and Ajax, Both hardy Warriors ; then Meri-
ones, Inferior but to Mars ; Evæmon's Son,
Eurypylus, was next : to these succeeded Thoas,
Andræmon's Offspring, and Ulysses. All offer'd
Combat to the Son of Priam. To them thus
Nestor : " Let the Lots determine Whose is
" the Right, and chuse the Greeks a Cham-
" pion to fight their Cause. Eternal be his
" Glory, If he survive the Fortune of this
" Day.

Thus he : Then each Commander (w) made
his Mark, And mingled them in Agamemnon's

(t) Stung with th' upbrai-
ding Words. [Reprimands, per-
tinently made, always produce
a good Effect, in Homer, who
wou'd thereby shew their Use-
fulness.

(u) Of these, the King of
Men was first.] It had been
shameful for the General of
so many Kings, to have sat
and seen this Honour be dis-

puted by all these Princes ;
it wou'd have contradicted the
Elogium which Homer gave
him, of being as valiant a
Captain as a good King.

(w) Made his Mark.] It
is in the Greek, they ev'ry
one mark'd their Lot ; that
is to say, each of them, upon
what he gave for his Lot, and
which was the first Thing that

Helmet ;

Helmet ; The Soldiers, with up-lifted Hands,
to Jove Prefer'd their Pray'rs. This was the
gen'ral Voice ; “ O Jove ! Disposer of all hu-
“ mane Fortune, Grant (x) that Mycene’s
“ King, or valiant *Ajax*, Or *Diomed*, may be
“ our Country’s Champion.

Mean while, old *Nestor* from the Helmet
drew The fatal Mark : to *Ajax* ’twas allotted,
Where every Wish had plac’d it. The loud
Herald, From Chief to Chief, (y) through
all the Ranks convey’d The Marks, which all
disown’d ; till *Ajax* saw and blefs’d his For-
tune ; with transporting Joy He seiz’d the
Scroll, soon as among th’ Assembly The Herald
first approach’d him : then disdaining, Flung
it beneath his Feet, and thus harangu’d.

“ The Fates, my Friends ! propitious to my
“ Wishes, Assign the Lot to me : with Joy
“ I take it ; For much my Hopes persuade me,
“ that this Day I shall o’er *Hector* triumph.
“ Only you Aflist me with your Pray’rs to Sa-
“ turn’s Son, Whilst I in Armour dress me for

came to Hand, as a bit of
Wood, a Shell, &c. made his
Mark ; now what Nature these
Marks were of, wou’d be use-
less to enquire. I shall only
say that the Consequence which
a Scholiast draws from hence,
viz. That these Heroes had
not the Use of Letters, is ill
founded ; since it is certain,
Letters were carried into Greece
by *Cadmus*, above a hundred
or a hundred and twenty Years
before the *Trojan War*.

(x) Mycene’s King.] This
is a great Elogium for Aga-

memnon, to be join’d with *Ajax*
and *Diomed*, by the whole
Army ; no Body ever had the
Art of praising like Homer.

(y). Through the Ranks con-
vey’d the Marks, which all dis-
own’d.] This is a Proof, that
these Heroes did not write their
Names on these Lots, but that
every one made a Mark accor-
ding to his Fancy ; for other-
wise, the Herald, upon reading
the Name, need only have pro-
claim’d it.

“ the



ctor, being return'd to his Camp, enters into single Combat with Ajax, after
defeated by most Valiant of the Greeks. They are interrupted by two Heraldis.
part them.

B. VII.

N.Y. & London 1800.



" the Combat. (z) But pray in secret, lest
" the *Trojans* hear: Yet, if you please, be
" loud; for should they hear, They cannot
" think it is a Coward's Voice: Nor do you
" pray for one, who tamely will Resign his
" Life; whether his Foe (a) by Force Attack
" him, or by crafty Stratagem. (b) Not so I
" learn'd the Arts of War and Combat, In
" Salamin, to hardy Manhood train'd.

Thus he: The Troops to Heav'n address'd
their Pray'rs, And lifting up their Hands, cry'd,
" Mighty Jove! Father of Gods and Men,
" ador'd on Ida, Author of Glory, Judge of
" Victory, Let *Ajax* conquer; or if *Hector's*
" Life Be much your Care, yet let him not
" prevail O'er Greece's Champion; (c) but di-

(z) *But pray in secret, lest the Trojans hear.*] *Ajax* is afraid lest those *Barbarians* shou'd take the Praying of the *Greeks* for a Sign of their Fear, and that it might augment *Hector's* Courage and Confidence; but since this Thought might look suspicious, and make the *Trojans* believe, that *Ajax* himself is afraid of increasing his Enemy's Courage, he presently recalls it, and desires them to pray aloud. There is, in this, a Delicacy becoming a Hero.

(a) *By Force* — or by *crafty Stratagem.*] Homer acknowledges two Parts in Valour, *Strength and Stratagem*, or rather *Experience*, for that is the proper Signification of the Greek Word *aidōsin*.

(b) *Not so I learn'd the*

Arts of War and Combat in Salamin.] In this there are two Things to be observ'd; the first is, that *Homer* was perswaded, that a Man's Country, and a Habitude greatly contribute to Valour. *Hippocrates* likewise believ'd it, and has made a sensible Demonstration of it: And the second is, that great Men, far from blushing at their Country, when 'tis inconsiderable, rejoice, on the contrary, in it, and thank it for the Good that is in themselves. This is what *Ajax* does here

(c) *But divide the Honour between both Combattants.*] Homer prepares his Reader for what is to happen, and at the same time shews, that the most modest Pray'rs are always the most listen'd to.

“ vide

" vide the Honour Between the Combatants.
Thus pray'd the Greeks.

Mean while, bold *Ajax*, harness'd in bright Steel, His Arms approv'd, advanc'd with lofty Pace ; Wearing the Front of *Mars*, as when he sallies (d) From Heav'n, by Jove's Command, to pour fell War On Hostile Earth ; deciding between Nations Engag'd in bloody Battel ; with that Presence The Greek appear'd, and stalk'd between the Armies : Gnashing with proud Disdain, he shook his Spear, And measur'd out the Field with haughty Pace. The Greeks rejoice to see their Hero pass, Whilst Fear through ev'ry Trojan Soldier thrill'd ; Ev'n *Hector* found within his manly Breast Some gentle Throbbings : but 'twas now too late, Or to retire within the armed Troops, Or to decline the Combat ; since 'twas he Who had defy'd the Greeks, and *Ajax* now Approach'd him, weilding on his brawny Arm A Buckler, like some Turret large and massy, The Workmanship of *Tychius*, a fam'd Artist, Of Armourers the best (e) in *Hyla* born ; Sev'n large Bull-Hides he folded in the Mass, And with a brazen Plate enclos'd the whole.

Thus arm'd, the Greek, confronting *Hector*, stood, And thus return'd his Menaces. " Bold " Trojan ! Soon thou shalt know, by dint of

(d) From Heav'n, by Jove's Command.] Homer here plainly shews, that *Mars* is nothing but Jupiter's Minister.

(e) In *Hyla* born.] Others have written it, in the City of *Hyda*, but falsely, as *Strabo*

has observ'd ; for *Hyda* was in *Lydia*, and it is not likely, that *Ajax* had his Shield brought from *Lydia* ; whereas he might easily have it in the City of *Hyla*, which was in *Bœotia*.

" mortal

(f) Martia
are two
ters. I
himself

" mortal Combat, Thy own Proposal, whether Greece has Leaders Who for Achilles' Absence may atone, The Lion-like Achilles, whose dread Name Strikes Terror through your Troops: but he, retir'd, Resenting Agamemnon's Usage, lies Unactive in his Ship; whilst I, his Second, Enjoy the Honour to engage with Hector. Come on, and give me Tryal of thy Valour.

He spake; and valiant Hector thus reply'd. Think not, most noble Son of Telamon, To scare me with big Words, as Boys are frightened, Or tender Women unemploy'd in War. (f) Well I have learn'd the Martial Game and Trade, To weild the Buckler, throw the well-aim'd Lance, Manage the warlike Steed, or else, on Foot, Push the close Battel, and give Mars himself Diversi-
tion that shall please him; I have seen Thy Valour and thy Manhood, and disdain To practise any Stratagem on Ajax, Or take thee at an unexpected Turn; Nothing but open Force and fair Encounter Shall be my Arts; therefore defend thyself.

Thus he; and brandishing his lofty Spear, Flung it with mighty Force; which Ajax caught Upon his Shield; it pierc'd the plated Brads, And thro' six Hides made way, but on the sev'nth Unactive rested. Then the Greek, enrag'd, His Jav'lin threw, which pass'd thro'

(f) Well I have learn'd the Martial Art and Trade.] Here are two very different Characters. Hector speaks of none but himself, whereas Ajax says

nothing concerning himself in Particular, but speaks in General of all the valiant Men in the Army.

Hector's Buckler, And pierc'd his Breast-plate;
 but the active *Trojan*, Inclining forward, scap'd
 the fatal Wound. Then both from either's
 Shield drew out their Lances, And, closing,
 with impetuous Shock engag'd, Fearless, as sa-
 vage Boars, or furious Lions, Contending for
 the Prey. *Hector* renew'd The Blow with his
 long Spear; But *Ajax* Buckler Was Proof, and
 blunted the ill-temper'd Point: Whilst he,
 collecting all his Force, advanc'd, And smote
 on *Hector's* Shield with so much Rage, That
 it gave way: and strait the *Trojan* Blood Ran
 down his Arms. The Hero not dismay'd,
 Rouz'd all his Courage, (g) and a mighty Stone,
 Of wond'rous Size, up-lifted from the Field,
 And with it smote on *Ajax* sev'n-fold Shield;

(g) *And a mighty Stone, of wond'rous Size, up-lifted from the Field.*] Homer's saying that these Heroes often in their Combats make use of Stones of a prodigious Bigness, is not a Poetical Imagination, to adorn and vary the Recital of a Battel. It's drawn from Truth, that is to say, from the Custom of the Orientals, who all exercis'd themselves in lifting and throwing such enormous Stones; for this Custom was very ancient in the East, as we learn by this Passage of St. Jerom: *Mos est in urbis Palestina, & usque hodie per omnem Iudæam vetus consuetudo servatur, ut in viculis, oppidis, & castellis rotundi ponantur lapides gravissimi ponderis, ad quos juvenes*

*exercere se solent, & eos pro varietate virium sublevare, alii ad genua, alii ad umbilicum, alii ad humeros & caput, non nulli super verticem, rectis junctisque manibus, magnitudinem virium demonstrantes, pondus attollunt. And thereby he admirably explains what God says by the Mouth of the Prophet Zachariah xii. 3. *Et erit in die illa ponam Jerusalem lapidem oneris cunctis populis, onnes qui levabunt eam, concisione lacerabuntur. And in that Day I will make Jerusalem a burdensome Stone for all People; all that burden themselves with it, shall be cut in Pieces.* This was also practis'd in Greece, in a maner very little different.*

The hollow Brass resounded with the Blow :
 But the stout Greek return'd the rude Assault,
 And flung a Stone of more portentous Size,
 Pois'd in the Air, which dash'd on *Hector's*
 Target, And burst the Brass ; astony'd with the
 Blow, The Warrior backward fell, and spread
 the Plain ; There had he lain, but *Phœbus*
 rais'd his Fav'rite ; And now their Swords they
 draw, and both prepare, With Rage renew'd,
 to end the doubtful Combat : When from the
 Trojan Troops *Idæus* issu'd, And from the Greeks,
Talibybius : Heralds both, For Counsel fam'd,
 and as a Signal, (b) lifting High in the Air
 their massy Scepters, parted The Combatants.
 First, wise *Idæus* spoke :

“ (i) Enough, my Sons, your Valour has
 “ been try'd : Give o'er : the Armies both ap-
 “ prove your Manhood, And *Jove* with equal
 “ Favour crowns your Prowess. The Night
 “ comes on, and warns you from the Combat :
 “ (k) The Night a Goddess is, obey her Sum-
 “ mons.

(b) *Lifting high in the Air their massy Scepters.*] Homer, in speaking of the Heralds, in this Place, calls by the Name of Scepters, the Batons of Command, which were the Badge of their Character, and which render'd them respectable, and as it were, sacred ; and they raise up these Scepters, that the whole Army may see them, and that at this Sight, the Combatants may pay them the Respect which is due to them.

(i) *Enough my Sons.*] *Idæus* calls these two Heroes his Sons, by reason of his Character and Age ; for he was old. Homer makes the Herald of the Trojans, and not that of the Greeks, to speak ; because *Ajax* had some Advantage, and because *Idæus* had no time to lose for *Hector's* Safety.

(k) *The Night a Goddess is, obey her Summons.*] The Greeks say, to obey the Night, meaning, to cease Working and take Repose ; and on the con-

Thus he; and thus the Son of Telamon:
 “ (1) Your Words, *Idæus!* and your prudent
 “ Counsel Should be address'd to *Hector*: He
 “ it was, Who first defy'd the Greeks; let
 “ him declare His Purpose to desist, and I'll
 “ obey.

To him, thus *Hector*: “ Valiant Greek! thy
 “ Virtues, (m) Thy Strength, thy Courage,
 “ and thy Skill in Counsel, All lent thee by
 “ the Gods, are well approv'd, (n) And thou
 “ art number'd with the bravest Greeks. Where-
 “ fore desist, and let us stay the Combat: Some
 “ other Day shall end the doubtful Strife, And
 “ give the Victory to whom the Gods That
 “ Blessing have assign'd; the Night approaches,
 “ And let's obey the Goddess. To the Fleet
 “ Do you repair, among your chosen Friends,
 “ All glad at your Return, enjoy yourself:

trary, to obey Aurora, to cease Resting, and to begin to Work; for these are the two only Commands which these two Goddesses give, Work and Rest.

(1) Your Words, *Idæus!* and your prudent Counsel shou'd be address'd to *Hector*.] It appears, that Homer was perfectly instructed in what we at this Day call the Point of Honour, for he is never wanting in any Decency; 'tis not for *Ajax* to require a Cessation, 'tis for *Hector*, who is the Aggressor; and thereby *Ajax* draws from his Enemy's Mouth, as it were, a Confession of his Defeat; for he that desires first to give over the Combat,

confesses himself vanquish'd. (m) Thy Strength, thy Courage, and thy Skill in Counsel, all lent thee by the Gods.] Homer here acknowledges, as he has already done in other Places, that these Qualities are the Gifts of God; and this is what Plato has very well prov'd in *Laches* and *Protagoras*, by shewing that Valour is a Science, but a Science which God alone can teach.

(n) And thou art number'd with the bravest Greeks.] *Hector* will not own that *Ajax* is valianter than himself; he only says, that he is the valianter of the Greeks, and thereby he sets off himself.

“ Whilst

BOOK VII. OF HOMER. 169

" Whilst I to Priam's lofty Walls return, And
" with my Presence clear the drooping Tro-
" jans, (o) Who, for my Safety to return their
" Thanks, Will fill the Temples, and embrace
" the Altars. But e'er we part, let us with
" mutual Presents Witness each other's gene-
" rous Affection; That Men may say, we
" fought not for Revenge, But on a Principle
" of spotless Honour.

This said, (p) his Sword, a costly Work, inclos'd In a rich Scabbard, to the Greek he gave; To him the Hero, in Return, presented His crimson Belt, bright shining. Thus retiring, Both parted; *Hector* mingled with the Trojans, Who, glad at his Return, with Shouts convey'd him To *Troy*, transported with the Event: so much They fear'd his Life, and dreaded *Ajax*' Valour, (q) That yet they hardly cou'd believe he liv'd.

Whilst *Ajax*, by his faithful Greeks conducted, Repair'd to *Agamemnon*'s Tent, and bless'd His Fortune; the good King, to shew his Welcome, To mighty *Jove* ordain'd a Sacrifice,

(o) Who, for my Safety to return their Thanks, will fill the Temples.] 'Tis in the Greek, *Who, to pray on my Account, will repair to the divine Assembly.* Homer calls the Temple *εἴσοδος αἴστησα*, because of the Statues of the Gods with which they were fill'd.

(p) His Sword — to the Greek he gave.] The Presents of Enemies are commonly fatal. *Ajax* kill'd himself

with the same Sword that *Hector* gave him, and *Hector* was drag'd by *Achilles* with *Ajax*'s Belt.

(q) That yet they hardly cou'd believe he liv'd.] This is what Homer means by these Words, *ἀπνούσε σοδον εἴσας*. For this is the Effect of unhop'd for Happiness; we possess it, and yet doubt it. Homer is wonderful, especially in the Sentiments.

A Bull of five Years old ; and Part they offer'd,
The rest was dress'd to furnish out the Banquet,
Welcome Repast, after their warlike Toils :
(*n*) The Chine, the noblest Share, the Grecian
King To *Ajax* gave, in Honour of his Valour.
At length, amidst their Dainties, from the
Board, *Nestor* stood up, and thus bespoke th'
Assembly.

“ Ye Greeks, and thou our Leader *Aga-*
“ *memnon*, Since Numbers of our Slain infest
“ the Plains, Whose generous Souls are gone
“ to *Pluto*'s Palace, Whilst with *Scamander*'s
“ Waves their Blood is mingled ; A while ab-
“ stain from War, and (*s*) in our Chariots,
“ Let us convey the Bodies to a Pile Erected
“ at some Distance from our Ships ; That when
“ our Soldiers shall return to *Greece*, Our

(*r*) *The Chine, the noblest Share, the Grecian King to Ajax gave.*] Rewards which Heroes receiv'd for their great Actions were the chief Places in Assemblies, and the honourablest Portions in Feasts. This Portion was the whole Back of the Sacrifice, as *Homer* says here ; by which he appears to have been perfectly instructed in the Manners of the *Lacedemonians*, where 'twas the King's Privilege to have the Hide and entire Back of the Victims which they sacrificed in War, as *Herodotus* tells us in his sixth Book ; τὸν δὲ θυμίαν ἀπαί-
τεν τὰ δέρματα καὶ τὰ πότα λαμβάνειν σφιας ταῦτα μόνον ἴμπολέμα. The French

Translator express'd only the Skins, he was undoubtedly ashame'd to speak of the Back. I know no Reason for it ; for Things which shew Customs ought to be religiously preserv'd. *Agamemnon* in this place treats *Ajax* like a great King.

(*s*) *In our Chariots let us convey the Bodies.*] He says *us*, because they did not cause it to be done by Servants, or common Soldiers ; they did it themselves. The Greek says in one Word what I cou'd not say in less than six, ωκλέσομεν ; that is, ἵπποι ωκλέσομεν ; for ωκλα are the Wheels of the Chariots, and are put for the Chariots themselves.

“ Country

" Country Youth with Piety may meet The
 " Ashes of their valiant Ancestors ; One com-
 " mon Tomb shall serve the numerous Dead :
 " Then let us raise a Rampart round our Camp,
 " Flank'd with strong Tow'rs, with Gates
 " from place to place, At which our Chariots
 " may unhinder'd issue. These Works will be
 " a Safeguard to our Fleet, Round which a
 " Ditch, impassible by Horse Or'Foot, will
 " save our Camp from frequent Insults, And
 " guard us from the Sallies of the Town.

Thus he ; the Captains his Advice approv'd.
 Mean while, in *Ilium's* Fortress, next the Pa-
 lace Of *Priam*, an Assembly of the *Trojans* Was
 held, (t) in which contending Parties jar'd.

To whom, intent on Peace, *Antenor* spoke :
 " Hear me, ye *Trojans*, and Allies to *Troy*,
 " For 'tis the God's Advice, and for your
 " Good ; (u) Without Delay, let *Helen* be re-
 " stor'd, With all the Riches, which she brought

(t) In which contending
 Parties jar'd.] For on the un-
 just Side, is always Trouble
 and Confusion.

(u) Without Delay let *He-
 len* be restor'd.] *Herodotus* in
 his second Book relates, That
 being in *Egypt*, he ask'd the
Egyptian Priests whether the
Trojan War was a Fable or
 not ? And they answer'd him,
 That their Predecessors had
 told them they had learn'd
 from *Menelaus* himself, that
Helen was really stolen away ;
 that the *Greeks* carry'd a great
 Army to *Ilium* ; that before
 they began Hostilities, they

sent Ambassadors to *Priam*,
 of which Number was *Menelaus*, to re-demand *Helen* ; that
 the *Trojans* answer'd, she was
 in *Egypt* with King *Proteus* ;
 that the *Greeks* took this An-
 swer for a Mockery ; but that
 after the City was taken, they
 found it true, and that *Helen*
 was indeed at *Memphis* ; that
Menelaus presently went thi-
 ther, and that she was restor'd
 to him.

To this Relation of the
Egyptian Priests, *Herodotus*
 adds this Reflection. If *He-
 len* had been at *Troy*, says he,
 the *Trojans* wou'd have re-

" from Greece, To Atreus' Sons ; for now we
 " war unjustly, And break the solemn Treaty
 " which we made ; Such Perfidy no good Suc-
 " cess attends : (w) Then be advis'd, and end
 " this hopeless War.

He said ; then from his Seat the Royal *Paris*
 Arose, fair *Helen*'s Spouse, and, with a Frown
 Cast at *Antenor*, thus his Indignation vented.

stor'd her in spite of *Paris* ; for *Priam*, and all the other Princes of his Family, were not Fools enough to hazard the Ruin of the Kingdom, for no other End than to preserve his Mistress : And tho' they had at first been resolv'd to detain her, they would have chang'd their Mind after their first Losses, and especially when two or three of *Priam*'s Sons had been kill'd in Fight. Besides, 'twas not *Paris* was to reign after *Priam*, but *Hector*, and *Hector* wou'd not have had the Complaisance to ruin himself for his Brother's Injustice. But the *Trojans*, adds he, cou'd neither restore *Helen*, nor persuade them they had her not, Providence ordering it in that manner, that *Troy* might be sack'd, and raz'd to the Ground, and that all Men might thereby learn, that great Wrongs, in the End, draw from the Gods great Punishments. This Reflection is perfectly beautiful, and very true ; nevertheless, when we examine these two Traditions well, that of the Egyptian Priests, and that which

Homer has follow'd, we shall find the last not only more proper for the *Epoepa*, but likewise the more probable. Wou'd the Greeks stay ten Years before *Troy* in this Uncertainty ? And wou'd *Menelaus*, who had assembled so many Princes and Troops to regain his Wife, would he have been so patient as not to have sent presently to *Egypt* to inform himself of the Truth ? All Antiquity has given its Consent to the Tradition Homer has follow'd. And upon that, I like the Answer which *Plutarch* relates of a King of *Thrace*, call'd *Poltys*. The *Trojans* and Greeks sent to demand Aid of him ; he refus'd the first, and answer'd their Ambassadors, that they were in the Wrong ; that he thought *Paris* ought to restore *Helen*, and that, in her stead, he wou'd give him two handsome Women to comfort him. *Plutarch*'s notable Sayings of Kings, &c.

(w) Then be advis'd.] This is the Counsel of a wise Man, which alone wou'd have sav'd *Troy*, if it had been follow'd.

" *Antenor*,

“ *Antenor, I resent thy wayward Counsel,*
 “ *And did expect a Sentence more agreeable*
 “ *From thee ; (x) some fatal Frenzy, sure, is*
 “ *on thee. Me, in my Turn, let the good*
 “ *Trojans hear ; (y) My Wife I shall not part*
 “ *with ; but her Wealth, Whate'er it is, shall*
 “ *be restor'd to *Greece*, To which I'll add new*
 “ *Treasures of my own.*

Thus he ; then *Priam*, meditating Peace,
 Stood up, for Wisdom next the Gods renown'd,
 And thus with reconciling Words began.

“ *Hear me, ye *Trojans*, and Allies to *Troy* !*
 “ *My Counsel is, Let all the Troops repair,*
 “ *Incessant, to their usual Repast : Then set the*
 “ *Guard ; and with the Morning-Sun, *Idens**
 “ *to the *Grecian* Fleet shall go, And to their*
 “ *Leaders tell (z) what *Paris* offers, The Au-*
 “ *thor of this War : and let him farther Pro-*
 “ *pose a Truce, till all the Slain are burnt ;*

(x) *Some fatal Frenzy, sure, is on thee.*] Homer here very well describes the common Effect of Passions, which blind Men so much, that they treat those who give the wisest Counsels as Fools.

(y) *My Wife.*] He calls Helen *his Wife*, to cover, in some manner, his Injustice.

(z) *What Paris offers.*] It seems wonderful, that such a King as *Priam*, to whom Homer has just given such an Elogium, that his Wisdom was equal to that of the Gods, shou'd however be so mad as to reject *Antenor's* Advice, which was so beneficial, and to adhere to that of *Paris*, which was so

pernicious ; but there is nothing in it but what is very natural, and very common. The unreasonable Complaisance that *Priam* had for *Paris* had entirely blinded him : Besides, his great Age having made him lose almost all his Authority, he dar'd not to expose himself, being very sensible that he was not the strongest ; and lastly, the Measure of the *Trojans* Iniquities was full : Nothing cou'd save them ; and Homer here would teach us when Injustice is carry'd to a certain Point, all Wisdom is eclips'd ; or, if it speaks, it is not listen'd to.

“ When we again may try the doubtful War,
Till Jove determines on the Victor’s side.

He spake ; (a) the Troops, obedient to his Order, Refresh’d themselves a while in Companies, And on the Morrow, at the Dawn of Day, *Idæus* to the Fleet repair’d, and found Their Chieftains met in *Agamemnon*’s Tent : To whom admitted, in the midst he stood, And with a Herald’s Voice, thus told his Charge.

“ Ye Sons of *Atreus* and illustrious Greeks !
“ A Message from the Trojans and their King
“ I bring, to you, I hope, agreeable. *Paris*,
“ the only Author of this War, Proposes to
“ restore (b) whatever Wealth And Spoils he
“ brought to *Troy* with lovely *Helen*. (c)
“ Would he had dy’d before that fatal Voyage !

(a) The Troops, obedient to his Orders, refresh’d themselves a while in Companies.] The Troops did not return into their Quarters to feast by House-fuls, as they say, but they go to their Posts in the Camp, where they feast by Bands and Companies, like Troops that are upon Duty, and who wou’d pass the Night under Arms, to avoid surprize. And this is the Explication of the Order that *Priam* gave them, to go to their Posts, and to refresh themselves as they us’d to do, without quitting their Arms.

(b) Whatever Wealth and Spoils he brought to *Troy*.] This is not what *Paris* had said, for *Paris* only promis’d to render what he had brought from *Argos*, thereby excepting

what he brought from *Sidon* and other Places; but *Idæus*, to make the better Offer, professes in general all that he brought to *Troy*; for he was persuaded, that if the Greeks had accepted this Offer, *Paris* wou’d not have deny’d it.

(c) Wou’d be bad dy’d before that fatal Voyage.] The ancient Critics have remark’d on this Passage, that the Herald spoke this low, as in Dramatick Poetry, where the Persons often say Things which shou’d not be heard by those to whom they speak ; but I know not whether this Remark be true ; I shou’d rather think that *Idæus* adds this of his own Head, and aloud, to gain the Favour of these Princes, and to shew them

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" To these he'll add some Presents of his own,
" But, deaf to all Intreaties, will not yield
" (d) The beauteous Spouse of valiant Men-
" elaus. With this I had a farther Charge to
" offer A Truce, till on both Sides the Slain
" are buried: And then we may renew the
" hardy Strife, Till Jove shall interpose his
" Pow'r, and give The Victory to those whom
" most he loves.

Idæus thus. (e) The Grecians silent fate A
while; then *Diomed* arose, and answer'd;

" The Greeks disdain the Offer of young
" Paris, Nor will accept his Gifts, nor Helen's
" self, Ev'n tho' he offer her; for there is
" none So ignorant, nor childish, but may see,
" That Ruin hangs o'er Troy; and its last
" Hour Is come, when *Greece* shall have an
" ample Vengeance.

Thus *Diomed*. With Shouts the whole As-
sembly Spoke their Assent, and ratify'd his
Purpose. Then *Agamemnon* rose, and thus be-
gan.

" Herald, thou hear'it the Mind of all the
" Greeks, And what Return they make: This

how much the *Trojans* hated
Paris, upon Account of his In-
justice.

(d) The beauteous Spouse of
Valiant Menelaus.] The Greek
says, *xoupidin* *ձλօչօ*, that is
to say, the Wife which Menel-
laus marry'd, when she was a
Maiden. We have already had
this Expression in the first Book;
and it is not useless to observe,
that 'tis the same our Holy
Prophets use, who, like Homer,

say, *արդգա տարթաւոր*, and *յւ-
րայց տարթաւոր*, *virum puber-
tatis, uxorem adolescentia*, which
is the same as *մեծ հօգիծ* Ձ.,
and *հօգիծ ձլօչ* Ձ.

(e) The Grecians silent fate.]
Why this Silence? The
Princes expect what *Agamem-
non* will say to *Paris*'s Offer,
and *Agamemnon* expects to hear
the Sentiments of the Princes
and Troops.

“ I confirm. As to the Truce, be it establish'd
 “ firm, And let the Dead, in Honour to their
 “ Valour, Receive the Rites of Burial, which
 “ foul Envy cannot deny them. Let Almighty
 “ Jove, The Thunderer, attest this solemn
 “ Compact !

This said, (f) he rear'd his Scepter towards Heav'n, And ratify'd the League. *Ideus* back Return'd to *Ilium*, where he found the *Trojans* Assembled still, all waiting for an Answer : To whom the Herald told his Embassy. Then all betake them to their sev'ral Toils : Some bear the Slain in Chariots, others fell The Wood, and build the Piles. Mean while, the *Greeks*, Equally diligent, collect their Slain. Soon as the Sun from the calm Ocean rose, And with his early Lustre grac'd the World, *Grecians* and *Trojans* mingled in their Labour, And undistinguish'd wander'd o'er the Plain : Some wash'd the Blood and Dust from the dead Corps, And others loaded them in Chariots : Some Pil'd them on Wood, (g) and others kindled Fire :

(f) *He rear'd his Scepter towards Heav'n.*] This was the Oath, with which he confirm'd the Truce, by making all the Gods Witness to his Intentions. He elsewhere has already spoken of this sort of Oath, by lifting the Scepter.

(g) *And others kindled Fire.*] The *Greeks* then were not the only People that burnt their Dead, the *Trojans* burnt them too ; undoubtedly they had this Custom from their Ancestors, who were sprung

from *Greece*. In sacred History, we see that the Inhabitants of *Jabesh-Gilead* burnt the Corps of *Saul* and of his three Sons. *Et tulerunt cadaver Saul & cadavera filiorum ejus de muro Bethsham, veneruntque Jabel Galaad, & combufferunt ea ibi, & tulerunt ossa eorum, & sepelierunt in nemore Jabel, & jejunaverunt septem diebus. And the valiant Men arose and went all Night, and took the Body of Saul, and the Bodies of his Sons*

All silently lamented o'er their Slain. (b) *Priam* forbad them Weeping. This perform'd, The Troops return'd to *Troy*; nor were the *Greeks* Less busy in Attendance on their Slain: Some burnt the Bodies, others cull'd the Ashes. Their Work perform'd, all to their Fleet return'd. Soon as the Morning chas'd the Shades of Night, The *Greeks* assembled round the Fun'ral Pile, (i) Threw up a Rampart, to de-

from the Walls of *Bethshan*, and came to *Jabesh* and burnt them there, and they took their Bones and buried them under a Tree at *Jabesh*, and fasted seven Days, 1 *Sam.* xxxi. 12, 13. If I am not deceiv'd, this is the only Example which is found of this Practice amongst the *Israelites*. But this might not be a Custom, and perhaps these Inhabitants of *Jabesh* us'd them so, lest the *Phebistines* shou'd come and take away the Bodies to act new Cruelties on them.

(b) *Priam* forbad them Weeping.] Homer by this shews, that *Priam* himself went out of *Troy* to assist at this pious Duty. This Prince forbids his Troops Weeping, lest they shou'd make themselves too tender, and lest the next Day they shou'd have less Strength and Courage to fight.

(i) Threw up a Rampart, &c.] By this Passage it appears, that the Use of retrenching Camps is very ancient; but I know not whether or no it was practis'd in the time of the *Trojan War*. It is, at

least, certain, that such a Retrenchment as this, of a good Wall flank'd with Towers, and environ'd with a Ditch beset with good Palisades, was not much known; Aristotle also assures us, that it is purely Homer's Invention; for he says in plain Terms, that Homer, who made it, likewise destroy'd it, ὁ δὲ πλάσας τούτην, οὐ παντεύ· but 'tis certain, that Homer, in inventing it, only borrow'd it from what was practis'd in his Time. From whence it is easy to conclude, that the Art of Fortification was more advanc'd among the *Greeks*, than among other Nations. For Example, among the *Hebrews*, more expert at the Art of War than all their Neighbours, we see that *Ezekiah*, to defend himself against *Sennacherib*, raises the Walls of his Cities, builds thereon Towers from Space to Space, and to keep the Enemy farther off, he surrounds this first Wall with another outward Wall, but there is no mention any where of either Ditches or Palisades.

fend their Fleet, Flank'd with high Tow'rs: the Gates extended wide, Capacious of their Chariots; round the Rampart They sunk a deep wide Ditch, and guarded it with Palisades. Thusa were the Greeks employ'd.

Mean while, the Gods, astonish'd at this Work, Assembled in the Presence of great Jove, To whom, with Indignation, Neptune spake:

“ Dread Sire ! What Mortal of the Subject
 “ Earth Hereafter will consult our Oracles, Or
 “ tell us their Designs, or ask our Aid ? See’st
 “ thou how vast a Mound the Greeks have made
 “ Around their Fleet, and clos’d it with a Ditch,
 “ Not asking Leave of us, nor yet atoning
 “ Our Deities with Sacrifice ? (k) This Work
 “ Shall spread their Fame far as Aurora darts
 “ Her Lustre, whilst that Wall which I and
 “ Phœbus For good Laomedon, in Troy’s De-
 “ fence, Erected, is forgotten and defac’d.

Thus he: Thus Jove reply’d with stern Re-
 sentment ; “ Can you, so great, so powerful,
 “ who shake The low Foundations of the
 “ solid World, Thus injure your own Might ?
 “ Among the Gods Less daring, some inferior
 “ Pow’r perhaps Might of this Work complain.

(k) This Work shall spread their Fame. With what Art Homer heightens the Glory of this Work, and gives it an Air of Truth, by making Neptune himself jealous of it, left the Glory of this Wall shou’d be more durable than that of the Trojan Walls, which Apollo and himself had built for Laomedon ; but at the same time,

how neatly does he prepare the Destruction of this same Wall, which excites the Jealousy of the Gods ? Besides, what Neptune says here, enfolds a secret Elogium, but an admirable one of Homer’s Poetry, who alone has preserv’d the Glory of this Wall of the Greeks. There is a great Nobleness in these Ideas.

" Be calm ; (*l*) your Glory Is sure, and shall
 " surpass the World's wide Limits : And when
 " the Greeks return from wasting Troy, Exert
 " your Strength, and o'er this dreaded Mound
 " Pour all your Waves, (*m*) and raze it to the
 " Earth, That all this Glory of the Greeks may
 " vanish.

With such Debate, the Gods consum'd the Day. Mean while, the Sun his Chariot downward drove, (*n*) And left the Rampart of the Grecians finish'd. This done, repairing to their Tents, they slew And dress'd their Oxen, for a solemn Feast. Amidst their Joy, a Fleet from Lemnos' Coast Arriv'd ; (*o*) from King *Eunæus*,

(*l*) *Your Glory is sure.*] Jupiter does not say to Neptune, the Glory of the Wall you built is secure, but your Glory, for indeed nothing can efface the Glory of a God ; but it is not so with his Wall, the Glory of which was already near effac'd, in that it was to be very inferior to the Wall of the Greeks, in all Ages. The Difference of it is visible ; Neptune's Wall, that true Wall which had a real Being, lasted but a few Years, and pass'd, as *Eustathius* says, from Existence to Nothingness ; whereas this, which was never built, and which never existed but in the Imagination of a Poet, has, in some manner, pass'd from Nothingness to Existence ; so true it is, that Poetry gives to its Works a Life more durable, than that which the greatest Princes give to theirs.

(*m*) *And raze it to the Earth.*] Homer was here before-hand with Posterity, and even his own Age, and prevents them from convincing him of a Falsity, by seeing no Remains of this Wall, at the Foot of which so many bloody Battels were fought.

(*n*) *And left the Rampart of the Grecians finish'd.*] This Wall of the Greeks was built in a Day, by reason of the great Number of Troops that work'd at it. And Homer, by this, likewise prepares his Reader to believe the more easily, that a Work done in so much haste, and upon a Foundation of Sand, might well have been beaten down and wash'd away, without any Remainder of the least Footstep.

(*o*) *By King Eunæus sent, the Son of Jason, and Queen Hypsipyle.*] Jason, as he came

Son of Jason, And Queen Hypsipyle, full fraught with Wine: (p) A thousand Measures were design'd a Present To the Atridæ; for the rest, the Greeks (q) Gave in exchange, Steel, Brass, and Hides, and Oxen, And Slaves, which they had taken in the War.

In Feasting thus the Greeks consum'd the Night. With equal Joy, the Trojans in the Town Refresh'd themselves: but Jove disturb'd their Mirth, And sent the dreadful Tidings of his Wrath, In Thunder and in Lightning: they amaz'd, Try'd to atone his angry Deity, And pour'd Libations of their Wine before him. (r) Not one dar'd drink, before to Jove h' had sprinkled. At length, retiring to their wish'd Repose, They lost, in Sleep, the Labour of the Day.

from the Conquest of the golden Fleece with the Argonauts, went to Lemnos, where he had two Children by Hypsipyle, Daughter of King Thoas. *Euænus*, who was the eldest Son, reign'd in that Island. All this very well agrees as to the Time; for the Voyage of the Argonauts was not, at most, above forty Years before the Trojan War.

(p) A thousand Measures were design'd a Present.] By this Homer shews, that all the rest of the Convoy was to be sold.

(q) Gave in exchange, Steel, Brass, and Hides, and Oxen.] For silver Money was not then in Use, and all Purchases were made by Exchange.

(r) Not one dar'd drink, before to Jove he had sprinkl'd.] In Danger, Devotion redoubles. Commonly Libations were not made till after the Feast; here they are made every time they drink, or once for all before they drink; the first seems to me most natural, for Fear is ingenuous and superstitious.



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*The Fight being again begun to f advantage of y^e Greeks. Jupiter lets fall Thunder aff
of Diomedes Horses, & Nestor who accompanys him is so terrify'd at it, that
Obliges him to quit y^e Field of Battle, of w^{ch} y^e Trojans remain Masters.*

B. VIII.

B. Illustration.

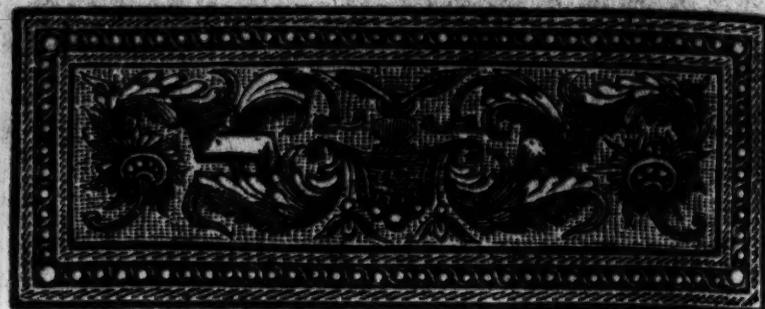
MS. Bodleian.

Argument of the Eighth Book.



U P I T E R, having assembled all the Gods and Goddesses, forbids them, under very rigorous Penalties, to give any Help either to the Greeks or Trojans; he afterwards ascends his Chariot, and goes upon Mount Ida; he presently makes the Greeks, who before had fought with the same Advantage as the Trojans, become weaker, and give way to them. Iris is sent by Jupiter to stop Juno and Minerva, who were going to succour the Greeks, Juno not having been able to oblige Neptune to do it. At last, Night being come, Hector harangues his Troops on the Field of Barret, causes great Fires to be kindled on all sides, and the Soldiers pass the Night under Arms.





THE
ILIA
D
OF
HOMER.

BOOK VIII.

(a)



HE Saffron-vested Morn had
now begun To sprinkle o'er
the Earth her golden Beams,
When on the highest Top
that crowns *Olympus*, The
Thund'rer call'd a Council
of the Gods. All plac'd themselves around his
Throne, and heard, With a respectful Silence,

(a) *The Saffron-vested Morn had now begun, &c.]* *Eustathius* advertizes us, that this is the thirteenth Day of *Achilles's* Wrath, and the second Day of the Battels since that fatal Quarrel; but he is certainly deceiv'd, he has not reckon'd right; this is the sixteenth Day. If to these sixteen Days you add the nine Days of the Plague, 'tis the twenty fifth Day since the beginning of the Poem; but these nine Days ought not to be reckon'd. *Homer* recalls

Jove's

Jove's high Will. Thus he began: “(b) Ye
“ Gods and Goddesses, Attend our Pleasure
“ with a serious Ear; Let none presume t'in-
“ fringe (c) what I shall say, Nor cross my
“ Purpose; but let all submit, That so, with
“ speed, this Bus'ness I may end, And my
“ (d) Decrees eternal execute. What God so-

them only as an Episode which
precedes the Subject of his
Poem; and which is necessary
to let the Reader into the
Story of it. On the Ninth
Day of the Plague, and the
Evening before this Quarrel,
Jupiter went to the *Aethio-
pians*; he is there twelve Days;
he returns, therefore, to Hea-
ven on the eleventh Day of
Achilles's Wrath. *Thetis* on
the same Day goes to make
her Petition to that God.
The following Night, *Jupi-
ter* sends the deceiving Dream
to *Agamemnon*. The next
Day, which is the twelfth,
the War recommences with the
single Combat between *Pa-
ris* and *Menelaus*; and this
twelfth Day, which furnishes
Matter for almost five Books,
viz. the third, fourth, fifth,
sixth, and for most Part of
the seventh, ends with the
single Combat between *Hector*
and *Ajax*. The Day after this
Battel, which is the thirteenth,
the *Trojans* send the Herald
Iulus to the *Greeks* to propose
the Truce. The next Day,
which is the fourteenth, both
Armies bring from the Forest
Wood necessary for the Piles,
and burn their Dead; in this
sad Duty, they employ the

whole Day and Night; and
the next Day, which is the
fifteenth, the *Greeks* raise a
Tomb to these Victims of
Mars, and build their Wall to
retrench themselves. This
therefore is the fifteenth Day
of *Achilles*'s Resentment, and
the fifth since the Battles re-
commenc'd, and this fifteenth
Day is all the Subject of this
eighth Book.

(b) *Ye Gods and Goddesses,*
etc.] Homer, who so often
speaks of the Gods, with the
Liberty which Fable gives him,
does however very often shew,
that he had very noble Ideas
of the Deity. Here he makes
Jupiter speak with a Majesty
worthy of the Master of the
Gods and Men.

(c) *What I shall say.*] A
more noble Expression cou'd
not be expected here; *what
Jupiter has said*, is irrevocable
Destiny, and there is none but
he can change it. This is
what Horace very well com-
prehended; for he calls Desti-
ny, *quod semel dictum est*,
what has been once said.

(d) *My Decrees eternal.*] Which are, that the *Greeks*
shou'd be ill-handled by the
Trojans, and *Achilles* be ho-
nour'd.

“ ever

" ever shall descend to succour Or *Troy* or *Greece*,
 " incurs my Indignation, Nor shall he his Ce-
 " lestial Seat regain, Till in most shameful sort
 " he has been treated: Or rather, I will take,
 " and throw him headlong; (e) Down to the
 " deep Abyss of gloomy *Tartarus*, Those dread-
 " ful Caverns shut with Brass and Iron, Where
 " brooding Night and solid Darknes dwell,
 " As far below the Empire of the Dead, (The
 " common Hell) as 'tis from Earth to Heav'n:
 " There, taught by sad Experience, he shall
 " know, How much I am above ye all in
 " Power. Or if ye will, go to, and make a
 " Tryal: (f) Let down a golden Chain from
 " Heav'n's high Roof, One End I'll hold, the
 " other you shall take, As many as you are,
 " and strain your Strengths, In joint Efforts, to
 " draw me down to Earth: Your utmost Force
 " shall not o'er *Jove* prevail, Nor stir him
 " once: but, if my Pleasure prompts, I'll pull

(e) *Down to the deep Abyss of gloomy Tartarus.*] This Idea of *Tartarus* under the Earth, where the Wicked are punish'd, is very ancient in *Greece*. *Homer*, without doubt, took it from the Tradition of the *Egyptians*.

(f) *Let down a golden Chain, &c.*] *Plato* explains this Chain of *Homer's*, as if this Poet thereby meant the Sun, which by its Circumvolution animates all Things, and which if it were stop'd and suspended, all Things wou'd revert to their first No.

thing, and whole Nature remain without Action. Others have pretended, that this Chain is nothing but Destiny, which being the eternal Law flowing from God, subdues every Thing, and is subject to nothing. Lastly, there have been others who pretended, that *Homer* means only by this Fiction to praise Monarchical Government, and to shew, that as Heaven and Earth obey one sole God Master of the World, so Men, to be happy, ought to obey one single Person in every Government.

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(h) I
 Child.

" You up, You, and the Earth, and Sea : Then
 " to *Olympus'* Top I'll tie this Chain, And
 " Nature's self shall there unactive hang : So
 " much am I supreme to Gods and Men, Tho'
 " Gods and Men were to unite their Forces.

At these fierce Threats the Gods look'd
 Thunder-struck : At length *Minerva* breaking
 Silence, said : " *Saturnian Jove!* ours and the
 " World's great Sire ! Well we all know your
 " Pow'r invincible : Yet the brave *Greeks* Con-
 " dition we may mourn, Who now must fall
 " beneath so hard a Fate. We will from Fight
 " abstain, since you command it : (g) But let
 " us aid the *Greeks* with wholsome Counsels,
 " That so not all may perish by your Wrath.
Jove, pleas'd with the sage Liberty of *Pallas*,
 Thus, smiling, spoke : (h) " Be not dishearten'd,
 " Child ; What I have said, has no respect to
 " You : Me thou shalt always find a tender
 " Father.

This said, he to his Chariot set his Horses :
 Brazen their Hoofs, and golden were their
 Manes : His * golden Arms he takes, and gol-

(g) *But let us aid the Greeks with wholsome Counsels.]*
 For good Counsels, wholesome
 Counsels, can come from the
 Gods only. Homer here mani-
 festly teaches, that Destiny,
 which never gives way to
 Force, gives sometimes way to
 Sweetness, and that Wisdom
 oftentimes may do a great deal
 towards changing its Decrees.

(h) *Be not dishearten'd, Child.]* For eternal Wisdom

is not subject to the Laws of
 Destiny.

* Tho' Madam Dacier has
 omitted this repeated Epithet
Golden, yet since this English
 Translation may be expected
 to be more correct as coming
 after her, I thought fit to re-
 tain that Epithet, just as Homer
 has us'd it ; especially, since
Eustathius accounts for it in
 this manner : The Poet makes
 all about *Jupiter* to be Gold,
διὰ τὸ αὐτὸν αὐτοῦ, καὶ

den Whip: His Chariot then he mounts; the Lash resounds, The mettl'd Horses fly 'twixt Earth and Heav'n, And leave the Winds behind them in their Course. The Thund'rer sped his Way to *Ida*'s Hill, Replete with Springs and Nurse of Beasts untame: (i) Soon he reach'd *Gargarus*, *Ida*'s highest Summit, (k) Where he a Temple and an Altar had, Continually exhaling od'rous Fumes.

There Jove, the Father of the Gods and Men, Stops his swift Steeds, unties them, takes them out; And having in a Cloud of Jet involv'd them, He takes his Seat on *Gargarus*' highest Point; Contemplating his Pow'r, and wrapt in Glory, He views the Fleet of *Greece* and *Priam*'s famous Town.

The Warlike *Greeks*, after a short Repast Ta'en in their Tents, strait re-assume their Arms. The *Trojans* too, in Number tho' inferior, Not with less Fury for the Fight prepare: Compell'd by hard Necessity t' avert The Ills that did their Wives and Children threaten. Then ev'ry Gate is op'd; out Horse

αληθῆς αἴθριος, for the Brightness and Clearness, τὸν αἴθριον, of the Sky, for which he is frequently taken, or because it rusts not; οὐδὲ οὐδεὶς αἴθριον μπινούστος τὸν χρυσοῦν, διὰ τὸ αἰνεῖν τὸν αἴθριον καθαρόν. Beside, he is often made the same with the Sun, to whom that Metal is more peculiarly proper. Vid. *Ogilby*.

(i) *Gargarus, &c.*] It was

the highest Summit of Mount *Ida*. *Strabo* writes, that in his Time it yet retain'd the same Name.

(k) *Where he a Temple and an Altar had, &c.*] We learn from Holy Scripture the Pagan Custom of raising Altars on the high Places, that is to say, on the highest Mountains, and there to perform Sacrifices.

and

and Foot * Impatient rush, and Clamour scales
the Skies.

Now were the Armies met, and Battel join'd:
Shields jostle Shields, and Lances Lances cross;
Strength answers Strength, and mighty Tumult
rises: The Victors Shouts, and Groans of those
that fall, Confounded mix; and Earth is
drown'd with Blood. Whilst Day's blest Light
increas'd; whilst yet the Sun, Preceded by *Au-*
rrora, mounts high Heav'n; The Shafts on both
sides with small Diff'rence fly, And both sides
equally deal Death around: But when the Sun
had gain'd the Height of Heav'n, (1) Then
Jove his golden Balances took up; In the two

* *Impatient rush*: (in δ' ισ-
την.) Madam Dacier says,
went forth in good Order; but
the Word *ἐκρόσεις* is of great-
er Force, if not of a different
sense; it signifies, *erumpo*, *eruo*,
impetu feror, &c. and so she
translates it in the first Line of
the preceding Book, where she
says *Hector and Paris did sortir
ferment, impatiently advance*
out of the Gates; which paints
the Violence of their Mo-
tion; it is ill translated, *egre-
ssu est*, in our vulgar Homer.
This Author is as wonderful
in Words as Things; and not
more so in the abundance of
his Words (for he contains al-
most all that are in the Greek
Tongue) than in the Aptness
of Applying them.

(1) Then Jove his golden
Balances took up.] We have
already observ'd, that the Sun
represents Destiny. Whilst

the Sun rises, that is, whilst
Destiny begins to shew and
unfold itself, the two Armies
fight with equal Advantage;
but when this Destiny is come
to its highest Period, that is,
to its Limit, then it executes
its Orders, and Victory de-
clares itself for one of the two
sides; but to shew that God
is still the Master of this De-
stiny, and that he can either
hasten or delay it as he pleases,
Homer feigns that it does not
declare itself till Jupiter has
himself weigh'd the Fates of
the two Armies in his golden
Balances; that is to say, till
he has again interrogated his
Providence and Justice, and
seen the Decrees they have pro-
nounc'd. This Idea is Great
and Noble. Homer speaks a-
gain of these golden Balances
in the twenty second Book.
Upon which, see the Remarks.

Scales he puts both Armies Fates: Then, by the Beam, he rais'd the Balance high With his strong Hand, and most intently weigh'd. (m) The Grecian Scale preponderating sinks, Low as the Earth; the other mounts to Heav'n. (n) Strait the fierce God his Thunder-bolts dis-

(m) *The Grecian Scale preponderating sinks, low as the Earth.*] The Scale which inclines towards the Earth shews Death, because Death reigns on the Earth, and that which rises towards Heav'n, shews Life, because the Seat of Life is Heav'n. [Not to reflect on Madam Dacier, but only to do Justice to *Eustathius*, I must inform the English Reader, that most of the Notes of this Homer are that Learned Arch-Bishop's, turn'd out of Greek into French. Madam Dacier, however, is very much to be commended for being the first (at least that I know of) who has made them of general Use, by putting them into a modern Language. I hear there is likewise a Latin Translation of *Eustathius* now printing at *Paris*. When that is publish'd, the Latin Reader will own to be true, what I say of this Lady's borrowing from him the greatest and most beautiful Part of these Notes. In the mean time, as one Proof among many, I shall transcribe *Eustathius*'s Note upon this Passage of the Grecian Scale preponderating, &c. Τὰ κάτω καὶ πρόσωπα οἰνοχίας πίθηται σύμβολα, θυητότες γὰρ τίπος τὰ ἵπ-

πνύτια στιχίος πλάσικη
ιντυχίας σύλοις καὶ οἰνο-
μένων ζωῶν, οἷα τὸ τῶν αἰ-
ματικόβιον. Earthly Things,
and those that poise that way,
are Emblems of ill Success and
approaching Fate, Earth being
the Ubi, or proper Place of
Things perishable; the ascend-
ing Scale portends a happy and
long-continu'd Condition, such
being the Life of them above,
pleasant and perpetual. See
Ogilby.]

(n) *Strait the fierce God his Thunder-bolts discharg'd, and on the Grecian Army, &c.*] Jupiter declares himself against the Greeks, by his Thunder and Lightning. This so poetical a Notion is drawn from Truth itself. Thus, in the first Book of *Samuel* vii. 10. *Factum est autem cum Samuel offerret holocaustum, Philistium inire pralum contra Israel; intonuit autem Dominus fragore magno in die illa super Philistium, Et exterruit eos, Et cæsi sunt a facie Israel.* And as Samuel was offering up the Burnt-Of-fering, the Philistines drew near to Battel against Israel; but the Lord thunder'd with a great Thunder on that Day upon the Philistines, and dis-
comfited them, and they were

charg'd.

charg'd, And on the Grecian Army pour'd his Shafts.

The Greeks, astonish'd, see the Heav'ns on fire, And Jove with all his Thunder arm'd against them. Seiz'd with pale Fear, the Boldest of them shrink. (o) Nor *Idomen* durst stay, nor *Agamemnon*; Nor either of th' *Ajaces* kept their Ground. (p) *Nestor*, the grave Protector of the Greeks, Alone remain'd; nor had he stay'd behind, But that an Accident his Flight impeded: His Horse receiv'd a Wound from *Paris*' Hand; The Shaft his Forehead pierc'd above the Brow, A Place where Death most opportunely enters. The Hurt was deadly, for it reach'd his Brain: The Horse, tormented with the Anguish, rises; Then flings about, and frights his Fellow-Steed. *Nestor*, to free himself, strait draws his Sword, And cuts (q) the Traces of the Spring-Tree Bar; But stay'd so

smitten before Israel. Some Use may be drawn from the Conformity of these Ideas.

(o) Nor *Idomen* durst stay, &c.] All these great Heroes of the Greek Army betake themselves to flight, but they fly before Jupiter.

(p) *Nestor*, the grave Protector of the Greeks, &c.] This Passage is wonderfully dextrous. Homer, to shew that the Flight of these Heroes was not on this Occasion shameful, justifies *Nestor*'s not flying like the rest; he says therefore, that he stays in spite of himself, and he gives the Reason of it. What Art is here!

(q) The Traces of the Spring-Tree Bar, or of the two Fore-Horses.] This is what *μαρνίπαις* signifies. The Chariots of the ancient Greeks had not only two Horses, but sometimes three or four; and those which they join'd to the two first, were call'd *μαρνίποις*, and the Traces which ty'd them *μαρνίπαι*. *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus* some-where speaks of this Custom, which in his Time was left off, but was yet practis'd by the Romans. These Fore-Horses were ty'd with longer Straps, and had more Liberty than the Wheel-Horses; 'tis one of these Horses of *Nestor*'s that is wounded.

long,

long, that *Hector* now drew near, Borne by his fiery Horses thro' the Throng, And overturning all that durst oppose. Then had the good old Man been surely slain, Had not *Tydides* luckily esp'y'd him, And seen his Danger; he, with all his Force, To call back *Laertiades* endeavour'd: (r) "Whither, *Laertes'* knowing Son, "d'ye fly? Why shun'st thou, Coward-like, "the honour'd Press? Beware, lest in thy ignominious Flight, Some swift pursuing Trojan brand thy Back! O cursed Shame! *Ulysses*, "turn thee hither! Help to defend old *Nestor* "from the Rage Of his most cruel Foe!"

He spoke; but in the Air his Words were lost. Quicken'd by Fear, *Ulysses* gains the Ships. (s) Intrepid *Diomed*, tho' alone, advances Before the Steeds of old *Neleides*: "Father, said he, You wage unequal War: Strong vigorous Youth will soon dispatch Old-Age: Your Sinews are unknit, and Strength exhausted: Your Charioteer is weak, your Horses tir'd. Ascend my Chariot then, and you shall see The Swiftness and Expertness of these Steeds, Which I from brave *Aeneas*

(r) Whither, *Laertes'* knowing Son, d'ye fly.] In this general Rout caus'd by *Jupiter* himself, *Diomed* is the only Man that does not fly; in which *Homer* admirably pursues the Character he had given that Hero. *Diomed*, who had already attack'd *Apollo* in the last Battel, and who thrice return'd to the Charge against that God, is not over-apt to fly; he must first make Efforts

worthy of his Courage; Thunder must first fall at his Feet; and yet after that there is need of *Nestor*'s Wisdom to determine him to fly. All this is carry'd on with great Art.

(s) Intrepid *Diomed*, tho' alone, advances.] *Homer* does not forget one single Stroke capable of making the Boldness of this Character appear; he tells us *Diomed* is alone.

" won in War: None better know to scour
" along the Plain; To shun the pressing Foe,
" or reach the flying. Send off your Horses;
" and with mine we'll go Against the Trojans:
" Hector soon shall see, (t) How much this
" Spear can do in Di'med's Hands.

Old Nestor the Civility receives: With Sthenelus, and brave Eurymedon, His Steeds he left, and Di'med's Chariot mounted: Taking the Reins, he drives full speed toward Hector, Who haughtily advanc'd to meet their Fury. Strait Diomed salutes him with a Spear, Which, missing Hector, Eniopeus smote, His Charioteer, and tumbl'd dead to Earth. Scar'd with his noisy Fall, his Steeds fly back; Hector at his unhappy Fate is griev'd, And searches quickly to repair this Loss. Not long his Steeds did want a Guide; for strait Good Fortune brought bold Archeptolemus; Him Hector charg'd with the deserted Reins.

(t) How much this Spear
do in Diomed's Hands.] I did not dare to venture the Greek Expression, Hector shall see if my Spear is mad in my Hands: Whereby Homer gives a Soul to the Spear; our Language is unacquainted with such bold Figures; we must give them another Turn, and be content with something like it. This Style of Homer's, of animating in this manner the most insensible Things, as Swords, Lances, Rocks, is

very conformable to that of Holy Scripture. Thus David animates Jonathan's Arrow, and Saul's Sword, when he says in the second Book of Samuel i. 22. *A sanguine interfectorum, ab adipe fortium sagitta Jonathan nunquam rediit retrosum, & gladius Saul non est reversus inanis.* From the Blood of the Slain, from the Fat of the Mighty, the Bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the Sword of Saul returned not empty.

Tydides,

Tydides, like the God of War, proceeds; By Nestor led: (u) and then had Slaughter rag'd, And Troy's fam'd Warriors to their Walls been driv'n, And there pen'd up like Sheep, but that the Sire Of Gods and Men the threatening Danger saw. Again, he makes his horrid Thunder grumble, Doubles his Lightning, (w) hurls his burning Bolts, Directed at the Feet of Di'med's Horses. A dreadful Flame, with Sulphur mixt, ascends Before the Chariot, from the Earth's singe'd Surface; The Horses backward rear themselves, affrighted; Nestor, too weak to govern them, lets fall The Reins, and, pale with Fear, to Di'med said: "Renown'd Tydides, turn thy Steeds, and fly! See'st thou not, that we're threatned from above! That Jove repels our Force, and aids the Foe? To Hector this Day's Honour he intends: Us, in our Turn, when he sees Cause, he'll favour. No humane Pow'r can alter Jove's Decree. Then tempt thou not his Anger, but retire!" "Too true it is, O Nestor! (Di'med said) Against us Jove too plainly does declare. But then to fly! intolerable Thought! The very Name of Flight fills me with Horror. Shall Hector, 'midst the Trojans, boasting say, He made the Son of Tydeus turn his Back? No, rather let the Earth devour me quick!"

(u) And then had Slaughter rag'd, &c.] Cou'd one expect less from that fierce and terrible Character which Homer had just given of Diomed, who cannot be frighten'd but by Thunder itself?

(w) Hurls his burning Bolts &c.] What Images! What Subjects for Pictures! If the Painters wou'd study this great Poet, he would serve them for an inexhaustible Source of grand and noble Inventions.

“ What needless Words are these? (cry'd
“ Rev'rend Nestor,) Tho' *Hector* shou'd report
“ thee faint in Fight, Or style thee Coward,
“ wou'd he gain Belief? Wou'd any *Trojan*
“ think the Story true? Or, if they were in-
“ clin'd to credit him, Wou'd not *Troy*'s nu-
“ merous Widows give the Lie, Whose Hus-
“ bands thou hast made to bite the Dust?

(x) He spoke: Nor staid he for *Tydides*' An-
swer, But toward the Fleet, with Fury, drove
the Steeds: A Show'r of Spears, from *Hector*
and the *Trojans*, Accompany'd their Flight;
Shouts rend the Skies. Then *Hector*, with his
utmost Force, exclaim'd: “ What will the *Greeks*
“ (O Son of *Tydeus*) say, Who always held
“ thee in such high Esteem, And look'd
“ upon thee as so great a Captain? Who
“ in their Feasts gave thee the upper Place;
“ The noblest Portion, and the biggest Cup?
“ How will their Language and their Man-
“ ners change? All their Respect will turn
“ to foul Contempt. No Woman, sure, was
“ e'er so tim'rous seen: Away, unmanly *Di-*
“ *med*! ply thy Heels! Like a young Girl,
“ who at her Shadow trembles! Thou, I dare
“ say, wilt never mount *Troy*'s Walls, With
“ Sword in Hand, nor burn her lofty Tow'rs;
“ (y) Nor carry to yon Fleet her Captive

(x) He spoke: Nor staid
he for *Tydides*' Answer.] *Nestor*
does very well to take this
upon himself; for *Diomed*, even
after the Thunder had fall'n at
his Feet, wou'd never have
consented to fly.

(y) Nor carry to yon Fleet
her Captive Wives.] For that
is the Token of a complete
Victory. Thus *Achilles* had
brought so many Women from
the Cities he had sack'd. There
is no likelihood, as *Eustathius*

“ Wives: This Hand shall send thee first another way: Prepare, this Instant, to receive thy Death !

He spoke: *Tyldes*, stung with this Reproach, (z) Debated with himself, and doubting stood, Whether to turn his Horse and meet the Combat. (a) Thrice against *Hector* he resolv'd to march, And thrice *Jove* thunder'd loud from lofty *Ida*, In sign that he the Honour of that Day Had granted to the *Trojans*: *Hector* then Press'd close the *Greeks*, and thus his Troops provok'd: “ *Trojans* and *Dardans*, All my daring Friends! Fear nought, let each Man's Courage be redoubled; And now, if possible, yourselves surpass! Auspicious *Jove* has by his Beck declar'd Conquest to us, and to the Greeks Confusion. (b) Fools that they are, to

thinks, that *Hector* means here to set *Diomed* below *Paris*, who brought *Helen* from *Lacedamonia*; for there is a great Difference between corrupting of Women, and carrying them away Captive after having ravag'd their Country.

(z) Debated with himself, and doubting stood, Whether to turn his Horse and meet the Combat.] He does not add, or whether he shou'd batten his Flight; that Word wou'd have frighten'd *Diomed* too much: He cannot resolv'e with himself so much as to pronounce it.

(a) Thrice against *Hector* he resolv'd to march.] As when *Achilles* deliberated in the first Book, whether he shou'd calm his Fury or draw his

Sword, his Sward was already half out of the Scabbard; so here, *Diomed*, tho' he deliberates, yet is for going against *Hector*; and *Jupiter* himself, to hinder him, must come thrice to the Charge. I stop by the way a little, to explain the Beauty of these Characters, because there is not one Stroke which deserves not to be study'd, and because this is the Part wherein Poets oftenest fail, a Fault occasion'd by their not having well meditated these excellent Originals, which alone are capable of guiding and conducting them.

(b) Fools that they are, to raise such feeble Rampions.] *Hector*, flush'd with their great Successes, thinks nothing

“ raise

“ raise such feeble Rampions; Which, not a
 “ Moment, shall resist our Strength! My Steeds,
 “ with Ease, shall leap their silly Ditch;
 “ Then, when I’ve seiz’d their haughty Fleet,
 “ let each, With Fire in Hand, Hector’s Ex-
 “ ample follow! I, with devouring Flame, their
 “ Ships will burn, And sacrifice each Greek,
 “ amidst the Smoke!

(c) Then to his Steeds he call’d, and chear-
 ing said: “ (d) O Xanthus, now, (cry’d he)
 “ and thou Podargus, Thou Æthon too, and

can be capable of resisting him, and disdains the Retrenchments of the Greeks, which will give him more Trouble than he’s aware of. I forgot to mention, as to these Retrenchments, that Homer has been accus’d of offending against Probability, by making them be rais’d so late, as in the tenth Year of the Siege; if the Greeks had been so long without them, how came it into their Heads to raise them at the End of the War? This Objection is easily answer’d. Before Achilles’s Quarrel with Agamemnon, the Greeks had no need of these Intrenchments; Achilles alone was a stronger Rampart for them; and Homer took care, in a preceding Book, to let his Reader know that the Trojans never dar’d to go out of Troy, whilst Achilles fought. Thus these Intrenchments serve to heighten Achilles’s Glory, since they were not necessary till Achilles had renounc’d Fighting

(c) Then to his Steeds he call’d, &c.] Fable, which makes Beasts speak, may likewise justly allow the Liberty of speaking to them, as to rational Creatures. But, without seeking to excuse these Licences by Fable, Fury and Enthusiasm suffice to justify them; for, in those Circumstances, there’s nothing a Man does not speak to. In an Age less remote from our Manners than that of the Siege of Troy, Virgil makes Turnus speak to his Lance, and gives Reason and Understanding to a Horse.

(d) O Xanthus, now, (cry’d he) and thou Podargus, thou Æthon too, and Lampus, dear to Hector.] I think nothing is more frivolous, or ill-grounded, than the Dispute of some ancient Criticks upon this Verse, whether Hector’s Chariot had two, or four Horses; for some have pretended, that of these four Words, there were but two proper Names, and two Epithets. But one

" *Lampus, dear to Hector!* Now shew your
 " Gratitude, and pay the Love, Which my
 " *Andromache* so oft has shewn ye; (e) When
 " she, still serving you before myself, Did for
 " your Food set purest Wheat and Wine:
 " How oft has she, to visit you, left *Hector*?
 " The Horses of the Gods scarce fare so well!
 " Now, therefore, use your swiftest Speed,
 " strain hard, That we old *Nestor's* Shield our
 " Prize may make, (All massy Gold, whose
 " Fame to Heav'n ascends) And from *Tydi-*
 " *des'* Shoulders strip the Armour, The won-

need only read the Verse, to see that nothing cou'd be worse imagin'd. Who ever saw Epithets put with Conjunctions? This Chariot of *Hector's* has certainly four Horses; nor must it be thought strange. Had not *Nestor's* Chariot four Horses in like manner, since *Homer* tells us, that one of those Horses, when he fell, frighten'd the others in strug-gling? Does not *Homer* too speak of Chariots with four Horses in the *Odysse*, when he says, *ως ει μαδιν τερπαρει τρεις*; Those who have read holy Scripture, will make no doubt that Chariots with four Horses were made use of in Battels. There are a thousand Examples of it. In *Isaiah*, when God foretells to *Jerusalem* that she shall be destroy'd by the *Affyrians*, the Prophet says: *Et erunt electa valles tuae plena quadrigarum, & equites ponent sedes tuas in porta*, Isa. xxii. 7. The Prophet *Nabum* says to *Nineveh*, which was

then ready to be laid waste by the *Chaldeans*; *Vox flagelli & vox impetus rotæ, & equi frenantis, & quadrigæ ferventis, & equitis ascendentis, & micantis gladii, & fulgurantis basæ, & multitudinis intersectæ, &c.* Nah. iii. 2, 3.

(e) *When she, still serving you before myself, &c.*] There is in this a hidden Beauty, which those who are not well acquainted with *Homer* will not perhaps understand. The Poet describes a Princess, who, tenderly loving her Husband, always took care, every time he came from the Battel, to go and meet him; and who, ravish'd to see him again, runs to his Horses, and gives them Bread and Wine, in Testimony of her Acknowledgment to them for bringing back her Husband, and who likewise goes to visit them every Day, as it were to beg of them more such Services.

" d'rous

" d'rous Workmanship of lab'ring *Vulcan*.
 " (f) If we these glorious Spoils can take, I
 " doubt not, The *Greeks* this very night will
 " hoist up Sail, And in their shitter'd Ships
 " *Troy's* Coast forsake.

Thus spoke he, with Presumption full of Boldness. *Juno* his ranting Language cou'd not relish: (g) She, on her Throne, her sacred Body shook, And with her Motion made *Olympus* tremble: Then thus to mighty *Neptune* did complain: " O *Neptune*, Ruler of the ample Ocean! Art thou not touch'd to see the *Greeks* thus perish? Those *Greeks*, who have, (h) at *Helice* and *Æga*, Loaded thy Altars with such rich Oblations? If still thou dost thy wonted Love retain, Let us not wish, " but boldly take their Part, Repulse the Foe,

(f) If we those glorious Spoils can take, &c. Not that the Fortune of the *Greeks* depended on *Nestor's* Buckler, or *Diodem's* Corset, but because he cannot gain either of them without the Death of those two Heroes; and so the *Greeks*, weaken'd by these two great Losses, cou'd no longer think of any thing but Flight. This is what Homer means.

(g) She, on her Throne, her sacred Body shook. *Juno*, in this place, by the Motion of her whole Body, does no more than what *Jupiter* in the first Book did by the sole Motion of his black Eyebrows. Homer, by giving to the inferior Gods what suits their Character, has the Art to preserve to the Master of the Gods

and Men the Majesty agreeable to him. And this is what caus'd one of the Ancients admirably to say, That Homer was the only Poet that ever saw the Gods, or made them be seen.

(h) At *Helice* and *Æga*. Two Cities of *Achaia*, twelve *Stadia* from the Gulph of *Corinth*. In each of those two Cities there was a Temple and Statue of *Neptune*. Two Years before the Battel of *Leuttra*, *Helice* was destroy'd by an Earthquake, which open'd a Passage for the Sea; its very Foundations were swallow'd up. Homer elsewhere speaks of another City call'd *Æga*, which was in *Eubœa*.

“ and Jove’s Intention cross. (i) If we, who
“ favour Greece, wou’d join our Pow’rs, Soon
“ shou’d we see that God, in Discontent, Sit-
“ ting alone upon Mount Ida’s Top, Mourning
“ his Weakness and abated Glory.

Neptune, at her Audaciousness incens’d, Made
this Reply: “ Juno, thy Counsel’s rash: Nep-
“ tune shall ne’er be one that strives with Jove.
“ (k) Tho’ all the Gods shou’d league them-
“ selves against him, I’d not rebel: for we
“ shou’d have the worst: His single Strength
“ is more than ours conjoin’d.

Whilst thus among themselves these Gods
discours’d, *Hector*, by Jove conducted, had re-
puls’d The fugitive Greeks beyond their very
Trenches: (l) Shut up between their Ditch
and Wall they crowd; So struck with Dread,
he might have burnt their Ships, If Juno had
not *Astres*’ Son inspir’d To go himself, and
once more animate His fainting Army, and re-
new the Fight. From Tent to Tent, from

(i) *Soon shou’d we see that God, in Discontent.*] This is the common Language of those who enter into Conspiracies; their Party is always very strong; the People are ripe, and only want the Standard of Rebellion to be set up; the Prince in a Moment will be abandon’d, &c.

(k) *Tho’ all the Gods shou’d league themselves against him, &c.*] This Answer of Neptune’s is, what every wise Man shou’d make to them that

propose to him to enter into a Conspiracy against his Prince.

(l) *Shut up between their Ditch and Wall they crowd.*] The Verse 213 is only to shew the Space that was between the Palisades of the Ditch and the Wall; all this Space was crowded with Men and Horses, who in the Confusion ran away, and whom *Hector* had repuls’d. *Hector* has not yet pass’d the Ditch. This Remark is necessary for what follows.

Ship to Ship he runs, (m) Bearing a Robe of Purple in his Hand. He at Ulysses' well-calk'd Vessel stops, Which in the middle of the Navy lay; From whence his Voice to Ajax Telamon, And brave Achilles' Quarter might be heard. These two, confiding in their Strength and Courage, Were posted at the Navy's two Extremes. Here Agamemnon with his utmost Force, Exclaiming, chid the Greeks: "Ah, "foul Disgrace! White-livor'd Greeks! Sol- "diers in Shape and Dress, But not in Act! "meer Outshades! very Women! (n) Where "are the mighty Promises We made? Where "the big Words we spoke (o) in Lemnos' Isle? "When, late at Table, drinking full-crown'd "Cups, We boasting said, that each of us "would fight A hundred or two hundred das- "tard Trojans? Yet now we all before one "Hector run, Who presently will horrid Fire "apply, And in our Sight reduce our Fleet to "Ashes. Didst thou, O Jove, e'er persecute "a King With so much Rage, as thou hast "Wretched Me, Or ravish from his Hands so

(m) Bearing a Robe of Purple in his Hand.] Agamemnon takes this Robe, that he might attract, by the Novelty of the Sight, the Eyes of the Greeks, who otherwise, in the Disorder and Confusion they were in, wou'd not have much heeded him, nor hearken'd to what he had to say to them.

(n) Where are the mighty Promises We made?] He says

We, to soften the Reproach by making it general, and by taking share in it himself, for fear of disobliging the Troops, if he had said, You made.

(o) In Lemnos' Isle.] Lemnos was famous for its good Wines. We have seen at the End of the preceding Book, that the Greeks sent for all the Wine they wanted from that Island.

“ great a Glory ? (p) Yet have I not the least
 “ of all thy Altars Unhonour’d pass’d, since
 “ first I sail’d from *Greece* ; But with a con-
 “ stant Fire the Fat of Beeves To Thee have
 “ burnt before all other Gods, And beg’d thy
 “ Aid against this faithless People. Deign
 “ now, Almighty *Jove*, to hear my Pray’r !
 “ O let this Remnant of the *Greeks* escape,
 “ With Life, at least, from such inglori-
 “ ous Hands, Nor totally by *Trojans* be de-
 “ stroy’d !

He spoke: *Jove*, with his Tears and Sorrow touch’d, Grants to his Pray’rs the Safety of his People: The God from Heav’n’s high Roof dispatch’d an Eagle, Of Birds the noblest, and for Aug’ry surest. (q) A Hind’s young Fawn he in his Talons bore, And drop’d his Burden at the Altar’s Foot, Where the good *Greeks* were paying their Oblations (r) To *Saturn’s* Son, the God of Oracles.

(p) *Yet have I not the least of all thy Altars unhonour’d pass’d.*] This is a Thing remarkable enough. Agamemnon boasts, that in a long Voyage, he has not pass’d by one of *Jupiter’s* Altars, without sacrificing on it.

(q) *A Hind’s young Fawn he in his Talons bore.*] The Eagle signify’d *Hector*, who was *Jupiter’s* Instrument. The Fawn signify’d the *Greeks*, whom *Hector* had repuls’d, and whom he already had as it were in his Hands, and this

Fawn being drop’d at the Foot of *Jupiter’s* Altar, shews, that the Protection of that God, whom they had just then invok’d, wou’d save them.

(r) *To *Saturn’s* Son, the God of Oracles.*] The *Greeks* by giving to *Jupiter* the Sur-name of *μερόμενος*, wou’d signify, that tho’ the inferior Gods presidèd over Oracles and Auspices, yet that it was under *Jupiter’s* Direction, who was the true Master of them.

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(s) No sooner did the Greeks perceive the Bird Which Jove had sent, but with their former Vigour They haste to leap the Ditch and fight the Trojans. Not one there was (amongst the many Captains, Whom martial Ardour led against the Foe) Cou'd boast of having sooner leap'd the Ditch, Than the intrepid Son of haughty Tydus. He first among the Trojan Squadrons flew. Brave Agelans soon his Fury felt, The Son of Pbradmon; who, to shun his Fate, His Chariot turn'd, and fled; but th' ardent Di'med Between his Shoulders plung'd his brass' Spear. Pierc'd thro' and thro', the Trojan from his Chariot Tumbles to Earth; his pond'rous Arms resound.

Th' Atride next address themselves to fight: And after them the two Ajaces march With veh'ment Strength endu'd, and wondrous Boldness: Then brave Idomenus, and his Squire Mars-like Meriones, the Trenches quit: And next Euryipilus, Evæmon's Son. Teucer was ninth, who at his Bow excell'd; Him Ajax shelter'd with his sev'n fold Shield; Which being held aside from time to time, Teucer advanc'd, then look'd his Object out: And having let his Arrow fly, retir'd (t) Behind his Brother's Shield; like a young Child, Who to its Mother's Arms

(s) No sooner did the Greeks perceive the Bird.] The Sign that Jupiter sent them was so plain, that all the Greeks presently understood it, without the Help either of Augur or Interpreter.

(t) Behind his Brother's Shield, like a young Child,

&c.] How many agreeable Ideas does Homer present under this one Image! He varies the Face of the Battel by this Singularity, which has not been yet touch'd upon. He shews the Tendernies Ajax had for Teucer, whom he covers with his Shield; and at

for Succour flies. How many valiant Trojans
ow'd their Deaths To Teucer? first the brave
Orsilochus; Then *Ormen*, *Opheleutes*, *Dector*, *Chro-
mias*: Then *Lycophon*, and *Hamapaon* sprung
From *Polyeimon*'s Line, and *Menalippus*. All
these on Heaps he tumbl'd, dead, to Earth.

When *Agamemnon* saw the Execution He
with his Bow amongst the Trojans made, He
to him came, and thus bespoke: "Dear Teucer!
" Brave Son of *Telamon*, so spend thy Shafts!
" And with fresh Courage us forlorn inspire!
" Go on, and be the Saviour of the Greeks,
" And Comfort of thy Sire, who, from thy
" Childhood, Maintain'd thee as his own, (u)
" tho' basely born: He, tho' remote, yet
" shares in all your Glory. Increase it then,
" and I this Promise make, And will perform,
" if Jove and sage *Minerva* Grant me to sack
" old *Priam*'s haughty Town, (w) You, next
" to me, shall share the noblest Prize; A Tri-
" pod, or two Horses with their Chariot, Or
" some fair Dame that may ascend thy Bed,
" And recompence thy Labours with her
" Love.

the same time sets off the Superiority of *Ajax* over *Teucer*, and makes that Hero, who as yet does no Exploit, appear greater than *Teucer*, who kills so many brave Captains.

(u) *Tho' basely born.*] He was the Son of *Telamon*, and the Princess *Hesione*, *Priam*'s Sister, whom *Hercules* had taken Captive, and given to *Telamon*, who made her his Concubine. We see by this

Passage, that Illegitimacy of Birth was not look'd upon as scandalous; for *Agamemnon* wou'd not, by so sensible an Affront, have giv'n Offence to a Man with whom he was so well pleas'd.

(w) *You, next to me, shall have the noblest Prize.*] *Agamemnon* says *next to me*, to preserve his Dignity, and, at the same time, to render his Promise more credible.

To this the noble *Teucer* made Reply:
 " Wherefore dost thou, illustrious *Agamemnon*,
 " Spur *Teucer* up, who of himself is free?
 " Not idly I my Strength and Skill employ,
 " Who, since we rally'd, have not ceas'd to
 " kill. Eight mortal Shafts already I've dis-
 " charg'd: Of eight brave *Trojan* Youths
 " they've drank the Blood: * *Hector* alone
 " escapes me; him I've miss'd, With all my
 " Aim, as often as I've shot.

Teucer, this said, another Arrow takes; And, aiming it at *Hector*, lets it fly: For he, with strong Desire to wound him, burnt. The fatal Shaft the Hero miss'd, but ran Thro' brave *Gorgyrbion's* Breast, the Son of *Priam*; Born to the King by beauteous *Castineira*: *Æsyma's* Town was honour'd with her Birth: For Form and Wisdom like Celestial Breed. As a tall Poppy in a Garden set, And nourish'd by the Springs most tender Dew, Hangs its proud Head, o'er-burden'd with a Shower, Or the first rude Attack of blust'ring *Boreas*: So did the young *Gorgyrbion's* Head incline, Unable to support his Helmet's Weight.

But *Teucer*, not discourag'd, from his Quiver Took a new Arrow, and to *Hector* sent it. This Shaft too miss'd, (x) by *Phœbus* turn'd aside: Yet not in vain it left him, for it pierc'd,

* *Hector* alone escapes me. Homer says, That mad Dog.

(x) By *Phœbus* turn'd aside.] 'Twas necessary for Homer to mention this Act of *Apollo's*; otherwise it wou'd have been surprizing, that so able an Ar.

cher as *Teucer* cou'd have miss'd *Hector* so often. All this Poetry simply means no more, than that it was not *Hector's* Destiny to be slain by *Teucer*, and that *Archeptolemus's* last Hour was come.

Near to the Pap, brave *Archeptalemus*, Hector's bold Driver, rushing to the Fight; Lifeless he tumbles at his Horses Feet: Back flew the Steeds, affrighted at his Fall.

Hector at his unhappy Fate was griev'd, But left his Corps, unable to secure it. To his sad Brother, *Cebrio*, that was nigh, *Hector* assign'd the Guidance of his Chariot. Then on a sudden, *Hector* leaps to Earth, And strait a mighty Stone up-lifting high, And horribly exclaiming, makes at *Teucer*, To dash him, with the weighty Mass, to pieces. *Teucer*, mean while, from out his Quiver chooses The keenest Arrow, puts it to the String, But stood so long to draw and aim aright, The Stone from *Hector* did the Shaft prevent, And 'twixt the Neck and Shoulder *Teucer* smote, Upon the Channel-Bone, a dangerous Place: So rough the Blow was, that it broke the Nerve. His Arm without or Strength or Motion hung; And, sinking on his Knees, he dropt his Bow.

Ajax neglected not his wounded Brother; But forward stept, and sav'd him with his Shield, Till two of *Teucer*'s most belov'd Companions, *Mecistheus*, *Echius*' Son, and brave *Alastor*, Convey'd him off the Field, dismay'd and groaning.

Now Jove again the Trojan Courage raises: Again they drive the Greeks to their Intrenchments. Amongst the foremost, *Hector* still appears; Conspicuous for his Warlike Mien, and Armour, But more conspicuous for his high Achievements. As when a generous Dog, to Hunting bred, Pursues a Lion, or a Sylvan Boar,

And

And presses him so close, he digs his Teeth In some posterior Parts, his Hanch or Side; Yet, marking when he turns, then backward shrinks, Bold of his Feet, and then renew's the Chase; So *Hector* did the flying *Greeks* pursue, And whosoe'er was hindmost, him he kill'd.

But when the *Greeks* their Trenches had re-pass'd, With Loss of many Troops by *Trojans* slain; Near to the Ships at length they stop, and there They comforted each other all they cou'd, And to the Gods for Aid their Hands extended; For Aid, which now their Strength no longer lends. *Hector*, mean time, on all sides drives his Steeds, To seek a Place where Entrance might be made: With *Mars's* Eyes he look'd, and dreadful *Gorgon's*.

Juno with soft Compassion view'd the *Greeks*, And, griev'd at their Distress, to *Pallas* said: " O thou the Thunderer's immortal Daughter! " Must we no more the fainting *Grecians* aid? " Shall we in this Extremity sit still? Must they all perish thus by one Man's Violence? " Nothing can stop the Son of *Priam's* Rage, " Which, by Success provok'd, still higher grows.

To which the Blue-ey'd Goddess made Reply: " This furious *Hector* long e'er now had dy'd, By *Grecian* Valour he his Life had lost; " (y) But that my Sire, still resolute and cruel, " Has not those Sentiments he ought to have. " By Counter-plots my Will he always crosses,

(y) But that my Sire, still resolute and cruel.] This Discourse of *Minerva's* against her Father, very well shews what Power Passion sometimes has over Wisdom itself.

" And

“ And of my Labour’s Fruit still disappoints
 “ me. He has forgot how oft I sav’d his
 “ * Son, Engag’d in dangerous Toil by stern
 “ Eurystheus. (2) To an inevitable Death ex-
 “ pos’d, With Tears he Heav’n’s Assistance did
 “ implore ; And Jove in Pity sent me to his
 “ Succour. Ah ! had my Fore-sight reach’d this
 “ Day’s Event, Had I but known as much as
 “ now I know, When by that Tyrant, to the
 “ Depths of Erebus, Inexorable Pluto’s darksome
 “ Realms, His Son was sent to fetch (4) the
 “ dreadful Monster That guards the Adaman-
 “ tine Gates of Hell, He had, for Me, till
 “ this time staid below, Nor e’er repass’d the
 “ dreadful Waves of Styx. Now, as a Recom-
 “ pence for this, Jove hates me : Pallas is scorn’d,

* Hercules.

(2) To an inevitable Death expos’d, with Tears he Heav’n’s Assistance did implore.] There is in this a severe Satire against Hercules. Minerva, to shew that that Hero was not capable of getting out of so many Dangers without her Help, feigns that he beg’d for Aid with Tears, which is unworthy of a Hero, who ought never to weep in Danger. Hercules was so far from this Weakness, that when the Flames, which devour’d him in the last Moments of his Life, forc’d him to cry out and shed some Tears, tho’ they were Tears of Pain, and not of Fear, he groan’d with very Madness for having wept. Wherefore Sophocles makes him speak thus.

-----ος τις οὐετος μαρδίνΩ
 Βιθρυχα κλαιον, τι τοδί^{ον}
 οὐδέν άν εἰτι τολτ
 Τιρδ’ αὐτοπει παῖν προσθ
 ιδεῖν διδεινοντα
 Απ’ αἰσινανΩ αὐτοι τοτε
 μην κακοῖς.

Have pity on me, who have howl’d and wept like a Girl, a Weakness wherein no Man ever saw me fall before ; for I sustain’d the greatest Ills without one Sigh, and without shedding one Tear.

(4) The dreadful Monster that guards the Adamantine Gates of Hell.] Homer calls Cerberus, simply the Dog of terrible Pluto. In his Time ’tis likely that Dog had not yet the Name of Cerberus.

“ and

" and *Thetis* only heard, Who came to kiss his
 " Knees, and stroke his Chin, That so with
 " Honour he might crown her Son, Whose
 " Arm so many Cities has destroy'd. But
 " there will come a Day, when he again Shall
 " call me his *Glaucoptis*, and his *Darling*. Mean
 " time, without Delay, prepare your Chariot,
 " Whilst to *Jove's* Hall, to arm myself, I go.
 " Soon we shall see if *Hector* will rejoice, Mad
 " as he is, to meet Us in the Fight. (b) Some
 " slaughter'd *Trojan's* Fat shall surely feast The
 " Dogs and Vulturs, near the *Grecian* Ships.

She spoke: Dread *Juno*, ravish'd with her
 Words, Strait went herself her Horses to pre-
 pare, Whose braided Manes with golden
 Rings were ty'd. Mean time, the Offspring
 of Almighty *Jove*, The Warrior *Pallas*, went
 to arm herself. And first her Veil the Goddess
 did unclasp, Extremely fine and admirably
 wrought. Down on her Father's Azure Pav-
 ment, waving, (c) The loosen'd Veil falls at the
 Goddess' Feet. The Thund'rer's massy Armour
 she claps on; Fitting herself for Fights and
 fierce Alarms. Then she the flaming Chariot

(b) *Some slaughter'd Trojan's Fat, &c.*] She means *Hector*, who, in all likelihood, was fat and large.

(c) *The loosen'd Veil, &c.*] Homer repeats here ten or a dozen Verses, which he before had us'd; and this is pretty common with him. Homer, as *Eustathius* has very well observ'd, wou'd thereby shew, that when one has hit upon

any thing which is very good, one shou'd not search for any Thing else, to avoid Repetitions. We Moderns have, in this Respect, a Niceness, which I think rather a Distemper, than a Sign of a right Taste. The *bon goust* receives with Pleasure two or three times over the same Image, and in the same Terms.

mounts near *Juno*; And with a Force resistless takes a Lance Of Weight and Size miraculous; that Lance, With which, when anger'd, she whole Armies scatters. *Juno* the Horses drove, nor spar'd the Whip. Heav'n's ample Gates, on grinding Hinges, rung, And of their own accord flew open to her. Those Gates which to the *Horæ* are committed, Who, e'er since Time began, have had the Watch Of high *Olympus*, and *Jove*'s glitt'ring Palace; And who, according as these Gates eternal Are either to be shut or op'd, with Ease Collect or scatter the thick Cloud their Barrier. Out at these Gates th' impatient Goddess drives; The rapid Chariot leaps th' immortal Threshold.

Jove, who from *Ida*'s lofty Top perceiv'd them, Highly incens'd, dispatch'd Heav'n's Messenger, The ready *Iris*, with the golden Wings. " *Iris* (said he) go, stop those Goddesses; Oblige them to return the Way they came, Nor suffer them to meet the Rage of *Jove*. "Tis an unequal Match 'twixt them and me. This I declare, and it shall surely be, If they proceed, (d) their Horses I will lame; Themselves I'll headlong hurl, and break their Chariot; Nor ten revolving Years shall cure the Wounds My Lightning makes, where-ever it shall touch them; That *Pallas* so may by Experience find What

(d) Their Horses I will lame. — Homer, by this Image, would shew the absolute Empire the supreme God has over

all Nature, which he can confound and overthrow as he pleases.

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an con-
as he
81 tis

" 'tis against her Father to rebel. (e) At Juno
" I am less provok'd; for she is wont to
thwart me, and oppose my Will.

He spoke: and Iris, swifter far than Tempests,
From Ida takes her Flight, and soars to Heav'n;
Near to the sacred Portals of Olympus The
Goddeses she met, and thus began: " Whither
" d'ye tend? What Madness has possess'd ye?
" You must not aid the Greeks in any wise:
" Saturnian Jove forbids it, and declares, If,
" disobedient, you contemn his Orders, And
" venture on, your Horses he will lame; Your-
" selves he'll headlong hurl, and break your
" Chariot: Nor ten revolving Years shall cure
" the Wounds His Lightning makes, where-
" ever it shall touch ye: Then, Pallas, you will
" by Experience find, What 'tis against a Fa-
" ther to rebel: At Juno he is less provok'd;
" for she is wont to thwart him, and oppose
" his Will. But 'tis the Height of Boldness.
" and Temerity In thee, O desperate Maid,
" to lift a Lance Against thy Father, Master,
" and thy God.

She spoke; and back with Diligence re-
turn'd. Then Juno sighing, thus to Pallas said:
" Dear Pallas, let's give o'er, nor longer strive;
" For any Mortal's sake, with Heav'n's high-
" King. Let them, whose Lot it is, or fall or
" stand: Let Jove on Greeks and Trojans work

(e) At Juno I am less provok'd, &c.] Jupiter in this place very well makes appear, that Anger is one of the Passions which is occasion'd by Surprize; for a Man is not angry at a common Thing, and to which he is accustom'd. For this Reason, the Dearer those are to us, who put us in a Passion; the more Violent is the Passion.

" his

“ his Will ; And, as his Fancy bids, dispose
“ their Fates.

This said ; she turns her beauteous Steeds about : The *Horæ* ope the Gates, unteam the Carr, To their *Ambrosial* Stalls the Horses tie, And set the Carr beneath Heav'n's Crystal Walls. Both Goddesses, with discontented Minds, Entring the Court, resume their golden Thrones.

Then *Jove*, with Light environ'd, mounts his Chariot, Drives from the Top of *Ida*, up t' *Olympus*, And at th' Assembly of the Gods arrives. (f) *Neptune* receiv'd him, and his Steeds unharness'd ; (g) Then in the brilliant Stable plac'd the Chariot, And round about it precious Linen cast. Mean while, the Thund'rer mounts his golden Throne, And vast *Olympus* shook beneath his Feet. *Juno*, and *Pallas* next each other were, At distance from th' Imperial Seat

(f) *Neptune* receiv'd him, &c.] This Fiction, that *Neptune* himself unharnesses *Jupiter*'s Horses, is founded upon this ; viz. the Air, which is nothing but *Jupiter*, extends from the Heavens to the Sea, where it reposes itself.

(g) *Then in the brilliant Stable plac'd the Chariot.* I did not dare venture this Passage literally, because it is too singular, and too remote from our way of Speaking. I shall content myself with explaining it in this Remark. *Homer* says, *ἀργυρία δ' ἀπερμούσι τίθει*. He puts his Chariot on its Pedestal. The Word *βασις*, does not only signify Altars,

but likewise *Bases*, *Pedestals*, on which they put Vessels, Statues, &c. and 'tis undoubt-edly in imitation of the Greeks, that the *Latins* call'd by the Name of *Aras*, *Altars*, certain Rocks appearing in the Sea. Wherefore then is *Jupiter*'s Chariot put on a Bale, on a Pedestal, instead of being put in a Coach-house ? 'Tis to shew, that the Air, which is the true Chariot of that God, has no other Seat than the Earth itself, which is the Basis, whereon it rests in the midst of the Universe. This is *Homer*'s Idea, a great and noble Idea, which our (the French) Lan-guage cannot express.

of Jove ; Silent they sate, nor upwards turn'd
their Eyes.

But Jove, who knew what gall'd them, thus began : " Why so dejected, Goddesses ? (said he) " Tis not by lab'ring in the bloody Fight, " And killing *Trojans*, Objects of your Hate. " Be not so vain, to think that Your two Pow'rs, No, nor the Host of Gods, can me controul, Or stop my vow'd Inflictions on the *Greeks*. Ev'n You, with all your Menaces and Pride, Did you not shake with Fear ? were not your Limbs, Your goodly Limbs, possess'd with coward Dread, E'er you beheld the Fight, much less the Slaughter ? But wisely you retreated : for, I tell ye, If farther you had push'd your mad Design, Your Chariot never shou'd have brought you back To Heav'n again, the Seat of the Immortals : My Lightning shou'd have punish'd your Presumption.

Juno and *Pallas*, who sate next each other, devising mighty Mischiefs to the *Trojans*, Mourn'd, with Lips compress'd, at Jove's Discourse. *Pallas*, tho' much provok'd at what she heard, Yet curb'd her swelling Choler, and was silent ; But *Juno*, not being able to with-hold the Transport of her Fury, thus broke out : What means this Speech, O cruel Son of Saturn ? We too well know thy Pow'r invincible : Yet the brave *Greeks* Condition we may mourn, Who now must fall beneath so hard a Fate. We shall from Fight abstain, since you command it ; But let us aid the *Greeks* with wholsome Counsels, That so not all may perish by thy Anger.

The

The Master of the Thunder thus reply'd:
 " * Dread Queen, to-morrow, with those splen-
 " did Eyes, If thou so please, thou shalt be-
 " hold me making Still greater Havock in the
 " Grecian Army; For *Hector* shall not his Ex-
 " ploits give o'er, Till he has rouz'd the ter-
 " rible *Achilles*; And the bold *Trojans* shall
 " the *Greeks* constrain To fly ev'n to their
 " Fleet, *Patroclus* kill'd. Thus Fate decrees;
 " I not regard thy Rage: Tho' to the World's
 " Extremity thou go'st, (b) There where *Læpetum*
 " and *Saturn* lie, Near to profoundest *Tartarus*
 " bound in, On ev'ry Side, with everlasting
 " Night; Nor by the Sun refresh'd, nor cool-
 " ing Winds. Thither tho' you with loud
 " Complaints repair, And try to raise that Em-
 " pire up against me, Or whether here you
 " practise secret Mischief, I scorn your feeble
 " Malice, and, with Ease, Your insolent De-
 " vices will confound. He spoke; and *Jun-
 " dar'd* not to reply. Mean while, the Sun did
 to the Ocean hasten: Drawing Night's sable
 Curtain o'er the Earth. The *Trojans* griev'd to

* *Dread Queen.*] The Greek says *μίστια, veneranda, Ado-
 rable*, from *μίστη, cado, to
 fall*; because People are us'd to
 fall prostrate before those they
 adore. And in this Sense, I
 suppose, the Word *Dread*, in
 the modern Addresses to the
 Kings and Queens of *England*,
 is generally understood. But
 if we look nearer into the
 Word, it has no such terrible
 Meaning. For 'tis but a Cor-
 ruption of the old *French* Law-

Word *Droit, Rightful, Law-
 ful*, and in that Sense was ap-
 plied to the Kings and Queens
 of *England* by our Fore-
 thers.

(b) *There where Læpetum
 and Saturn lie.*] That is to
 say, Tho' you go to the Bot-
 tom of *Tartarus* to solicit the
Titans, and oblige them aga-
 in to come and war with me,
 heretofore they did. You ne-
 ver only see the first Book of *Apollonius*.

see the Day descend. Not so the *Greeks*: They wanted Night's Relief, And more than once had pray'd for its Approach.

Illustrious *Hector* leads his warlike Troops, Far from the Fleet, near to the gulphy Stream; A Place not soil'd with Blood, and free from Dead. There all the *Trojans* from their Carrs descend, And about *Hector* strong to hear his Orders: He bore a Spear, eleven Cubits long, And pointed at the Head with polish'd Steel, Which to the Staff a Ring of Gold did bind; On this he lean'd, and thus harangu'd the Troops: "Hear me, ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and Allies! I thought this Day t' have given total Ruin Both to the *Grecian* Army and their Fleet; And hop'd I shou'd have enter'd *Troy* victorious: But Night has stopt my Arm, and sav'd the Foe. Then let us pay Obedience to the Goddess, And prudently, the Time she gives us, use. Let all the Soldiers take a due Repast: Let them untie their Steeds, and give them Food; Let Beeves and Muttons from the Town be brought, With Wine and Bread, and Quantity of Wood, That all the Night, till wish'd *Aurora* rises, Fires may be made, whose Flames shall light the Shore, And with ascending Brightness gild the Skies, Lest in the Dark, the *Greeks* Advantage take, And, reimbarking, cleave the Sea's broad Back: Let them not part in Peace, and unassaulted: But, as they make Retreat, let each Man bear A Wound with him, to cure when he gets home, Giv'n by a *Trojan* Shaft, or sharpen'd Spear: That "other

“ other Nations may from them take Warning
 “ And fear to vex the Trojan Shore with War
 “ Strait let our Heralds to the Town repair,
 “ Proclaiming, (i) That the Youth, unfit for
 “ Arms, And Old-Men, past their Labour,
 “ mount the Tow’rs; * And let the Women
 “ make before their Houses Great Fires all
 “ Night: let the whole City wake: For fear
 “ whilst thus ’tis naked left of Troops, The
 “ Foe, by some Surprize, shou’d Entrance gain
 “ Let what I say be punctually observ’d; To

(i) *That the Youth, unfit for Arms.*] *Hector* does not exempt any Age from rendering Service to their Country. The Children (that is, those who are but twelve or thirteen Years old, and whom for that Reason he calls *πρεσβύτερος*, such as are just entering upon the Age of Puberty) and the old Men shall keep watch on the Towers, and the Women shall light Fires in all the Streets.

* *And let the Women, &c.*] Homer’s Term here for Women is too remarkable, not so to be taken Notice of. Madam Dacier omits it; perhaps she thought it might have reflected upon the fair Sex, to have explain’d it; and so indeed it does, if the Account which the Greek Scholiast gives of it be true. Homer’s Word is *Ωμύτρες*, not in the Positive, but Comparative Degree; as if, instead of *Femina*, I shou’d use *Feminiore*, for *Women*. They who understand *Latin* will know what I mean. But the

English Reader cannot be so well made sensible of it, without fetching a greater Compass. Homer’s Expression, *And let the Ωμύτρες, &c.* is as much as if he had said, *Let those Creatures who are more Feminine than other Female Creatures, &c.* meaning the *Women*. Upon which the Greek Scholiast has made, in my Opinion, a very *extremæ* Observation, and very dishonourable to the Ladies. His Words are these. I take them out of Barnei *Ωμύτρες*] *Αἱ γῆς τὰ ἀποδιπλα καλαποτερεῖαι οἱ γη-*
σιγκατόν εἴη μίλιγον ζω-
τὰ μὲν γέρ τελούτα μητρί-
τεις καπορ, οἱ δὲ μηγινα-
αῖται δὲ διατεκτητοισι τοι

(k) *Which in plain English is this:*

Βενατος δε λαδεις απ μη-
τελαινδεις το δειτ σαπεις δει-
τρητεις βεισε, κομπαραδει-
στειτεις, πορ δε βρυτεις
δε δε διριη απ σεπειτειδει-
σιτεις, πετ δε λαδεις δι-
σπειτεις.

“ morrow

" morrow, valiant Friends, when Morning
 " dawns, I'll farther Orders give, and hope
 " that Jove, And all the other Gods, totch'd
 " with my Pray'rs, Will grant me to destroy
 " these cursed Dogs, Brought by ill Destiny to
 " Trojan Coasts. Let us this Night keep strong
 " and careful Guard; And with the early
 " Dawn prepare to fight; On board their very
 " Ships I'll stir the War; Then shall I Tryal
 " make, if strong *Tydides* Will from their
 " Fleet repulse me to their Trenches; Or whe-
 " ther, with this Steel, I him can pierce, And
 " bear his bloody Spoils in Triumph home.
 " His Valour shall be put to Proof to-morrow,
 " If he dares stand th' Encounter of my Lance.
 " I hope, th' ascending Sun shall find him
 " dead, And many of his proud Companions
 " round him, Devoid of Breath, extended on
 " the Strand. Ah! that I were as sure to live,
 " immortal, And feel no Frailties of increasing
 " Years, Exempt from Age, and evermore re-
 " main (k) Ador'd by Men, like *Pallas*, or
 " *Apollo*, As I am confident, that Heav'n's next
 " Light Shall be the last the *Greeks* will e'er
 " behold.

(k) *Ador'd by Menlike Pallas,*
 &c.] Hector has given his Or-
 ders with a great deal of Wis-
 dom, and like a Soldier; but
 presently after, Pride, occasion'd
 by the Success of that glorious
 Day, makes him talk in a
 language full of rash Presump-
 tion. He imagines that the
 Greeks will run away, or that,
 if they dare stay till Morning,

Diomed will be slain by him; after which, his foolish Vanity carries him to desire even the Honours which are render'd to the Immortals only. This is very natural to Men; great Prosperity makes them forget they are Mortal, and puts them upon equalling themselves with the Gods. *Alexander* is a Proof of it.

Thus

Thus *Hector* spoke ; and all the Trojans shout-
ed. Then every one his sweating Steed takes
out, And to his Chariot's Back with Head-stalls
ties : some to the Town are sent for Beeves
and Sheep, And Bread, and Wine, while others
fetch in Wood. * *Full Hecatombs* are offer'd to
the Gods. The Winds transfer'd the Savour
to the Skies : But the immortal Pow'rs partook
not of it ; They lik'd it not, because they hated
Ilium, And Priam, Ilium's King ; and Priam's
People.

* *Full Hecatombs* are offer'd, &c.] 'Tis fit I shou'd acquaint the Reader why this Line, and the three others below, are in Italick. Let him know then, that they are not in Madam Dacier's Translation, nor in any other Edition or Tranlation that I know of, except in Mr. Barnes's late *Latin* one. As no Man understands Homer better than that Gentleman, and as this present Translation is intended to be the most exact of any that has yet appear'd in *English*, I was willing to insert the four Verses above recited ; and will give Mr. Barnes's Reason for so doing : *Addo & lego, ex Platone, Ep̄dor, &c. Hos quidem versus Homero perquam dignos, & huic loco apprime congruos, sustulit, ut puto, Aristarchus ; quod vel barbarorum pietati invideret, vel quod Deo passiones imputare videantur ; ut Plato ibidem objici à nonnullis fatetur ; quamvis ipse dextre locum interpretatur. Et nostra Litera testantur,*

malorum bonum sacrificia Deesse abominationi, Solomon, Prov. c. xv. v. 8. &c. c. xxi. 27. Restituendos utcumque summa posta existimavi, & lectionem pristino nitor. " I add these Verses out of *Plato* : They are every way worthy of Homer, and perfectly suitable to this Place. They were expung'd by *Aristarchus*, & I suppose ; either because he envied the Piety of the Barbarians, or because the Verses seem to impute Passion to God, as *Plato* confess'd to have been objected by some ; tho' he very hand somely interprets the Place. Even our holy Books testify that the Sacrifices of the Wicked are an Abomination to God, Solomon, Prov. c. xv. v. 8. &c. c. xxi. 27. I thought fit, therefore, to restore the Verses to the first Prince of Poets, and the Reading to its ancient Beauty.

With Minds elate, and of Success assur'd,
 The Troops spent all the Night in open Field,
 Sitting in warlike Form, and under Arms. (1)
 As when the Night's chaste Queen, (m) with
 Fire renew'd, Travels thro' Heav'n upon her
 Silver Chariot, Whilst Winds are silent, and
 the Air serene, And Stars conspicuous all around
 her shine, Steep Mountain-Cliffs and elevated
 Capes, And Vales and Forests are with ease dis-
 cover'd ; The brilliant Light of those immortal
 Lamps Strikes thro' th' immense Expansion
 of the Air, Unveiling Heav'n and Earth (a
 beauteous Scene!) The Swain rejoices in the
 useful Light : So seem'd upon the Plain the
 Trojan Fires (Betwixt the Navy and Scamander's
 Banks) Chasing the Dark, and spreading
 Light around.

(1) *As when the Night's chaste Queen.*] This so noble and fine Comparison is only to say, that the Fires, which the Indians made in their Camp, enlighten'd all the Trojan Plain, even to the Shores of the Hellespont. What Poetry is this, which changes the Earth almost into a starry Heaven !

(m) *With Fire renew'd.*] So φέατην must be explain'd, according to Eustathius, who, with Reason, says, that the Poet means here the Moon in the first Quarter ; for when it is at Full, the Stars, far from appearing so bright, are obscure'd, as Sappho says in these Verses :

Ἄστρες μὲν φέατην καλοῦ Σε-
 λάντας
 Αὐτὸν ἀποκρύπτειντος φαντί^{ειδός}
 Οὐτότις ἀπολέποντα μαλίσκες
 λάμπει γάτ.

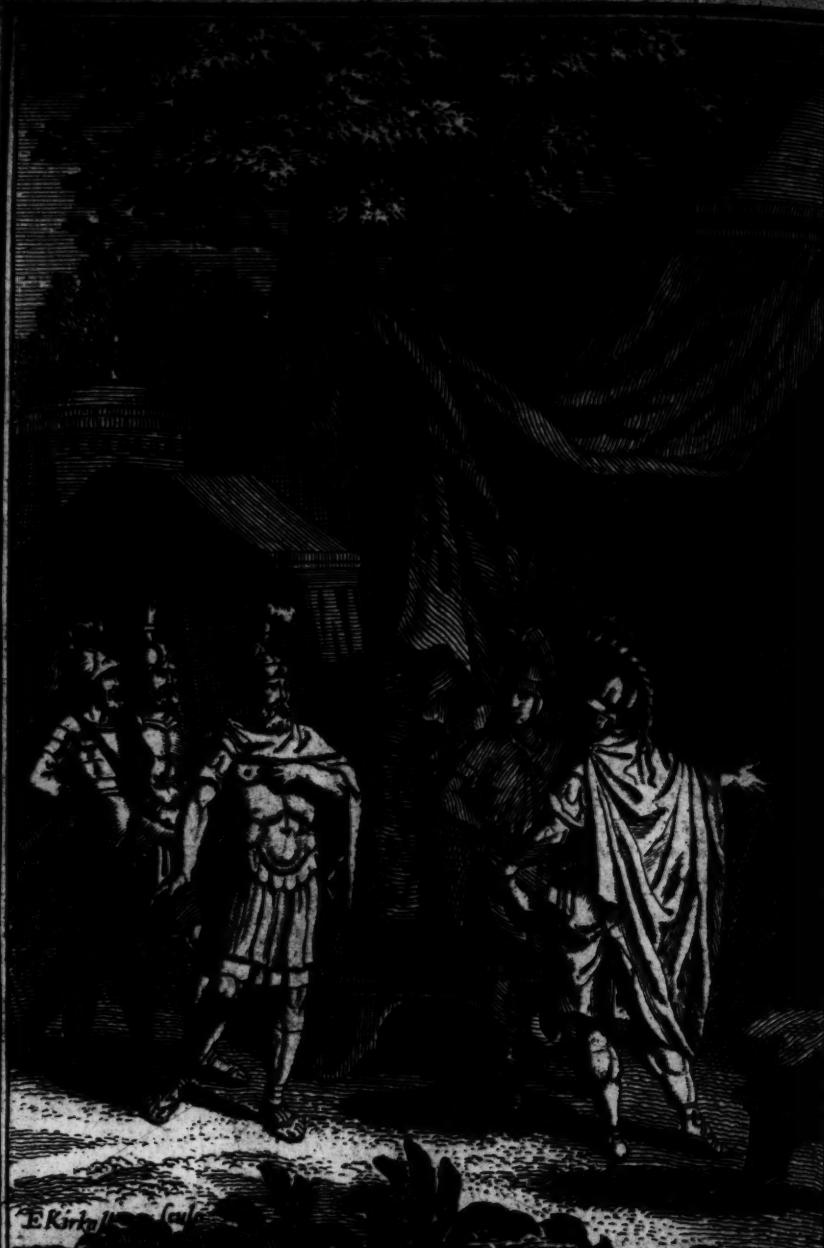
*The Stars their Brightness
 lose around their Queen,
 When she with all her Glory
 lights the World.*

Some ancient Critics, as Apion and Herodotus relate, in order to find this Sense, corrected the Word φέατην, by dividing it into two ; for they say Homer writ φέατην, for φέας star, lumine novara, beginning to kindle. This Correction is more subtle than necessary. It may very well be let alone.

A thousand Fires made bright the Trojan Camp, And at each Fire sat Fifty valiant Warriors. On Corn and purest Rice the Horses feed. All, near their Chariots, with Impatience waited, Till fair Aurora did the Day restore.







E Kirkby says

The Greeks astonish'd at their Defeat, send Ulysses, Ajax & Phoenix, to Achilles, to beg him to return to the Camp. He haughtily rejects their prayers, & dismisses them roughly.

Argument of the Ninth Book.

A

Gamemnon, despairing of the Safety of his Army, summons a Council of the Greeks, and advises to retire. Diomed, rising up, strenuously opposes this Advice; and Nestor, who speaks after him, commends him for the prudent and bold Manner in which he had spoke to the King. He then declares what he thought proper shou'd be done; and, in pursuance of his Advice, they send Ulysses, and Ajax the Son of Te-
lamon, to Achilles, to endeavour to pacify him; and Phœnix is desir'd to accompany them. They all three make very strenuous and moving Speeches. That Hero rejects all their Prayers, and answers them with Roughness: He, however, detains Phœnix in his Tent: Ajax and Ulysses return to give an Account of their Embassy, and the Troops go to repose themselves.



THE
ILIA
D
O F
HOMER.

BOOK IX.

English'd by Mr. Brome.

(a)



HUS on their Guard all
Night the Trojans stood
Watchful before the Fires,
which through the Gloom
Shone beamy, and illumin'd

(a) *This on their Guard all Night the Trojans stood.]* We have just seen, that at the End of the preceding Book, the Night of the 16th Day of Achilles's Wrath takes Beginning; this Night takes up all that Homer recounts in the

two following Books, and we shall find it to be a Night very well employ'd. This Book is perfectly Fine. Enstatius made a right Judgment of it, in saying, *ταῦτα ιαζώντα, &c.* This Book is very lively, full of Action

all

all the Plain: (b) But Jove, incens'd against the Grecian Pow'rs, Dealt foul Dismay, and Rout, on trembling Fear The sure Attendant, thro' the Grecian Host. As when two Winds afflict the boiling Deep, Boreas and Zephyr, which (c) from frosty Thrace Blow stormy, and torment the foaming Waves, The Ocean heaves, and the tumultuous Billows Rise mountainous, and insult the brighten'd Shores. Such Horror, such Confusion held the Chiefs, Doubting amid the fluctuating Host.

and contains a Strength of Eloquence admirable in the judicial Way, in what the Ambassadors say to Achilles, and in Achilles's Answer; and Homer never better shew'd, than in this Book, the Force of his miraculous Art in politic Diverses.

(b) But Jove, &c.] Homer is not willing that his Reader shou'd in the least forget, that this Flight of the Greeks is caused by Jupiter himself; wherefore he does not say barely, πόλει, Flight, but βορειον φύγεις, that is to say, οἱ διος μεροῦσι, caused by Jupiter.

(c) From frosty Thrace blow:] Among the Ancients, Eratosthenes, and among the Moderns, several great Men have charg'd Homer here with Ignorance, for saying, that Zephyrus, which is the Western-Wind, comes from the Climates of Thrace; but they are very much deceiv'd, and their Cri-

ticism very unjust. They ought to be put in Mind, that Homer is one of the greatest and exactest Geographers that ever was. Tho' he has mention'd the most remote Countries, he has not committed one single Fault. In this Place he is exactly true; for he does not say absolutely, that the Western-Wind blows from Thrace, but he says it with respect to Troy and the Ægean Sea. The ancient Geographers agree, that Thrace is in the Form of a Sigma or C, the North-Wind blows from the upper Point of this C; and the West-Wind from the lower Point going to Troy. You need only look upon the Map, together with Strabo's Remark upon his first Book of Geography, and the Commentary of the learned Casaubon. The Sea therefore here mention'd, is the Height of the Ægean Sea, where are Lemnos, Samothrace, &c.

And now, oppress'd with deep corroding Care, *Atrides* thro' the Ranks impatient ran, And bad the Heralds, (d) without Noise or Clamour, Summon a general Council of the Greeks. The Greeks assembled; on their thoughtful Brows Sate Discontent, and Care, and gloomy Sorrow. Then in the Council Agamemnon rose; (e) Weeping he rose; and as the streaming Fountain Pours forth its Waters from a rocky Height; So shed the Chief a plenteous Flood of Tears, And to th' Assembly, sighing, thus he spoke.

“ O Friends, O Chiefs, and Rulers of the
“ Greeks, The heavy Hand of Jove afflicts me
“ sore, That cruel Deity, who with a Nod
“ (f) Had promis'd me, that I shou'd con-
“ quer Troy, (g) But now perfidiously defeats
“ my Hopes, And bids me to return inglorious
“ home; Now, when I've lost so many of my
“ Forces, In fierce Assault; such is the Will
“ of Jove, Who has o'erthrown so many For-

(d) *Without Noise.*] He wou'd have the Heralds summon the Greeks without crying with a loud Voice, because of the Night, and of the Enemy who were near at hand, and might take Advantage of the Consternation and Disorder of the Greeks.

(e) *Weeping he rose.*] Here you see a Circumstance, where Tears are not only allow'd, but becoming in a Hero, occasion'd not by any Apprehension for himself, but Care for his People.

(f) *Had promis'd me, &c.*] The Aim of this Discourse is the same with that of the

second Book. Agamemnon only tries to give the Generals of the Troops good Reasons to contradict him, that the Greeks may take Courage again. See the Remarks thereon.

(g) *But now perfidiously defeats my Hopes.*] Agamemnon proceeds even to Blasphemy, to shew to the Troops, that he only speaks through Transport and Excel's of Passion, which renders what he says less creditable; for what sound and compos'd Mind wou'd accuse Jupiter of Perfidiousness? This admirably serves the Turn of Agamemnon.

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BOOK IX. OF HOMER.

223.

" tresses, (b) And will so many more o'er-
" throw hereafter, For he is pow'rful, and his-
" Arm Almighty. Abandon then, my Friends,
" the bootless Project, And, hast'ning to your
" Ships, regain your Country; (i) For we shall
" ne'er be Masters of proud Ilium.

He spoke; and (k) Silence held th' Assembly
mute; With Sorrow and Amazement, mute
they sate, Till Di'med, brave in Battel, thus re-
ply'd.

" (l) The first I'll be, Atrides, to oppose

(b) *And will so many more*
[*στρικρω̄ bereafter.*] And con-
sequently will overthrow that
of Ilium likewise, especially
since he has promis'd it.

(i) *For we shall ne'er be*
Masters of proud Ilium.] But
all he has laid, proves that he
shall take it, and that Jove is
infallible.

(k) *Silence held th' Assembly*
[*mute.*] The Greeks dare not
speak what they think; for
they suspect, that Agamem-
non's Speech is only to sound
them, and feel their Pulse, as
he before had done.

(l) *The first I'll be, Atrides,*
to oppose, &c.] If this Speech
of Diomed's were taken lite-
rally, it wou'd seem improper,
very gross, and very unreason-
able. In effect, how comes it
that Diomed, who did not
answer Agamemnon, when that
Prince tax'd him with Cowar-
dice, and who even corrected
Sthenelus for answering him,
shou'd here take it in his Head
to rail at the King, who is in

the most deplorable Condition
that Man can be in, and almost
besieged by the Trojans? 'Tis
taking his Time very ill. It
may perhaps be said, that in
the last Battel he did unheard-
of Exploits, which he makes
Advantage of on this Occa-
sion, to revenge himself of the
Injury the King did him. But
'tis unworthy a Hero, to lay
hold thus of a publick Calamity
to resent his particular
Wrong. Dionysius of Halicar-
nassus has perfectly well made
appear the Cunning of this Dis-
course, by shewing, that this
violent Accusation of Agamem-
non is, on the contrary, the De-
fence of that Prince, and a
sure Means of making his De-
signs succeed. The Liberty
Diomed takes, and the injurious
Language he gives, only serve
to deceive the Troops the bet-
ter, who thinking him really
angry, will not fail to be on
his Side. These Injuries, adds
Dionysius of Halicarnassus, are
Nuts to Agamemnon.

“ So rash a Scheme ; (m) and since this Place
“ allows Boldness in Speech, O King, I'll
“ boldly speak. Thou first, and thou alone,
“ in Terms opprobrious, (n) Didst brand me
“ with the hateful Name of Coward, Openly,
“ in Face of all the Grecian Warriors. To
“ them I trust my Cause, and let Them speak
“ My Strength in Battel, and my Worth in
“ Arms. The Son of Saturn, the Almighty
“ Jove, (o) Gave thee a Scepter, made thee
“ King o'er Kings ; But left thee destitute of
“ manly Courage, (p) The far more noble and
“ illustrious Empire. Mistaken Prince ! How

(m) And since this Place
allows.] King Agamemnon
might command what he
pleas'd, without assembling
the Council ; but when this
Council was assembled, they
had a Right to contradict him,
and nothing cou'd pass with-
out the Peoples Consent ; for
as I have already elsewhere said,
it was a Mixture of Monarchy
and Democracy.

(n) Didst brand me, &c.] In the fourth Book. Five or
six Days ago.

(o) Gave thee a Scepter, &c.] There is a great deal of Art
here methinks. On one side,
he was oblig'd to acknowledge
the Authority of Agamemnon,
to whom God has given a
Scepter superior to other Scep-
ters ; and on the other side,
he was oblig'd to weaken this
same Authority, to hinder the
Troops from obeying the Or-
der that Prince gave for retire-

ting. Diomed says therefore,
that certainly Agamemnon, as
King of Kings, ought to be
respected and honour'd, but that
God has not given him the
Valour he has given to other
Chiefs, the Empire of which is
greater, especially in War, than
that of Scepters. From whence
it follows, by a necessary Con-
sequence, that the Troops
ought not to obey an Order,
which proceeds rather from
Fear, than from Reason and
Experience.

(p) The far more noble,
&c.] This is the Language
of a brave Man, to affirm and
say boldly, that Courage is
above Scepters and Crowns.
Scepters and Crowns were, in-
deed, in former Times, not
hereditary, but the Recom-
pence of Valour. With what
Cunning and Haughtiness Dio-
med sets himself indirectly
above Agamemnon.

“ cou'dst

" cou'dst thou think the Greeks Such Dastards,
 " so unman'd, as to embrace Schemes so un-
 " worthy, Projects so inglorious? But if, im-
 " patient to behold thy Country, Thou'rt fixt
 " on Flight, and bent upon Return; Depart,
 " the Way is free! thy Squadron stands (q) Most
 " opportunely nearest to the Sea. But think
 " not All will fly, the rest will stay, Till we
 " have Priam's well-built City sack'd: But
 " shou'd They too, like Thee, desert the War,
 " (r) Yet here wou'd I and Sthenelus maintain
 " Alone the Fight, (s) till we have found the

(q) *Most opportunely nearest to the Sea.*] As being the last drawn on Shore, and consequently highest the Sea, the first being more advanc'd towards the Plain. This likewise includes a very sharp Stroke of Satire against Agamemnon, as if he put his Ships last and highest the Sea, that they might be farther from the Enemy, and readier for Flight.

(r) *Yet here wou'd I and Sthenelus, &c.*] What a Greatness is there in this Character of Diomed! and how well it is carry'd on! No Obstacle discourages Diomed; Jupiter cou'd hardly make him retire, a whole Army is afraid, the General himself commands to draw off, he remains intrepid, and will stay only with Sthenelus.

(s) *Till we have found the Day, Troy's fated Day.*] Eu-
 stathius observes here a won-

derful Decency in this Character of Diomed, as fiery as he is. When he thinks that all the Greeks will stay, he says, *Till we have Priam's well-built City sack'd*; and when he adds, that if the others go, Sthenelus and he will remain alone to continue the Siege, he was cautious of saying, that *they wou'd fight, till they had Ilium sack'd*; for what Likelihood is there, that two Men cou'd hope to do what a whole Army cou'd not? But he says, *Yet here wou'd I and Sthenelus maintain alone the Fight, till we have found the Day, Troy's fated Day*; which is an equivocal Expression, and equally signifies, *till we have taken Ilium, and till Ilium be freed, and we slain under its Walls*; for both its Taking and Deliverance are its fated Day. This Remark seems to me very solid and very sensible.

“ Day, Troy’s fated Day ; (t) for not without
“ the Order Of God himself, came we to
“ Ilium’s Shore.

He ended ; and with loud applauding Shouts,
The Grecian Chiefs approv’d the Hero’s Words.
Then Nestor from his Seat arose, and Spoke.

“(u) O Diomed, O Great approv’d in Arms,
“ Prudent, tho’ Young, and wiser than your
“ Years ; No Greek will contradict or disap-
“ prove What you advance, since prudently
“ advanc’d ; (w) But yet unfinish’d, unex-

“(t) For not without the Order of God himself came we to Ilium’s Shore.] The Greek says, for we are come bitter with *God* ; and therein may be seen the Style of Moly Scripture, where ‘tis said that they come with *God*, or that they are not come with *God*, or that they are not come without *God*, meaning they did not come without his Order: *Nunquid sine Domino ascendi in terram Iam?* says Rabshekah to Hezekiah, in *Isaiah xxxvi. 8.* This Passage seems to me very beautiful. Homer adds it, to shew, that the Valour of Diomed, that Boldness which puts him upon remaining alone with *Sthenelus*, when all the Greeks shall be gone, is not a rash and mad Boldness, but a reasonable one, and founded on the Promises of *God* himself, who cannot lie.

(u) O Diomed, &c.] This Speech of Nestor’s is not such as it seems, as Dionysius of Halicarnassus has very well ob-

serv’d. That wise old Man admirably well makes use of Diomed’s Speech, but for another End. Diomed only tries to encourage the Army, and dispose it to fight ; and Nestor’s Aim is different. He praises the Liberty with which that Prince has spoken to *Agamemnon*, and afterwards shews the Effect which that Liberty ought to produce ; ‘tis not to fight on the next Day, but presently to use all the means necessary to appease *Achilles* ; for that is the only way to repulse the *Trojans*. Nestor therefore adds to this Discourse of Diomed’s what is wanting in it ; and he adds it, as if it were Diomed’s Thought. Thus Nestor, to dispose the King to do what he wou’d have him, lays hold on the Applauses they had given Diomed, and slips in his Advice, as an Advice already prais’d and applauded.

(w) But yet unfinish’d, &c.] Nestor thereby insinuates, that what he is going to say, is nothing but Diomed’s Advice

* plain’d

" plain'd the Thought, Which you propose,
 " remains. Tho' wise, your Youth Wou'd
 " speak you, if my Son you were, my young-
 " est. And yet, with Boldness, Rulers you re-
 " prove, And blame ev'n Kings with Praise,
 " because with Wisdom. But I, whom Length
 " of Days and Years mature Have taught Ex-
 " perience, will speak my Thoughts, Speak
 " boldly, and compleat what you propos'd.
 " Tho' boldly, so as none shall discommend
 " My Words distasteful; no, not e'en *Atrides*.
 " (x) Unjust, unnatural, inhumane, he That
 " loves a War, horrid, intestine War! But let
 " us, since the Season of the Night To kind
 " Repast invites, and soft Repose, With
 " Wines and Food the weary'd Host refresh,
 " Weary'd with Toils and Labours of the Day.

laid open and fully explain'd. Diomed has said, they shou'd stay and fight; and Nestor adds the Precautions necessary to be taken before Fighting, that they may fight safely. Thus Homer preserves the Characters of an Old Man and a Young.

(x) *Unjust, unnatural, inhumane, he.*] This general Maxim is for Agamemnon in particular, in order to dispose him to give Achilles necessary Satisfaction; and since the Terms are a little harsh, he took care to say that he spoke with his usual Freedom, and prepares the Prince for this Liberty. I have adapted this Passage to our way of Speaking; *A Man must be with*

out Relations, without Friends, &c. The Greek says (Verse 63.)

*Ἄρρεν, ἀδίμος Θ., ἀτινεὶς
 ἐγν̄ εἰναι Θ.*

These three Terms are borrow'd from the publick Excommunications, which were us'd to be pronounce'd against the Wicked. *Ἄρρεν*, one that was excluded all Commerce with his Kindred, *ἀδίμος Θ.*, one who was banish'd from religious Assemblies, and made incapable of partaking in the Sacrifices. *ἀτινεὶς Θ.*, one who was not allow'd to remain in his own House, or to entertain any Person at his Table.

“ And let a Strength of Guards secure the
 “ Ground, And take their Stand (y) between
 “ the Ditch and Wall. (z) Be this the Duty
 “ of our youngest Leaders. Be it Thy Task,
 “ O mighty Son of *Atrœus*, To issue thro’ the
 “ Host thy dread Commands; For thou art
 “ pow’rful, thee all *Greece* obeys. (a) As-
 “ semble to thy Tent the oldest Leaders. (b)
 “ And feast the hoary Warriors at thy Board.
 “ With Choice of various Wines thy Tent
 “ abounds, (c) Rich *Thracian* Wines, which
 “ thence thy Navy brings Daily, well loaded
 “ with a precious Freight. Let each give Coun-
 “ sel, and do thou assent (d) To his mature Ad-
 “ vice, who gives the Best. Let All be there,
 “ the weighty Cause requires The Presence of

(y) *Between the Ditch and Wall.* That is to say, upon the Banks of the Ditch without the Wall.

(z) *Be this the Duty of our youngest Leaders.* Nestor opens this Advice, by sending these young Officers. Thereby he provides for the Guard of the Camp, and spares Agamemnon the Shame of seeing himself reprov’d, for his Injustice, in their Presence. For this Reason, Nestor puts off giving his Advice, till he is in Agamemnon’s Tent after Supper.

(a) *Assemble to thy Tent the oldest Leaders.*] When Homer speaks of the old Captains, this Epithet, *Old*, is not to shew Age only, but likewise Experience and Distinction.

(b) *And feast, &c.*] Nestor proposes, that Agamemnon shall give the Officers a Supper, because the Greeks were persuaded, that the Mind being warm’d with eating and drinking, was put in Condition to suggest good Counsels: Wherefore the Persians deliberated at Table, and determin’d Fasting.

(c) *Rich Thracian Wines, which thence thy Navy brings.*] Not only from the Islands near to *Thrace*, but from *Thrace* itself, where the Greeks caus’d Lands to be till’d during the Siege, as in the *Chersonesus*.

(d) *To his mature Advice, who gives the Best.*] With what Art Nestor prepares the King to receive his Advice, as the only wholesome one!

“ them

“ them All, their utmost Wisdom ; For near
 “ our Fleet the Trojan Fires blaze dreadfull ;
 “ Sight horrible, and hateful ! (e) Ah ! what
 “ Pleasure Can *Grecian* Eyes enjoy, when such
 “ a Prospect Strikes them beholding, when this
 “ Night destroys, (f) This fatal Night de-
 “ stroys or saves our Host ?

Thus Nestor spoke, and they the Sage obey'd.
 Strait issu'd forth the Guard, in Arms array'd,
 Bold *Thrasymedes*, Nestor's valiant Son, *Ascalaphus*, and brave *Ialmenus* March'd forward, and
 with them the fierce *Merion*, Bold *Aphareus*, and
Deipurus, And God-like *Lycomedes*, *Creon*'s Son.
 These seven Chiefs, sev'n hundred valiant Men,
 Gallant in Arms, attended to the Field ; They
 fixt between the Ditch and Wall their Guard,
 Their Fires they lighted, and prepar'd their
 Banquet.

Th' experienc'd Chiefs *Atrides* to his Tent
 Embody'd led, and made a Royal Feast. (g)
 When they had eat and drank to Satisfaction,
 Nestor up rose, whose Wisdom in Debate Had
 oft been try'd, and often been approv'd, And
 spoke in Terms that well became his Wis-
 dom.

(e) *Ab ! what Pleasure can Grecian Eyes, &c.* } It is so
 literally. That is to say,
 Who is there that wou'd not
 be very much afflicted and ter-
 rify'd ?

(f) *This fatal Night de-
 stroys or saves our Host.* } Nestor shews the pressing Necessity
 there is to follow the best Ad-
 vice that shall be given, and

to follow it immediately, and
 without delay.

(g) *When they had eat.* } Homer does not amuse himself
 to describe this Repast, as he
 wou'd have done on another
 Occasion ; the Time presses, and
 good Clear is not the Business,
 but Deliberation, and good
 Counsel.

" O Son of Atreus, glorious King of Nations, To thee both first and last will I direct My Voice; for thee, of mighty Realms supreme, Nations obey: To thee *Saturnian* Jove Commits his Scepter and his Laws, that thou (b) Mayst govern Realms according to their Rules. Therefore on thee, Thee chiefly 'tis incumbent, (i) To give Advice thyself, and hear it giv'n: And whensoever others shall propose Projects conducive to the Publick Good, T' embrace 'em, and promote the just Designs. For tho' to Others the Advice be owing, (k) Thine it becomes whene'er thou follow'st it. Therefore I speak what seems to me the Best, Nor shall a better Scheme than this be laid, (l) Which long

(b) Mayst govern Realms according to their Rules.] For the Scepter has its Rules; Laws are its Rules; good Kings follow them, and the others violate them.

(i) To give Advice thyself, and hear it giv'n.] This is a Lesson very important for Kings; they shou'd know how to speak, to hear others, and to yield without Passion or Jealousy to the best Advice.

(k) Thine it becomes whene'er thou follow'st it.] *Eustathius* thought that Homer said this, because in Councils, as in the Army, all is attributed to the Princes, and because all the Honour is given to them; but this is not by any means Homer's Thought. What he says here, is a Maxim drawn from the profoundest Philoso-

phy. That which often does the greatest Harm to Men, is Envy, and the Shame of yielding to Advice, which proceeds from others, and which they themselves do not give. A very gross Fault. There is more Greatness and Strength in following a good Advice, than in proposing it; by executing it we render it our own, and we ravish even the Property of it from its Author; and *Eustathius* seems to incline to this Thought, when he afterwards says: *Homer* here makes him that follows a good Advice, equal to him that gives it; but he is not full enough in expressing himself.

(l) Which long revolving in my Thoughts I kept.] An Opinion form'd on the Spot,

" revolving

revolving in my Thoughts I kept. 'Tis not
the rash Result of present Fancy; But such,
as at that Moment I conceiv'd, When from
Achilles' Arms you fore'd Briseis, Averse to
my Advice, while to prevent The fatal rash
Attempt, (m) in vain I us'd Dissuasive Argu-
ments. But you, thro' Passion, And wild
Repentment, deaf to cooler Reason, (n) Dis-
grac'd a great, a most illustrious Hero; Him
whom the Gods conspir'd to crown with
Glory; And now detain the just Reward of
Valour, Briseis, from his Arms. (o) Then
let us think, How best we shall appease the
angry Chief By sumptuous Presents, or by
soft Persuasions.

Then thus *Atrides*, King of Nations, spoke:
With Truth and Reason hast thou touch'd
my Faults. Greatly I've err'd, and I con-

cannot have all the necessary
Authority; but an Opinion,
which a wise Man has had
time to examine, and wherein
he persists for sixteen Days,
certainly deserves to be listened
to.

(m) *In vain I us'd dissu-
asive Arguments, &c.*] Whether
in publick, as we see in the
first Book, or in private, as
this Passage necessarily sup-
poses.

(n) *Disgrac'd a great, a
most illustrious Hero; him
whom the Gods conspir'd to
crown with Glory.*] Nothing
can be said more strong; for
what Honours ought not Men
to render to those whom the
Gods themselves design to ho-
dour?

(o) *Then let us think, how
best we shall appease, &c.*] This is the wise Counsel which
Nestor meant to give, and for
which he had so well prepar'd
Agamemnon, by all that he
had been saying. He does
not say, *We must appease*
Achilles, but *let us think, how
best we shall appease him;*
no longer debating, *Whether
Achilles must be appeas'd;* that
is resolv'd; the Question is
only how he may be appeas'd,
and he says, *Let us consult, let
us think* — as certain, that
this Counsel will find no Oppo-
sition, neither from the King
nor the Troops. There is an
Art in this, which I think
wonderful.

" fess my Error. (p) He's worth an Army,
 " he's himself a War, (q) Whom like that
 " Hero Jove the Father loves, Who now in
 " Auger to avenge his Quarrel, Crowns him
 " with Honour, and affiſts the Greeks. But
 " ſince I've err'd, (r) by headlong Paſſions
 " byaſſ'd, I'm ready to repair the offer'd
 " Wrong, And ſatisfy the Chief with mighty
 " Preſents; And what the Preſents are, I here
 " proclaim: (s) Sev'n preſcious Tripods of ſo
 " fine a Make, As not to bear the Fire; of

(p) He's worth an Army... Whom like that Hero Jove the Father loves.] Agamemnon does not name Achilles ſo much as once in all this Speech; he does Justice to his Valour, and wou'd ſatisfy him, but that Name is ſtill odious to him.

(b) Whom like that Hero Jove the Father loves.] How true this is! and how rightly Homer raises a Man lov'd by God above all common Men!

(r) By headlong Paſſions byaſſ'd.] I did not dare to re-ereſtablish in the Text a Verſe which follow'd this, which at this time does not appear in any Edition, and which Diſcorides, Iſocrates's Scholar, had restor'd; but I am oblig'd to recall it in the Note. This Verſe,

'An' im, &c.

Is follow'd by,

*H ὅρῳ μεθίσσε, ἡ μὲ θεαταὶ^{τε}
οὐδὲ αὐτοῖς.

Whether Wine had diſtribb'd my Reaſon, or whether the Gods in Anger had blindeſſed me.

Thus it was read in Atheneus's Time, who very well obſerv'd, that the Poet puts in the ſame Balance Drunkeneſſ and the Wrath of the Gods. 'Tis likely, ſome too nice Cri-
ticians, ſhock'd that Agamemnon ſhou'd confess himſelf guilty of ſo great a Vice, very im-
properly rejected this Verſe.

(s) Seven preſcious Tripods.] Tripods were great Veffels with three Feet; the Figure of them is ſeen in ancient Medals. The Ancients had two ſorts of them, one to boil Water in, and the other ſo fine and neatly wrought, that they were never uſ'd on the Fire, and ſerv'd only for Show; or if they were uſ'd, 'twas only to mix Wine and Water in, as in Urns. Princes had a great Number of these two ſorts of Tripods, to make Preſents of, and Game-Prizes, &c.

" Gold

“ Gold ten Talents, And twenty Cauldrons
 “ shining from, the Furnace. To these I add
 “ twelve Couriers fleet and strong, That oft
 “ have been victorious in the Race: Rich is
 “ the Man, and stor'd with Heaps of Gold
 “ Is he, (t) whose wealthy Treasures equal
 “ those Which in the Course already they have
 “ won. Besides sev'n Women of the *Lesbian*
 “ Race, Beauteous, and skill'd in Works of
 “ curious Art; Which I, when he destroy'd
 “ the lofty *Lesbos*, As the most fair of Women,
 “ made my Choice. With these I send whom
 “ from his Arms I forc'd, The fair *Briseis*, and
 “ call Heav'n to witness, That from my Arms
 “ she's pure and undefil'd. These at this Time
 “ I give; and if hereafter The Gods assist us,
 “ and proud *Ilium* falls, Let him with Store of
 “ Brass, and Heaps of Gold, Load his whole
 “ Navy, when we share the Booty. Then let
 “ him twenty *Trojan* Virgins choose, That
 “ may with any but the beauteous *Helen*,
 “ Matchless in Charms, dispute the Prize of
 “ Beauty. (u) And when to fertile *Argos* we
 “ return, Be he my Son-in-law, and with my

(t) Whose wealthy Treas-
 sures equal those which in the
 Course already they had won.]

This Passage proves, that dur-
 ing the Siege of *Troy*, the
 Greeks often had Horse-Races,
 wherein they propos'd Prizes,
 either at the Funerals of He-
 roes, or on other Occasions;
 for if Agamemnon only spoke
 of the Prizes which his Horses
 had gain'd before the Siege,

they wou'd be already too old
 for Service.

(u) And when to fertile Ar-
 gos we return.] Agamemnon
 divides into three different
 Times the Presents he means
 to make to Achilles; on the
 Spot, after the Taking of
Troy, and after his Return to
Argos; this Division in some
 manner multiplys them.

“ Son,

" Son, My only Son *Orestes*, share all Honours.
 " Besides, three Daughters grace my Royal
 " Court; (w) *Chrysothemis*, and fair *Laodice*;
 " The other bright *Iphianassa* nam'd. Of
 " these, (x) (nor Nuptial Presents we expect)
 " Her let him wed who pleases most his Eyes;
 " With her such Gifts shall he receive in
 " Dower, As ne'er before were given to a
 " Daughter. Besides; sev'n Cities more shall
 " call him Lord. *Cardamyle*, and *Enope*, and
 " *Hira* For verdant Pastures fam'd, and fruit-

(w) *Chrysothemis* *Laodice* *Iphianassa*.] How comes it, say some, that Agamemnon does not mention *Electra* here? Those who make this Objection are deceiv'd. *Electra* is not a proper Name; 'tis a Surname afterwards given to *Laodice*, who was call'd *Electra*, because she was marry'd late, and remain'd a great while a Maid. I even believe, that this Surname was given her by the Tragic Poets only; Homer never knew it.

(x) Nor Nuptial Presents we expect.] For, in Greece, the Bridegroom, before he marry'd, was obliged to make two Presents, one to his betroth'd Wife, and the other to his Father-in-Law. This Custom is very ancient; it was among the Hebrews in the Patriarchs Time. Abraham's Servant gave Neck-Laces and Ear-Rings to *Rebecca*, whom he demanded for *Isaac*, Genesis xxiv. 22. *Schechem*, Son of *Hamor*, says to *Jacob* and

his Sons, whose Sister he was minded to espouse; *Auges*, dotem, & munera postulare. Ask me never so much Dowry and Gift, Gen. xxiv. 12. for the Dowry was for the Daughter; this Present serv'd her for Dowry, and the other Presents were for the Father. In the first Book of *Samuel* xviii. 25. *Saul* makes them say to *David*, who by Reason of his Poverty, said he could not be the Son-in-Law of the King; *Non habet Rex sponsalia necessaria*. The King desir'd not any Dowry. And in these two last Passages, we see that the Presents were commonly regulated by the Father of the Bride. Homer does not speak of the Present made to the Father, but only of that which is made to the Daughter, to the Wife, and which was call'd *idya*: The Dowry which the Father gives to his Daughter, was call'd *misilia*, wherefore Agamemnon says here *immisilia dowr*. You must separate *misilia* and *immisilia*.

" ful

ful Soil : The Tow'rs of sacred *Pheræ*, and
 " *Antæa* With pleasant Meads enclos'd, and
 " proud *Æpea*, And *Pedassus* for choicest Vines
 " renown'd. (y) All neighbouring to the Sea
 " and sandy *Pylos*. Rich are th' Inhabitants
 " in Flecks and Herds, Who, like a God,
 " shall reverence him their Lord, (z) And, sub-
 " ject to his just and lawful Scepter, Pay with
 " Content and Joy their wealthy Tributes.
 " This will I do, if he his Wrath renounce :
 " And sure, he will renounce it ; only *Pluto*
 " Continues unrelenting, implacable, Inflexible,
 " of all the Gods, and he (a) Of all the Gods
 " is hated most by Man. 'Twill not disgrace
 " the Prince to own my Sway, Since more
 " than his my Pow'r, and more my Years.

Then *Nestor*, fam'd for Wisdom, thus re-
 " ply'd : " O Son of *Atræus*, glorious King of
 " Nations, Such are your Presents as are highly
 " worthy The Prince, the great *Achilles*, to re-
 " ceive. Be it our next Concern to choose
 " out Persons To be dispatch'd from you to

(y) All neighbouring to the
 Sea and sandy *Pylos*.] This
 increases their Value, for no-
 thing made a fertile Country
 be valu'd so much as the
 Neighbourhood of the Sea,
 and of a barren and sandy
 Country ; the Reason of it is
 evident.

(z) And, subject to his just
 and lawful Scepter, pay with
 Content and Joy their wealthy
 Tributes.] Here is a great
 King, who owns that Tributes,
 which the People pay to
 Kings, are the Reward of the

Justice which the King renders
 the People ; and for that Rea-
 son, the Greeks call these Tri-
 butes *δικαιαίαι*, as much as to-
 say, the Price of Justice.

(a) Of all the Gods is hated
 most by Man.] This is so
 true ; that he was the only
 God that had neither Temple
 nor Altar any-where, and to
 whom were sung neither Hymns
 nor Songs.

Ouid in *Æneis*, ovid's trans-
 lation, says *Aeschylus*.

" great

" great Achilles. And these I choose to execute this Task; And with my Choice let each of them comply: (b) Let Phœnix, then, conduct the Embassage; Be Ajax and Ulysses the Embassadors. (c) Let Hodius and Eurybates as Heralds On them attend, and let the purging Water Be forthwith brought, and Silence be enjoin'd, And Pray'r's be made that Jove may be propitious.

He spoke; and all th' Assembly gave Assent, Forthwith the Heralds (d) on their Hands

(b) Let Phœnix then conduct the Embassage.] Phœnix was, at that time, by good Fortune, in the Grecian Camp, whither he undoubtedly went to see the Success of the last Battel, and to report to Achilles the Condition of the Army and Retrenchments, which they had just thrown up before the Camp; but Homer does not amuse himself to explain this Circumstance, which has no Relation to his Action. Nestor says, Let Phœnix conduct the Embassage, to shew that he was not an Embassador himself, but only destin'd to protect the Embassie to Achilles, and to be Assistant to the Embassadors. A Man like Phœnix, so particularly devoted to Achilles, cou'd not be an Embassador from Agamemnon to him: Homer, therefore, speaks in the Dual Number, as Eustathius has very well observ'd, οὐδεὶς δέ, βάρνη, εὐόμυνος. And Achilles in receiving them says only οὐδεὶς δέ, βάρνη, εὐόμυνος, to shew that he spoke but to two, Ajax and Ulysses.

(c) Let Hodius and Eurybates, &c.] I do not find anywhere else, that it was the Custom to send Heralds always with Embassadors. Wherefore then do they send them here? For two Reasons: The first is, that Achilles may not doubt but that the Embassie really comes from Agamemnon, for the Heralds cou'd not go without his Order; and the second is, that these Heralds, who were Witnesses of the Violence Agamemnon did to Achilles, by taking Briseis out of his Tent from him, might be likewise Witnesses before God and Man of the Satisfaction he gives him.

(d) On their Hands pour'd forth the Water.] For they were not permitted to lift to Heaven impure Hands, nor to make Libations in that Condition.

pour'd

pour'd forth The Water, and the Boys the Goblets crown'd With Wine, and dealt the Sacred Draught around. When the Libation to the Gods they'd made, Empty'd the Cups, and drank to Satisfaction, They strait prepar'd to execute their Charge. Mean while, sage Nestor new Instruction gave: To each he gave, but chiefly he enjoin'd The wise Ulysses to attempt all Ways To move the stubborn Soul of brave Achilles. And now along the Shore they held their Way; And, as they went, pour'd forth their Pray'rs to Neptune, That he would deign to favour their Design, And pacify the Wrath of Peleus' Son. Thus to the Quarters of the Myrmidons They came, and there the God-like Man they found, Soothing his Griefs with the melodious Lyre: The Lyre with curious Workmanship was wrought Compact and beau-teous, which among the Spoils He found, when he destroy'd Eetion's Town. With this well pleas'd, his Cares he sooth'd, (e) and sung The Deeds of Heroes, and the Acts of Kings. With him alone his lov'd Patroclus sat In silence, waiting till the Chief shou'd end The Song, and cease to strike the sounding Strings. Th' Embassadors approach'd, and wife Ulysses Mov'd

(e) And sung the Deeds of
Heroes.] Achilles does not sing
Love-Songs like Paris, whose
Harp Horace for that Reason
calls *Effeminate, Coward, im-
belli cithara*; but he sings the
Exploits of great Captains:
For as there is a soft and effe-
minate Musick, there is a no-
ble and warlike one, worthy
of Heroes. Wherefore Homer

makes Achilles here divert him-
self with singing, and playing
on the Harp; his Resentment
has made him renounce Bat-
tels: There is no other Con-
solation remains for him, then,
but to sing the great Acts
of Heroes, thereby to give
perpetual Fuel to his Cou-
rage.

foremost to his Presence; but the Hero (f)
Sprung from his Seat surpriz'd, and in his Hand
His Lyre he bore; up rose *Patroclos* too, Struck
with the Presence of the God-like Greeks,
Whom kindly thus great *Peleus* Son accouts.

“ Welcome ye come, for you are Friends;
“ but sure, (g) Some sad Misfortune presses
“ sore the Greeks, Since they have sent the
“ Bravest of their Host, And whom of all the
“ Greeks I most esteem.

He spoke; and led them to his Royal Tent;
Where having plac'd them in a Seat of State,
Thus, turning to his Friend, again he spoke.

“ Bring larger Cups, and more spacious
“ Bowls, (h) Speedily fill them with the finest
“ Wine, And give each Man his Bowl; for in
“ my Tent I now the dearest of my Friends
“ behold.

(f) *Sprung from his Seat surpriz'd.* Observe, says *Emilius*, the Simplicity of these Heroic Times. *Achilles*, as great a Prince as he is, has neither Ushers, nor Masters of the Ceremonies, nor Courtiers about him; in a word, no Appearance of that Train which Luxury introduc'd in following Ages. They enter, and accost him without Ceremony, as if he had been in an open Road. This Simplicity seems to me to have its Nobleness; and thus liv'd the Patriarchs, as great as Kings.

(g) *Some sad Misfortune presses sore the Greeks, &c.* This Speech of *Achilles* is of a Simplicity agreeable to the

Character of that Hero. He makes him here of a lively and penetrating Spirit: He soon perceives that *Agamemnon* wou'd never have sent to his greatest Enemy the Men who were likely to be the most agreeable to him, if the utmost Necessity had not constrain'd him.

(h) *Speedily fill them with the finest Wine.* It is in the Greek *Ἐπορεύεσθαι* to draw. Mix in them the purest Wine. Upon which *Zeilius* reproach'd Homer with committing a horrible Indecency, by making pure Wine be given to such wise Men, the Use of which was known by none but Drabuchees and Drunkards.

Thus

Thus he ; and strait Menetius' Son obey'd.
(i) He o'er the Fire (k) a mighty Vessel plac'd,

Aristotle has answer'd this Criticism, by saying that *εύπορος* does not here signify *pure Wine*, but that 'tis an Adverb, which signifies *quickly*, *mix Wine in them quickly*. And Hesychius has explain'd it likewise after Aristotle. It also signifies *the most excellent Wine*; thus Achilles bids Patroclus fill that Urn with the best Wine, and to put into it less Water than *ordinary*, because his Guests were *fatigued*, and thereby he gives to understand, that as for him, he drank it very much diluted. Plutarch thought this Question worthy of a Chapter in his Table Discourse. See what he says of it in Chap. IV. Lib. V.

(i) *He o'er the Fire a mighty Vessel plac'd.*] Homer is in the right not to avoid these Descriptions; because, as I have endeavour'd to make appear in my Preface, there is nothing vulgar in any Thing that is drawn from the Manners and Usages of Persons of the first Dignity; and also, because in his Tongue even the Terms of Cookery, favouring of the Quality of the Persons who did not disdain to perform the Functions of that Art, are so fine, so noble, and of so agreeable a Sound; and because he likewise knows how to place them so well, to extract a perfect Harmony from them, that he may be said to be as excellent a Poet, when he describes these small Matters, as when he treats of the greatest Subjects. 'Tis not so either with our Manners or Language. Cookery is left to Servants; and all its Terms, bearing the Mark of the gross People that profess it, are so low, so flat, and so disagreeable, even in the Sound, that nothing can be made of them, that has not some Savour of their Meanness. This great Disadvantage made me at first think of abridging this Preparation of the Kepast; but when I had well consider'd it, I was resolv'd to preserve and give Homer as he is, without short'ning any Thing of the Simplicity of the Heroic Manners. I do not write to enter the Lists against Homer, I will dispute nothing with him; my Design is only to give an Idea of him, and to make him be understood, which has not been yet done. The Reader will therefore forgive me, if this Description has none of its Original Graces. To make him some sort of amends, I shall try in the Remarks to clear up the Text, so that there may not be found in it the Difficulties the Ancients found, and that I may in some manner deserve the Thanks of the Publick, for not having omitted any thing.

(k) *A mighty Vessel.*] Most of the Ancients have explain'd, as I have, this Word *κύπελλος*, a great Vessel to hold Meat in;

And

Thus

And in it of a fatted Goat and Sheep A Share sufficient, with a Chine of Pork. (1) And while the Pot *Automedon* up held, *Achilles* into Pieces carv'd the whale, Then fixt the Pieces on the pointed Spits. Mean time, a mighty Fire *Patroclus* kindled, And when the Fury of the Flame was laid, He held the Pieces o'er the burning Embers, (2) And salted them (3) above the Andiron rais'd: But when he well had roasted e'ry Part, And plac'd in decent Order on the Table; *Patroclus* from the well-wrought Basket took The Bread, and dealt it all around the Board; The Flesh with his own Hand *Achilles* carv'd, And took his Seat against the great *Ulysses*; Then order'd his belov'd, his Friend *Patroclus*, To offer to the Gods, and make Libations. He off'ring, with due Care into the Fire Threw the *Primitie*, and made Libations. This done, they eat and took a due Repast: And when they'd eat and drank to Satisfaction, (4) To *Phoenix Ajax* gave a se-

but *Euphorion* pretended, that it here was the Meat itself, because Homer never spoke of boil'd Meat. *Euphorion* was certainly a bad Cook. *Patroclus* does not put his Vessel on the Fire to boil the Meat in, but only to parboil it, in order to divide it afterwards, and make it roast the more easily.

(1) *And while the Pot Automedon up held, Achilles, &c.*] When this Meat is parboil'd, *Automedon* takes the Vessel from off the Fire, and *Achilles* cuts the Meat.

(2) *And salted them.*] He does not salt this Meat when he puts it on the Fire, but after it has been upon it a little time; wherefore, Homer adds, *above the Andiron held, &c.*

(3) *Above the Andiron rais'd.*] *Kapitwta* were Stones or Pieces of Iron, on which they laid the Spits to the Fire; these Spits and Andirons together form'd the same thing as our Gridiron.

(4) *To Phoenix Ajax gave a secret Sign.*] *Ajax*, who did not understand much Cyp-

cret Sign : The Sign *Ulysses* saw ; and seeing, took A Bowl, and drinking to *Achilles*, spoke : " Health to the great *Achilles*, at whose Table " (p) We find Magnificence, and Entertainment, " As in the Royal Tent of *Agamemnon*. But " we in Banquets little Pleasure find ; Greatly " distress'd, we present Ruin dread ; For soon " will *Trojan* Flames the Fleet destroy, Unless " you save us, and assume the Hero. Near our " Intrenchments, and our Fleet, encamp'd, The " haughty *Trojans*, and their proud Allies, " Nightly throughout their Army kindle Fires, " And with proud Boastings threaten us with " Ruin. To them propitious *Jove* sends happy

ning , and who is a rough
Man, is for proceeding directly
to what he thought the surest
Means. He makes a Sign to
Phœnix to speak ; but *Ulysses*,
who is more cunning and pru-
dent than him, perceives very
well that that is not the Con-
duct to be observ'd ; and that
if *Phœnix* speaks first, and is
refus'd, there is no more hope,
for *Achilles* wou'd not grant
others what he had refus'd
Phœnix ; wherefore *Ulysses*
makes haste to speak ; for if
Achilles refuses him, as is very
likely, for which he is prepar'd,
there are two Resources ; *A-
jax* and *Phœnix* will come to
the Charge, and may make
some Impression on a Mind
already mov'd and shaken.

(p) We find Magnificence,
and Entertainment, as in the
Royal Tent of *Agamemnon*.]

It is in the Greek, *we do not want good Chear*, either in your, or *Agamemnon's Tent*; and it must be observ'd *en passant*, that there are Editions where they have falsely put, *δειτε παριτόνε οὐκ ιμδύνει*, making *ιμδύνει* the second Person of the Verb *ιμδύνει* as if *Ulysses* shou'd say to *Achilles*, *You do not want for good Chear*, which is ridiculous, and cou'd never be good Sense ; it shou'd be written *ιμδύνει*, and this is the Nominative Plural of the Noun *ιμδύνει*, *indigus*, *we do not want*, &c. as *Eustathius* has very well explain'd it. Moreover, it is worth observing, with what Cunning *Ulysses* slides in here the odious Name of *Agamemnon*, as he praises *Achilles*, that the Ear of that impetuous Man might be familiariz'd to that Name.

" Omens, In Flames of Lightning, and in Peals
 " of Thunder. And *Hector* too, presuming
 " on *Jove's* Favour, Storms horribly, and
 " Blood and Slaughter breathes Against the
 " Greeks, (q) and Heav'n and Earth defies. He
 " only waits the Rising of the Day, To fire
 " the *Grecian* Navy, and bear off With Joy
 " (r) the sacred Pictures of the Gods, And in
 " one Ruin overwhelm the *Greeks* In Fire and
 " Smoke, confounded and dismay'd. Greatly
 " I tremble, lest the Gods confirm His dread-
 " ful Vows, (s) and give his Threats Success,
 " While we, devoted to a sad Destruction,
 " Here perish far from *Argos'* fruitful Soil.
 " Arm then, at last, divine *Achilles'* arm! And
 " save the *Grecians* from the *Trojan* Fury!
 " E'en You, *Achilles*, you yourself wou'd grieve
 " To see that fatal Day, when *Greece* shou'd
 " fall, And Fate shou'd put it past your Pow'r
 " to help us. Think then, and Timely think,
 " how best you may Remove the fatal, the ap-
 " proaching Hour. Think, dear *Achilles*, on
 " your Father's Words; Recall the sage Instruc-
 " tions which he gave, When he from *Pthia*

(q) *And Heav'n and Earth defies.* [Nothing cou'd be more capable of awaking the Courage of a common Hero, than this Description of his Enemy's Boldness, but *Achilles* is not a Hero like others.

(r) *The sacred Pictures of the Gods.* [They were the Ornaments which they put on the Prow of Ships. *Hector* threaten'd to take them away, not to save them from the

Flames out of a Motion of Piety, as some believ'd, but to hang them up, according to the Custom, in the Temples of his Gods, as a Monument of his Victory. There is a great Art in this Speech of *Ulysses*.

(s) *And give his Threats Success.* [This is to shew *Achilles* the Glory he wou'd gain by changing that Destiny.

" sent

“ sent you to the War. My Son, said he,
 “ great Juno and Minerva Shall make thee
 “ brave, (if such their Pleasure be) And great
 “ in War, and crown thy Arms with Con-
 “ quest: (t) But be it thy Endeavour to restrain
 “ Thy haughty Soul, and check thy rising
 “ Fury. Meekness is better far than Violence:
 “ Contention fly, from which much Evil
 “ springs: So shall the Greeks deserved Honours
 “ show'r, And Old and Young conspire to give
 “ thee Praise. Such were th' Instructions of
 “ the wise old Peleus, Which you his Son for-
 “ get; but yet, Achilles, Ev'n now relent, and
 “ lay aside your Wrath! If you relent, and
 “ conquer your Resentment, Rich, noble Pre-
 “ sents Agamemnon offers, Worthy of him to
 “ give, and you receive. (u) Now, if --- but
 “ hearken to me, while I tell The many Gifts
 “ which Agamemnon proffers. Sev'n precious
 “ Tripods of so fine a Make, As not to bear

(t) *But be it thy Endeavour to restrain thy haughty Soul, &c.*] Homer thereby gives ingeniously to understand, that the Character of Achilles was already known before the Trojan War, and that Peleus, his Father, knew his Nature to be violent and impetuous; and the Poet thereby gives a great Air of Truth to his Fable, as if he had not form'd this Character, and as if he had really found it, as he describes it.

(u) *Now if --- but.*] I think I have found the true Sense of

this Passage, which seems pretty knotty, because there is a Suspension which is not perceiv'd. Ulysses was going to say now, if Agamemnon be odious to you, and you despise his Presents; but he stops short; and before he comes to it, he wou'd, as it were, make these Presents pass in Review, to try if muffering them up may, in some sort, bend and shake his Heart stubborn and greedy of Glory and Honour. After this Enumeration, he resumes the Thread of his Discourse, *But if the Giver, &c.*

“ the Fire ; of Gold ten Talents, And twenty
“ Cauldrons shining from the Furnace. To
“ these he adds twelve Coursers, fleet and
“ strong, That oft have been victorious in the
“ Race : Rich is the Man, and stor'd with
“ Heaps of Gold Is he, whose wealthy Treas-
“ ures equal those Which in the Course al-
“ ready they have won. Besides, sev'n Women
“ of the *Lesbian* Race, Beauteous, and skill'd in
“ Works of curious Art ; Which he, when you
“ destroy'd the lofty *Lesbos*, As the most fair
“ of Women, made his Choice. With these,
“ he sends whom from your Arms he forc'd,
“ The fair *Briseis*, and calls Heav'n to witness,
“ That from his Arms she's pure and undefil'd.
“ These at this Time he gives ; and if here-
“ after The Gods assist us, and proud *Ilium*
“ falls, Do you with Store of Bras, and Heaps
“ of Gold, Load your whole Navy, when we
“ share the Booty. Then for yourself choose
“ twenty *Trojan* Virgins, That may with any
“ but the beauteous *Helen*, Matchless in
“ Charms, dispute the Prize of Beauty. And
“ when to fertile *Argos* we return, Be you his
“ Son-in-law, and with his Son, His only
“ Son *Orestes*, share all Honours. Besides, three
“ beauteous Daughters grace his Court ; *Chryso-*
“ *themis*, and fair *Laodice* ; The other bright
“ *Iphianassa* nam'd. Of these, (nor Nuptial Pre-
“ sents he expects) Be she your Bride who pleases
“ most your Eyes ; With her such Gifts shall you
“ receive in Dow'r, As ne'er before were given
“ to a Daughter. Besides, sev'n Cities more
“ shall call you Lord, *Cardamyle*, and *Enope*, and
“ *Hira*

BOOK IX. OF HOMER.

245

“ *Hira* For verdant Pastures fam'd, and fruit-
“ ful Soil: The Tow'rs of sacred *Pheræ*, and
“ *Anthæa* With pleasant Meads enclos'd, and
“ proud *Æpæa*, With *Pedasus* for choicest Vines
“ renown'd; Adjoining to the Sea and sandy
“ *Pylos*. Rich are th' Inhabitants in Flocks and
“ Herds, Who, like a God, shall rev'rence you
“ their Lord, And, subject to your just and
“ lawful Scepter, Pay with Content and Joy
“ their wealthy Tributes. This will *Atrides*
“ do, if you relent. (w) But if the Giver and
“ his Gifts you scorn, Yet sure, some Pity,
“ some Compassion's due To the distress'd, the
“ sore-afflicted *Grecians*. Nor shall you only
“ save from sure Destruction Abandon'd Us;
“ but to Yourself acquire Conquest in Arms,
“ and everlasting Glory. For by your Sword
“ shall mighty *Hector* fall, Who now pre-
“ sumptuous in the open Field Will meet you,
“ with Success and Pride elate, Who boasts
“ that he can meet no Match in Arms.

Thus he; and thus reply'd the great *Achilles*;
“ *Laertes'* noble Son, divine *Ulysses*, With Free-
“ dom I declare my fixt Resolves, So fixt as I
“ from them shall ne'er depart; That with
“ such Messages on this Account, You may no
“ more give me Uneasiness. And since that
“ Man's detestable as Death, Whose Words
“ agree not with his private Thoughts; I
“ here declare, and openly avow, (x) That

(w) But if the Giver and his Gifts you scorn.] This is what *Ulysses* meant to say before, when he stopt short.

(x) That neither Agamemnon, nor the Greeks, tho' All shou'd come, &c.] This is answering in one Word to

" neither *Agamemnon*, nor the *Greeks*, Tho' All
 " shou'd come, shall ever move my Soul.
 " (y) For what avails it me, that I have borne
 " The Shock and Fury of a tedious War,
 " (z) Since the base Coward has an equal
 " Lot (Though Arms he bears not) with the
 " Brave and Valiant, And shires th' Advan-
 " tages, though not the Dinger? And when
 " the Coward falls, the sime Regret Is shewn
 " for him, as for the Godlike Hero, Who
 " bold in Arms shone dreadful in the Field.
 " What have I gain'd by bearing the Fatigues,
 " And tempting all the Dangers of the Fight?
 " (a) Just as the Bird, to feed her unsledg'd
 " Young, Labours and toils, but wants her-

both Parts of *Ulysses*'s Speech, who said, If you have no Pity upon *Agamemnon*, have at least Pity upon the rest of the *Greeks*.

(y) For what avails it me, &c.] This Reproach takes in all the *Greeks*, and this is the Reason that makes *Achilles* be insensible of their Misfortune. They are as ungrateful as their King.

(z) Since the base Coward has an equal Lot, &c.] What *Achilles* says in these three Lines, well shews a Man greedy of Honour and Glory, and who cannot bear that the Spoils shou'd be lavish'd on those who do not deserve them.

(a) Just as a Bird to feed her unsledg'd Young.] This Comparison, full of Sweetness,

I think very fine, and yet finer in *Achilles*'s Mouth, thro' the Contraste it makes with that fiery and hasty Spirit; but this Comparison, as gentle as it is, has its Majesty: *Achilles* in it treats all the *Greeks* as weak Men, who wou'd have perish'd a thousand times, if he had not sav'd them. Observe, says *Eustathius*, how *Achilles* not only compares the *Greeks* to little Birds, but to unsledg'd ones too, rais'ing himself, and debasing them. Our Saviour has sanctify'd the very same Comparison, when, to shew the Love he has for his Children, he says to *Jerusalem*; How often wou'd I have gather'd thy Children together, as a Hen does gather her Brood under her Wings? S. Luk. xiii. 34.

" self

" self Repose ; (b) So, for the *Grecians*, Hard-
 " ships I have borne, Sleepless the Nights I've
 " pass'd without Repose, And the whole Day
 " in Battel and in Slaughter ; And this for
 " whom, but (c) for the *Grecians* Wives ? (d) By
 " Sea, twelve noble Cities I destroy'd ; By Land,
 " eleven I in Ashes laid ; From these I ga-
 " ther'd rich and wealthy Spoils, And brought
 " them all to *Agamemnon*'s Tent. While he
 " at Home, diffus'd in Ease, receiv'd The
 " Prey (e) and gave a scanty, worthless Present
 " To my brave Soldiers, and retain'd the rest.
 " To all the Chiefs and Leaders of the Army He
 " Presents made, which they enjoy in Quiet ;
 " But he from me, and from me only, took
 " My Share by Force, my just Reward of Va-
 " lour ; And this is all the Pref'rence I enjoy,
 " To be the Chief in Injuries and Wrongs.
 " (f) He may detain my Captive, if he will,

(b) So, for the *Grecians*,
 Hardships I have borne.] Homer here recalls very naturally, and with a great deal of Art, what had pass'd at the Siege of *Troy*, during all the time that preceded *Achilles*'s Resentment, which is the Subject of the Poem.

(c) For the *Grecians* Wives.] He fought only for *Helen*, only for *Menelaus*'s Wife ; but these Plurals instead of Singulars do very well in Passion.

(d) By Sea, twelve noble Cities I destroy'd.] Strabo writes, that *Achilles* seeing they cou'd not force the *Trojans*, who kept themselves shut up in their Walls, went and ravag'd

all the neighbouring Country. This Passage includes a Precept, not indifferent for War. The *Greeks* sent *Achilles* to ravage the Towns neighbouring on *Troy* for Provision for their Troops, and to hinder those Cities from sending Aid to the *Trojans*.

(e) And gave a scanty, &c.] The Generals and Princes had their Share like the rest in all the Booty, when it was divided ; but the finest and best was for the King, who afterwards made Presents of it to those whom he meant to distinguish.

(f) He may detain my Captive, if he will, and use

" And use her as his Pleasure prompts, I care
 " not ; But why did we raise War against the
 " Trojans, And why such mighty Armies did
 " *Atrides* Bring to the War, (g) but to re-
 " cover *Helen* ? And think you, he alone of all
 " Mankind, And *Menelaus* only, love their
 " Wives ? Sure, ev'ry just and honourable
 " Man Honours and loves the Partner of his
 " Bed, As I sincerely lov'd and honour'd
 " mine. But her *Atrides* ravish'd from my
 " Arms, And me deceiv'd ; but now in vain he
 " tries (For well I am aware) his old Deceit:
 " (h) Let him, with other Chiefs, and thee,
 " *Ulysses*, Consult how best he may preserve the
 " Navy ; (i) Already noble Deeds, without
 " my Aid, He has perform'd, worthy so great

her, &c.] This is to answer what *Ulysses* said to him, *viz.* that *Agamemnon* was ready to make the greatest of Protestations, that he had never taken the least Liberty with his Captive. *Achilles* is not at all touch'd with this Oath, and he consents to let him live with *Briseis* just as he will.

(g) But to recover *Helen*.] This is an Argument to which no Reply can be made. *Agamemnon* assembles a great Army, and raises a ten Years War for the Recovery of *Menelaus*'s Wife, and at the same time he takes from *Achilles* *Briseis*, who was to him as a Wife. What Folly ! and what ought not *Achilles* to do to follow *Agamemnon*'s Example ?

(h) Let him with other Chiefs, &c.] *Achilles* still remembers what *Agamemnon* said to him when they quarrel'd ; other brave Warriors will be left behind to follow me in Battle, as we have seen in the first Book. He answers here, without sparing either *Ajax* or *Ulysses* ; as much his Friends as they are, they have their Share in this Stroke of Raillery.

(i) Already noble Deeds, without my Aid, he has perform'd worthy so great a King. He round his Camp a mighty Wall has rais'd.] This is a bitter Satire against *Agamemnon*, as if his only Deeds were the making of this Wall, this Ditch, these Palisades, to defend himself against those whom he came

" a King.

" a King. He round his Camp a mighty Wall
 " has rais'd, And round it drawn a Ditch both
 " broad and deep; And fortify'd the Ditch
 " with Palisades: Yet still he can't sustain
 " the Force of *Hector*. But while I led the
 " Greeks, and shone in War, This dreadful *He-*
 " *ctor* ne'er appear'd in Arms, Or ventur'd forth
 " beyond the *Scæan* Gate. He once, and but
 " once only, had the Courage To cope with me;
 " and try his Strength in Battel; Then from
 " the Fight he scarce escap'd with Life. But
 " since I'm fixt no more to draw my Sword
 " Against great *Hector*; when to morrow's Sun
 " Is ris'n, and I to *Jove* and all the Gods Have
 " made due Off'rings, and done Sacrifice, My
 " Fleet before your Eyes shall put to Sea, And
 " th'*Hellespont* shall groan beneath their Weight.
 " And if great *Neptune* grant a prosp'rous Voy-
 " age, Three Days shall land me safe on *Rhthia*'s
 " Shores. Great Treasures there I have, which I
 " forsook, When I engag'd in this unhappy War.
 " Thither both yellow Gold, and ruddy Brass,
 " And Steel refulgent from the Workman's
 " Hands, And Female Captives, all the Fruits
 " of Conquest, With me from these detested
 " Shores I'll carry. The only Gift which *Ag-*
 " *memnon* gave, Injuriously, unjustly, with Af-

to besiege. There was no need
 in the least of these Retrench-
 ments, whilst *Achilles* fought.
 But this Satire does not affect
Agamemnon only, but *Nestor*
 too, who had advis'd the
 making of these Retrench-
 ments, and who had said in
 the second Book; if there

are one or two seditious Men,
 who will separate themselves
 from the Greeks, let them stay
 and rot. Probably this had
 been reported to *Achilles*, and
 that Hero revenges himself
 here by mocking these Re-
 trenchments.

fronts, By his Appointment, from my Sight
 was ravish'd. Bear, then, this final Answer
 to *Atrides*, Proclaim it openly, that All may
 hear, And all resent the gross Indignity;
 Who, insolent as he is, cannot endure The
 Sight of one whom he so grossly wrong'd.
 Tell him, that nor in Council, nor in Arms,
 Will e'er I lend him my Advice, or Valour:
 Let it suffice, that he has wrong'd me once.
 Now let him helpless perish for *Achilles*,
 Since evil Destiny pursues his Ways, And
 angry *Jove* infatuates his Senses. (k) I scorn
 him as a Slave; he's my Aversion, He and
 his Gifts; and shou'd he ten times o'er, Nay
 twenty times, the Riches he enjoys, He and
 his Friends lay down before my Feet; Shou'd
 he with all the Treasure (l) of *Orchomenos*,
 Or all the Wealth of the (m) *Ægyptian*

(k) I scorn him as a Slave.]
 The Greek says, I scorn him as
 Carian. The Carians, a Peo-
 ple of *Boetia*, were very much
 despis'd, and look'd upon as
 vile Slaves, because they were
 the first that sold their Assis-
 tance, and who bore Arms for
 whoever paid 'em well. In
 those heroical Times, nothing
 was more shameful, than to
 sell in that manner Courage
 and Life, and to be for Lucre
 either Friend or Foe to any
 Nation.

(l) Of *Orchomenos*.] A
 City of *Boetia* on the Lake
Caphis. 'Twas one of the
 richest Cities in the World.
Thebes paid Tribute to her
 Kings.

(m) *Ægyptian Thebes*.] *Thebes*, otherwife call'd *Dio-
 polis*, the Metropolis of *Ægypt*.
 Strabo writes, that the Kings
 of *Thebes* extended their Con-
 quests as far as *Scythia*, *Bactri-
 ana*, and the *Indies*. He saw
 the Ruins of that lofty City,
 which still shew'd its Grandeur;
 he therein saw forty Tombs of
 her Kings, and upon these
 Tombs magnificent Obelisks,
 whereon were grav'd Inscript-
 ions, which shew'd the Ex-
 ploits of those Princes, their
 Riches, and their Power. What
 a City was this! to send forth
 twenty thousand Chariots of
 War! How ought we to judge
 of the Infantry, and the rest
 of its Inhabitants?

" *Thebes*,

“ Thebes, (Of Thebes for Stores and large Possessions fam'd, (n) That at a hundred opening Gates receives Two hundred Men, with Horse and Chariots arm'd) Bribe my Resentment; or shou'd he present As many Talents as the Shore has Sands; He shou'd not even thus appease my Wrath, Till he has fully paid for all my Wrongs. Nor will I wed the Daughter of Atrides: No, tho' in Beauty she's as *Venus* fair, And in all curious Works a Match for *Pallas*: Ev'n then I wou'd refuse to be his Son. Let him make Choice of some more favour'd Greek, More pow'rful too than me, to be her Husband.

(n) That at a hundred opening Gates receives two hundred Men.] These Gates have been differently explain'd by the Ancients. *Diodorus Siculus*, who saw the Ruins of that great City, says in his second Book, that some Authors pretended, that by these Gates we were not to understand the Gates of the City, but magnificent Entrances of Temples, and that *Thebes* was call'd Hundred-gated, because it had a hundred noble Temples; but the same *Diodorus*, without inflicting upon this Opinion, which has no Likelihood, and which is sufficiently confuted by this single Passage of *Homer*, (for War-Chariots do not go out thro' Temples) insinuates, that these Gates are to be understood as a hundred Palaces, accompany'd with magnificent Stables, which

were out of the Town, and which extended as far as *Memphis*, not unlike our *Hotels de Mousquetaires* at this Day; and 'tis upon this Passage of *Diodorus*, that *Pomponius Mela* writes, *Lib. 1. Chap. 9.* *Et Theba utique, ut Homero dictum est, centum portas, sive, ut alii aiunt, centum aulas habent, totidem olim principam domos, solitasque singulas, ubi negotium exegerat, ducena armatorum millia effundere.* But suppose these Gates were really the Gates of the City, or Houses in the Suburbs, for the Lodging of the Cavalry and its Captains, 'tis still the same Sense. *Thebes* furnish'd twenty thousand Chariots, each drawn by at least two Horses, and mounted by two Men, the Driver and Fighter. *Homer* reckons only the last.

" For if propitious Jove preserve my Being,
 " And I revisit fruitful Phthia's Shores, (o) Old
 " Peleus will provide me with a Bride: Greece
 " wants not Virgin Beauties rich and noble,
 " (p) Whose royal Parents wealthy Towns de-
 " fend. 'Tis now my chief Desire, my darling
 " Wish, There to enjoy my Native Soil and
 " Rest, Espous'd to some fair Virgin, wise and
 " virtuous; Content, and bless'd with Peleus
 " his Possessions. (q) Life is a Blessing which
 " no Wealth can equal; Not all the Riches
 " which proud Troy enjoy'd Before the Grecians
 " lay'd her Regions waste, When Peace con-
 " spir'd to crown her Coast with Plenty: (r)
 " No, nor the Treasures which Apollo's Dome

(o) Old Peleus will provide me with a Bride.] This is a very remarkable Simplicity of Manners. Such a great Person as Achilles, famous for so many Exploits, will not choose himself a Wife, but leaves it for his Father to do. These are the same Manners which are seen in holy Writ, and which reign'd in the Time of the Patriarchs.

(p) Whose royal Parents wealthy Towns defend.] Achilles praises the Princes, not for conquering new Territories, but for preserving their own. This makes the Felicity of a Nation; and those Words include, at the same time, a Stroke of Satire against Agamemnon, who let his People perish thro' his Imprudence.

(q) Life is a Blessing, which no Wealth can equal.] All

that Achilles says here of Life, wou'd be suspicious and unbecoming in the Mouth of another, who was not so well known as he; but Achilles may speak of the Love of Life, as much as he pleases; he has given Proofs, and his Voyage to Troy, where he knew very well that he was to die, has sufficiently shew'd, that he prefer'd Glory to the longest Life. It is also visible, that 'tis nothing but Glory makes him speak.

(r) No nor the Treasures which Apollo's Dome in Pythos boasts.] The Temple of Apollo at Delphos, was the richest Temple in the World, by the Offerings which were carry'd to it from all Parts. There were Statues of massy Gold of a humane Size, Fi-

" In Pythos boasts within its sacred Walls.
 " Vast Doves of Oxen, and large Flocks of
 " Sheep, Tripods of Gold, and Horses for the
 " Course, Are easy Purchases, and soon ob-
 " tain'd. But when the fleeting Soul of Man
 " departs, And ceases to inform his lifeless
 " Clay, 'Tis gone for ever, and no more re-
 " turns. My Goddess Mother, the illustrious
 " *Thetis*, Has oft inform'd me, (s) that two
 " different Paths Are open, leading to a diffe-
 " rent Death. If here I stay before the Wall's
 " of Troy, I never shall behold the *Phtian*
 " Shores, But fall with everlasting Glory
 " crown'd. But if, returning, I desert the War,
 " I lose the Glory ; but with Length of Days,
 " And Years mature, to recompence the Loss,
 " I slowly sink inglorious into Death. (t) Nor
 " wou'd I Length of Days alone embrace, But
 " counsel all the *Grecians* to return, Now when
 " their Hopes of conquering Troy are lost.
 " Th' Almighty Arm of *Jove* protects her
 " Tow'rs, While Conquest flushes the victo-

gures of Animals also Gold,
 and several other Treasures. A
 great Sign of its Riches, is, is
 that the *Phocaans* pillag'd it,
 in the Time of *Philip* the Son
 of *Amyntas*, which gave Oc-
 casion to the Holy War. 'Tis
 said to have been pillag'd be-
 fore, and that the great Riches
 of which *Homer* speaks, had
 been carry'd away.

(s) That two different
 Paths are open.] We see,
 throughout *Homer*, Signs that
 he knew this double Destiny
 of Men, so necessary to recon-

cile Free-Will with Predestina-
 tion. This is a very formal
 and express Testimony of it.

There are two Paths for eve-
 ry Man ; if he takes the Right,
 such a Thing will happen to
 him ; if the Left, his Fate
 will be different.

(t) Nor wou'd I Length of
 Days alone embrace.] He chose
 it but out of Spite and Anger ;
 he had chose the other, if his
 Reason had been settled. No-
 thing is more natural for Men
 in Wrath, than to say the con-
 trary of what they think.

“ rious Trojans, Spirits their Battel, and inspires
 “ their Arms. Go then, and to their Chiefs
 “ this Answer bear (This is your Duty) and
 “ exhort the Leaders New Measures to con-
 “ cert, new Projects lay, To save their Army,
 “ and preserve their Fleet. The Hopes they
 “ had in Me were vain and groundless. Go
 “ You, (u) but let sage Phœnix here repose,
 “ That at to-morrow’s Dawn he may set sail
 “ With me for Greece, and Phœbia’s pleasant
 “ Shores, If such his Choice is, for I’ll use no
 “ Force.

Achilles thus: Amazement held ‘em mute,
 Struck with the Roughness of his harsh Denial.
 At last, old hoary Phœnix thus reply’d, Mov’d
 with the Prospect of the Grecians Ruin. “ If
 “ you’re resolv’d, illustrious Son of Peleus,
 “ Upon Return, and bent not to defend The
 “ Grecian Navy from the Trojan Flames; (w)
 “ If, thro’ the fierce Resentment of your Soul,
 “ You will depart, and leave the Trojan Shores;
 “ Ah! how shall I, my Son, my dear Achilles,
 “ (x) How shall I stay behind, when thou art

(u) But let sage Phœnix
 bere repose.] This is a Proof,
 that Achilles did not look upon
 Phœnix as an Embassador.

(w) If thro’ the fierce Re-
 sentment of your Soul.] This
 is a very nipping Reproach.
 Phœnix thereby treats Achil-
 les as an Enemy of the Greeks,
 and a Man who does not love
 true Glory, as he flatters him-
 self he does, but who is vio-
 lent and hasty, and who
 sacrifices both his Duty and
 Country to his private Resent-
 ment.

(x) How shall I stay be-
 hind, when thou art gone?] Achilles said to Phœnix, that
 if he wou’d go with him the
 next Day, he might. Phœ-
 nix draws from thence the
 Subject of his Discourse, and
 he answers with a great deal
 of Cunning, for he owns, that
 it is not possible for him to
 stay without him; but this
 Declaration, full of Tend-
 erness, tends to shew him, not
 that he is ready to follow him,
 but on the contrary, that it is
 his Duty to stay, and not to

“ gone?

" gone? (y) Thy Sire, the good old *Peleus*,
 " gave Command, (z) When, young in Arms,
 " he sent thee to *Atrides*, That to the War I
 " shou'd attend his Son. You were not then
 " conspicuous in the Field, Nor great in Coun-
 " cil, where the Sage and Wise Gain Reputa-
 " tion and superior Honour. It was my Task
 " t' instruct your greener Years, That you
 " might be, when ripen'd into Manhood, In
 " Council wise, and gallant in the Field. Nor
 " have I since that Hour from thee been ab-
 " sent, Nor wou'd I here, my Son, behind thee
 " stay, Tho' ev'n a God, descending from the
 " Skies, Shou'd promise to restore my former
 " Years, And give me back that blooming
 " Flow'r of Youth, Which I enjoy'd when
 " first I fled from *Greece*; Fled from the Wrath
 " of the incens'd *Amyntor*, My Sire, my Ene-

abandon him; his Father sent him with him to conduct him, and regulate all his Actions; *Achilles* therefore ought to follow the Will of *Phœnix*, and not *Phœnix* to follow that of *Achilles*. *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus* has made on this Discourse of *Phœnix*'s a long Remark, to shew the Art of it; it deserves to be read.

(y) *Thy Sire, the good old Peleus*] This is artful, to remember *Achilles*, that his Father sent him to *Agamemnon*, that he might fight for him and under his Orders, and that he gave him *Phœnix* for his Governor. *Achilles* therefore ought neither to quit the Governor, to

whose Charge he was given, nor the Prince whom he is oblig'd to serve; and if he fails in these two Duties, he is a disobedient Son, and acts unworthily.

(z) *When young in Arms.*] These Heroes went young to the War. *Achilles* must indeed be very young, since he was hid in *Lycomedes*'s Palace, disguis'd like a Girl; but *Homer* has suppress'd that Circumstance which has nothing great in it; or perhaps he did not know it; and that it was a Fiction of the Poets who came after *Homer*. *Achilles* was not fifteen Years old when he went for *Troy*.

" my;

“ my; (a) whom cruel Jealousy Had grievously
 “ enrag’d ‘gainst me his Son. *Amyntor* lov’d
 “ (enamour’d with her Beauty) Fondly he lov’d
 “ a Harlot, and contemn’d His Wife’s, my
 “ Mother’s Bed. She, to withdraw The Har-
 “ lot’s Love, and make her hate *Amyntor*,
 “ Beg’d with much Vehemence, and strong
 “ Persuasions, (b) That I wou’d win the Har-
 “ lot to my Bed, Pretend a Passion, (c) and
 “ prevent her Husband: (d) To her obedient,

(a) *When cruel Jealousy, &c.*] This Mistris of *Amyntor*’s was call’d *Clytia*. *Amyntor* was so overcome with Grief for the Love of his Son, that he pull’d his Eyes out, and it is pretended he was cur’d by *Chiron*. *Apollod.* Lib. III.

(b) *That I wou’d win the Harlot to my Bed.*] The Counsel that this Mother gives to her Son *Phœnix*, is the same as *Achitophel* gave to *Absalom*, to hinder him from ever being reconcil’d to *David*. *Et ait Achitophel ad Absalom: Ingredere ad Concubinas patris tui quas dimisit, ad custodiendam domum, ut cum audierit omnis Israël quod fedaveris patrem tuum, roborentur tecum manus eorum, 2 Sam. xiv. 20.*

(c) *And prevent her Husband.*] It’s worth observing this Decency in *Homer*, to remove all the disagreeable Ideas which might proceed from this Intrigue of *Phœnix*, and his Father’s Mistris, the Poet took Care to give to understand, in one single Word, that *Amyntor*

was not belov’d by her; so this Action of *Phœnix*’s was in some manner excusable. He does it only out of Obedience to his Mother, and to reclaim his Father, and oblige him to live as he ought to do with her; and his Father had had no Commerce with this Mistris, whose Lover he pretended to be. If it had not been so, and if *Phœnix* had committed this sort of Incest, *Homer* wou’d neither have presented this Image to his Reader, nor *Peleus* have chose *Phœnix* for his Son *Achilles*’s Governor.

(d) *To her obedient, &c.*] *Aristodemus*, and before him *Sosiphanes*, had a mind to correct this Passage. They said, I disobey’d her, and I did not do that which she order’d me. But this Correction cannot suffice. These Critics did not observe *Homer*’s Art, who by this one Word, prevent him, has sav’d all the Horror of this Action, as my preceding Remark sufficiently made appear.

“ I perform’d the Task. When to my Sire the
 “ Matter was made known, He with dire Cur-
 “ ses and black Imprecations (e) Invok’d th’ In-
 “ fernal Furies, and conjur’d them, (f) That
 “ on his Lap he never might behold A Pro-
 “ geny descended from my Loins. (g) By Hell’s
 “ fierce God, and dread Proserpina, (h) Were
 “ ratify’d his baleful Imprecations. (i) Enrag’d
 “ at this, a black Design I form’d, To plung my

(e) *Invok’d th’ Infernal Furies.* [This Custom is remarkable, of addressing to the Furies, to beg that a Man may die without Children. The Ancients conceiv’d, that any very cruel and fatal Thing that happen’d, proceeded from the Furies and infernal Gods, and since they pretended that there was no Condition more unfortunate than dying Childless, it was not without Reason, that for this total and remediless Extinction, they applied to the Furies, and the infernal Gods.

(f) *That on his Lap he never might behold a Progeny, &c.]* This was the Custom of the Greeks. The Children, when they were born, were by the Hands of the Fathers plac’d on the Grandfathers Knees, as the most agreeable Present that a Son cou’d make to his Father. I have already made a Remark of this upon *Terence* in the *Adelphi*. Act 3. Scene 2. where *Sofrates* says of *Eschinus*.

*Qui in sui gremio positurum
puerum dicebat patris.*

*Who said, that as soon as she
was brought to Bed, he would
put the Child upon his Father’s
Knees.*

(g) *By Hell’s fierce God.* [The Greek says *Infernāl Jupiter*, Ζεύς τον ομάδας. The Ancients gave the Name of *Jupiter* not only to the God of Heaven, but likewise to the God of Hell, as is seen here, and to the God of the Sea, as in *Eschylus*. They thereby meant to shew, that it was one sole Deity, that govern’d the World; and without doubt it was to teach this same Truth, that the ancient Statuaries made Statues of *Jupiter*, which had three Eyes. *Priam* had one of them in that Manner in the Court of his Palace, which was there in *Laomedon’s* Time. After the taking of *Troy*, when the Greeks shar’d the Booty, it fell to *Sthenelus’s* Lot, who carry’d it into *Greece*.

(h) *Were ratify’d his baleful Imprecations.* [He means, he had no Children.

(i) *Enrag’d at this.* [I have taken the Liberty to report here four Verses which *Aris-*

" Sword into my Father's Bosom ; But some
 " kind God restrain'd my guilty Fury, And laid
 " before my Eyes th' Impiety, The Horror,
 " the Disgrace, of such a Deed, And how the
 " World wou'd call me Parricide. Then I re-
 " solv'd to leave my Father's Court, Tho' my
 " Acquaintance, and my dearest Friends, With
 " Pray'rs and Tears intreated me to stay ; Nor
 " us'd Intreaties only, but by Force Constrain'd
 " me, while they made continual Feasts, And
 " offer'd daily Sacrifice to Heav'n. Nine Nights
 " they thus detain'd me in the Court Unwil-
 " ling, by Constraint and constant Guard ; Two
 " Fires they kindled nightly in the Palace ;
 " That in the Porch, this in my Anti-chamber.

Aristarchus had cut out, because of
 the Horror which this Idea gave
 him of a Son who is going to
 kill his Father : But perhaps
Aristarchus's Niceness was too
 great. These Verses seem to
 me necessary, and have a very
 good Effect ; for *Phoenix's* Aim
 is, to shew *Achilles*, that if we
 do not tame our Wrath, we
 are expos'd to commit the grea-
 test Crimes ; he was going to
 kill his own Father. *Achilles*,
 in the same Manner, is going
 to let his Father *Phoenix* and
 all the Greeks perish, if he does
 not appease his Wrath. *Plu-*
tarch relates these four Verses
 in his Treatise how to read the
 Poets ; and he adds : *Aristar-*
chus, frighten'd at this borrible
 Crime, cut out these four Verses ;
 but they do very well in this
 Place, because of the Conjunction

ture. Phoenix being minded to
 shew *Achilles* what Wrath is,
 and to what abominable Excesses
 it burrys Men who do not obey
 Reason, and who refuse to fol-
 low the Counsels of those who
 advise them. These Sorts of
 Curtailings which are made in
 Homer, often contrary to all
 Reason, gave room to *Lucian*
 to feign, that being in the For-
 tunate Islands, he ask'd Homer
 a great many Questions. Am-
 ong other Things, says he in
 his second Book of true His-
 tory, I ask'd him whether he
 had made all the Verses which
 have been rejected in his Poem ;
 he assur'd me they were all bi,
 which made me laugh at the
 impertinent and bold Criticism
 of *Zenodotus* and *Aristarchus*,
 who had retrench'd them.

" When

“ When the Tenth Night involv'd the World
 “ in Darkness, I forc'd the Doors, and leapt
 “ the Palace Walls, Deceiv'd the Guards, and
 “ took my Flight unseen. All *Greece* I tra-
 “ vers'd, and to *Phtia* came, Where God-
 “ like *Peleus* keeps his Royal Court; The gene-
 “ rous King (k) receiv'd me there with
 “ Gladness, And lov'd me, as a Father loves
 “ his Son, His only Son, the Offspring of his
 “ Age: He gave me Treasures, and a kingly
 “ Scepter, And bad the *Dolopes* obey my Sway.
 “ My constant Care, e'er since that Hour,
 “ *Achilles* You've been, (l) and as you are,
 “ thus great in Arms, To me, my Son, is all
 “ your Grandeur owing. I lov'd you fondly,
 “ while with equal Passion You doated on me
 “ with an Infant's Fondness; Your Meat, your

(k) Receiv'd me there with Gladness.] *Phoenix* shews *Achilles* the horrible Difference there was between his Father and him, if he persisted in his Wrath. Your Father, as much a Stranger as I was, receiv'd me with Humanity, lov'd me as his Son, loaded me with Honours and Riches, and gave me a great Kingdom; and you, cruel as you are, leave me to perish, me your Father's Guest and Friend, me your Benefactor, me your Father, thro' the Education I have given you; lastly, me to whom you owe all that you now are.

(l) And as you are, &c.] As you are, that is to say, the greatest of Heroes, nay, a Man

equal to the Gods. There is a great deal of *Adresse* here, for mark what *Phoenix* does there, by infinuate to *Achilles*; the King your Father loaded me with Riches, and as a Mark of my Acknowledgment to him, I have follow'd your Person, I have lov'd you, and by my Cares, I have made you a Hero. What are you not oblig'd then to do for me, unless you are the most ungrateful of Men? It shou'd be observ'd here, how much Homer gives to Education. Let *Achilles* be as much a Goddess's Son as he will, it was *Phoenix*'s Care made him what he is; and indeed, when Education is wanting, any Man's fortunate Birth signifies nothing.

“ Drink,

“ Drink, in Anger you refus’d, Till seated on
 “ my Knees it was prepar’d By me, and offer’d
 “ to you by my Hands. (m) I’ll not recount
 “ the Troubles and the Cares, Which I endur’d
 “ to nurse your Infancy. I bore them all with
 “ Pleasure and Content, And thought (n) that
 “ since the Gods with-held a Son, A Son in
 “ you I’d find, a future Comfort, My Age’s
 “ Pleasure, and my Life’s Protection. Cease
 “ then, my Son, my dear *Achilles*! cease Your
 “ burning Fury, and your keen Resentment!
 “ The Gods themselves, that rule the Heav’n

(m) I’ll not recount the Troubles and the Cares which I endur’d, &c. I own that I departed a little from the Text, because I dar’d not to follow it, for fear of offending the Niceness of our Age. The Greek says, During that your very troublesome Infancy, you have often stain’d my Cloaths with the Wine I have given you to drink, and which you have rejected. In all Times and Countries the Images depend on the Usages and Ways of thinking. That which Homer makes here, besides its being explain’d in very fine and poetical Terms, is likewise very natural; and very proper to move *Achilles*, by recalling to his Mind an Idea which necessarily carries along with it, that of the Tenderness which *Phoenix* had for him. Now-a-days the greatest Part of Men have not the Strength thus to see Nature quite simple; it must be adorn’d and disguis’d. How-
 I shou’d not have fail’d

to have follow’d Homer in this place, if I cou’d have found in my Language Terms which cou’d have come near the Beauty of those which he found in his.

(n) That since the Gods with-held a Son. We nowhere see that *Phoenix* was marry’d; but he speaks thus, because the Ancients were persuaded, that Imprecations were always heard by the Gods, and particularly those of Fathers against their Children. Wherefore, *Plato* says in the eleventh Book of *Laws*, That the Fathers, those living Images of God, have a great deal of Force and Efficacy, to bring down all sorts of Blessings upon their Children, who render them the Honour which is due to them, and to make the most frightful Curses fall upon their Heads when they fail therein; for God bears the Prayers which Fathers address to them, either for or against their Children.

“ and

" and Earth, (o) Are mov'd by Sacrifice, and
" Supplications. And when bold Man affronts
" their Majesty, By smoking Incense, and by
" rich Oblations; He stops their Anger, and
" atones his Guilt. (p) Pray'rs are the
" Daughters (q) of Almighty Jove, (r) And
" lame, and wrinkled, (s) and with down-cast

(o) *Are mov'd by Sacrifice and Supplications.*] *Plato* condemns this Passage. He will have it that *Phoenix* speaks here according to the Opinion which reign'd in those Times of Ignorance. 'Twas thought that the Gods suffer'd themselves to be mov'd by Sacrifices and Presents, as if they were Usurers that made a Trade of their Gifts and Favours. This Opinion the Holy Prophets have oppos'd with a great deal of Force. *David* shews, that God does not receive all the Gifts and Sacrifices of Sinners, but only the Sacrifices of Justice, that is to say, the Sacrifices accompanied with the Conversion of the Heart, *Psal. 1.* In *Isaiah*, God himself says, *Bring no more vain Oblations, Incense is an Abomination unto me, i. 13.* Wherefore, the Author of *Ecclesiasticus* very well advertises; Do not say God will be mov'd by my Presents, and when I offer him my Sacrifices, he will receive them from my Hand, *vii. 2.* *Plato* has establish'd this Truth in the second Book of his *Republick*, but he had no Reason to give this bad Sense to this Passage, which might be taken

more favourably. I have spoke in my Preface of it.

(p) *Prayers are the Daughters, &c.*] In all the fine Poetry we have, I do not think there is any Thing more noble, more poetical, and more happily imagin'd, than this Fiction which personifies Prayers and Injury, by giving them all the Qualities, Sentiments and Features of those who do Injury, or have recourse to Prayers. *Homer's Thought* ought to be a little explain'd.

(q) *Of Almighty Jove.*] For 'tis God inspires Prayers, and teaches Men to pray.

(r) *And lame and wrinkled.*] For those who pray, have one Knee on the Ground, and the Face wrinkled and bath'd with Tears.

(s) *And with Eyes down-cast.*] The Greek says, *squintey'd, or the Eyes turn'd aside,* *παρεβλωτις τ' ισθαλμω*, because they dare not look strait forward; but this is not according to our Manner; we do not say in our Language, that a Person turns his Eyes aside out of Respect, but he dare not lift up his Eyes, that he holds them down.

" Eyes,

" Eyes, (t) They ever follow *Injury* behind.
 " But she is strong, and sound, and swift of
 " Foot; And far out-runs in Speed the follow-
 " ing *Pray'rs* To Man mischievous; but the
 " humble *Pray'rs* Restore her Evils, and re-
 " pair her Wrongs. Who'e'er with awful Re-
 " verence receives These mighty Daughters of
 " the Son of *Saturn*, Him greatly they assist,
 " his Wants present Before the Throne of
 " everlasting *Jove*. But he that frowardly re-
 " jects the Deities, (u) They beg of *Jove*, their
 " Father, to dispatch Fierce *Injury* to revenge
 " the rude Affront. (w) Yield then, my Son,
 " to *Jove*'s dread Daughters yield! They pay

(t) *And ever follow Injury.* [behind.] The Person I here call *Injury*, is the Goddess *Ate*, that *Demon* of Discord and Malediction, who is so well describ'd in the 19th Book, where I have preserv'd her true Name, because there she is alone, whereas here she is oppes'd to Prayers, and I thought that this is more according to our Manners, and runs better in our Language to oppose *Injury* to Prayers, than to oppose the Goddess *Ate* to them. At least, we wou'd now-a-days do so, and I think that this sensible Opposition instantly sets the Beauty of this Picture in its true Light. *Injury* with a light Foot goes foremost, for the Violent and Hasty are quick in doing Evil; humble Prayer follows her, and nothing but Prayer can repair the Mis-

chiefs *Injury* hath done. *Agamemnon* has offended *Achilles*, and now he is reduc'd to Prayers to appease him.

(u) *They beg of Jove, their Father, to dispatch fierce Injury.* How fine is this Return! Prayers naturally follow *Injury*, to cure the Ills she has done, and when they scorn and reject Prayers, *Injury* follows them in her Turn, to revenge them, and she follows them by the Command of *Jupiter* himself, who makes use of her to execute the Orders of his Justice.

(w) *Yield then, my Son, to Jove's dread Daughters yield.* *Agamemnon* has done you an Injury, here are his Prayers inspir'd by Heaven, which come to heal it; reject them not then, for fear *Injury* will revenge them.

" you

" you Honour to appease your Wrath, And
 " Honour oft prevails o'er generous Souls.
 " (x) If Agamemnon had no Presents promis'd,
 " But yet persisted to defend his Wrongs, I
 " wou'd not beg you to appease your Wrath,
 " Or help the Greeks, tho' grievously distress'd:
 " But since he sends innumerable Presents,
 " With Promises of more in future Days; Since
 " the most Brave of all the Greeks he sends,
 " Men dear to you; at last, great Man, relent,
 " Pity the Greeks, and frustrate not their Journey.
 " Till now, with Justice your Resentment
 " burn'd. The gallant Heroes of the former
 " Ages, Tho' Rage and Fury had possess'd their
 " Souls, Were never deaf to Pray'r's and soft
 " Intreaties. (y) I recollect a Story which is
 " past Full many a Day, which here to you, my
 " Friends, Since it resembles ours, I will re-

(x) If Agamemnon had not
 Presents promis'd.] *Plato*, in
 the third Book of his *Republick*,
 condemns this Passage, and
 thinks it very wrong, that
Phenix shou'd say to *Achilles*,
 that if they did not offer him
 great Presents, he wou'd not
 advise him to be appeas'd; but
 I think there is some Injustice
 in this Censure, and that *Plato*
 has not rightly enter'd into the
 Sense of *Phenix*, who does
 not look on these Presents on
 the Side of Interest, but Honour,
 as a Mark of Agamemnon's Repentance, and of the
 Satisfaction he is ready to make

him; wherefore he says, that Honour has a mighty Power over great Courages.

(y) I recollect a Story.] He
 calls this History ancient, with
 respect to *Achilles*'s Age, who
 was very young; for otherwise it was not very ancient,
 since *Meleager* was one of the
Argonauts, at most, but forty
 Years before the *Trojan War*.
 Besides, it must be remember'd,
 that all the Discourses of these
 Embassadors do not take up
 any useful time. All this passes
 in the Night of the 16th Day
 of *Achilles*'s Resentment.

" count.

" count. (z) The fierce Curetes and the brave
 " *Ætolians* Before the Walls of Calydon en-
 " gag'd, And dreadful Havock made on either
 " fide, While these defend, and those assault
 " the Town. *Diana* 'twas, who rais'd the
 " bloody War, T' afflict the *Ætolians* for the
 " Fault of *Oeneus*. He, for the Plenty of a
 " fruitful Harvest, Offer'd whole *Hcatombs* to
 " all the Gods, Grateful to ev'ry Deity, but
 " *Diana*; To her, or thro' Neglect, or thro'
 " Oblivion, He rais'd no Altar, no Oblation
 " made. Incens'd by this Affront, the Huntress
 " Goddess Sent a tremendous, monstrous, sa-
 " vage Boar, Which wasted and destroy'd the
 " Grounds of *Oeneus*; Trees from their very
 " Roots he overthrew, Them, and their Fruits,
 " and ravag'd the whole Country. Him *Me-*
 " *leager*, *Oeneus*'s valiant Son, With Multitudes
 " of Dogs, and with an Army Of Hunters,
 " slew, small Numbers had been vain, Of such
 " enormous Growth the Monster was; So
 " many of th' *Ætolians* he had slain. The

(z) *The fierce Curetes and the brave Ætolians.*] They were two neighbouring Nations. The Curetes posseſſ'd the City of Pleuron, and all the Country from the River *Achelous* to the River *Euenus*; and the Ætolians held Calydon and the Country from the River *Euenus* to the Gulph of Corinth. Eustathius observes here with Reason, that Homer follows in this Tale the same Method as in his Poem. He does not pur- sue the Thread of his History, but instantly throws himself into the Middle, and afterwards recalls the Beginnings, in which the Art of Epic Poem partly consists. This Episode has so great a Relation, and so sensible a Resemblance with the Fact in hand, that it is not necessary to advertise of it. The Ancients call'd these sorts of Narrations and Episodes, which resemble the Affair in question, *ὑποδιήγησις*.

" Monster

“ Monster dead ; Diana still incens’d, Rais’d
 “ a fierce Tumult, and a bloody War, Be-
 “ tween th’ *Ætolians* and the bold *Curetes*,
 “ (a) About the Head and Hide of the dead
 “ Monster. (b) Then long as *Meleager* shone
 “ in Arms, So long the fierce *Curetes* lost the
 “ Field ; But he, impatient of *Althea’s Wrongs*,
 “ Gave way to Wrath, (c) which oft inflames
 “ the Souls Ev’n of the Wise and Brave, and
 “ to the Arms, His Wife’s, his *Cleopatra’s* Arms
 “ retir’d, The beauteous Daughter of the bright
 “ *Marpeffa*, And *Idas* the most brave of all
 “ Mankind ; Of *Idas*, who, thro’ Love of fair
 “ *Marpeffa*, (d) Ev’n against *Phœbus* drew his
 “ vent’rous Bow ; On this Account, *Marpeffa*,
 “ and brave *Idas*, (e) Surnam’d their beaute-

(a) *About the Head and Hide of the dead Beast.*] For both were due to him who first had struck the Beast. And *Eustathius* writes, that it was observ’d, ev’n in his Time, in several Places, and especially in *Lycia*, the Head belong’d to him that first fetch’d Blood.

(b) *Then long as Meleager shone in Arms.*] The Lineaments with which *Phoenix* describes *Meleager*, perfectly agree with *Achilles*, and make his Picture. There is a great deal of Art in this Image.

(c) *Which oft inflames the Souls ev’n of the Wise and Brave.*] This is very adroit to flatter *Achilles*, and to soften that too obdurate Heart.

(d) *Ev’n against Phœbus, &c.*] *Apollodorus* relates this Tale otherwise in his Book ;

for he says, that *Idas* had run away with *Marpeffa*, whom *Apollo* meeting took her from him ; and as these two Rivals were going to begin a furious Battel, *Jupiter* reconcil’d them, by giving *Marpeffa* her Choice, who chose *Idas*.

(e) *Surnam’d their beauteous Daughter Cleopatra, Alcyone.*] It appears by this Passage, and by others which I have already observ’d, that the Greeks often gave Names, as did the Hebrews, not only with respect to the Circumstances, but likewise to the Accidents which happen’d to the Fathers and Mothers of those they nam’d. *Cleopatra* is call’d *Alcyone*, because of the Lamentations of her Mother.

"ous Daughter Cleopatra, Alcyone, whom when
 "Apollo ravish'd, Marpessa mourn'd with equal
 "Grief and Tears, As she the cruel Absence
 "of her Ceyx. Thus with his Wife the valiant
 "Meleager, Far from the Noise of Battel, fed
 "his Wrath. He stomach'd much his Mo-
 "ther's Imprecations, Who, weeping for the
 "Death of her two Sons, Whom in the Bat-
 "tel Meleager slew, Breath'd out her Curses,
 "and with Sorrow franck, Tore with her
 "Hands the Ground, and on her Knees Con-
 "jur'd Proserpina, and grizly Pluto, To strike her
 "hated Son into his Grave; Her from pro-
 "foundest Hell *Erynnis* heard. Now the Cu-
 "retes, furious in Assault, Bore hard upon the
 "Calydonian Tow'rs; Th' *Aetolians*, now for-
 "lorn and sore distress'd, By Elders and the
 "awful Priest of Heav'n Intreated Meleager
 "to return, And save the sinking State of
 "wretched Calydon, To their Intreaties (f)
 "joining great Rewards. They bad him fifty
 "Acres of Enclosure, Chose out of all the Ca-
 "lydonian Soil, Most fair and fruitful; half with
 "spreading Vines Planted, and half conve-
 "nient for the Plough. His Father too, with
 "Sighs and flowing Tears, Fell at the Feet of
 "his relentless Son, Beg'd him to pity, and
 "resume his Arms; His Sister too, and
 "Mother join'd their Pray'rs: But he, un-
 "mov'd, implacable remain'd; Nor cou'd his

(f) *Joining great Rewards.*] great Reward, very well raises
 Phœnix, by calling the Enclo- the Grandeur and Price of the
 sure of fifty Acres, which the Presents which Agamemnon of-
Aetolians offri'd Meleager, a fers Achilles.

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" dearest, most beloved Friends Change his
" Resolves, or move his stubborn Soul. And
" now the fierce Curetes, pressing forward,
" Smote the high Tow'rs, and shook his very
" Palace; Then with a Flood of Tears his
" beauteous Bride Beseech'd the stubborn Man
" to save the City. The various Forms of Mi-
" series she rehears'd, That always happen when
" a Town is storm'd; The Men are butcher'd,
" and the Tow'rs by Flames Sink into Ashes,
" and the tender Infants, With their lament-
" ing Mothers, suffer Bondage. This fright-
" ful Image mov'd his yielding Heart; He
" rose, and on he put his shining Arms; And
" like a *Lion* from his Palace stalk'd, Repuls'd
" the Foe, and sav'd the sinking City. Yet,
" since he had refus'd their earnest Pray'rs,
" (g) Th' *Ætolians* ne'er confer'd their pro-
" mis'd Honours.

" But be not thou, my Son, thus obstinate,
" Nor let some God, averse to our Protection,
" Confirm the Indignation of thy Soul: Shou'dst
" thou, when *Troy* has laid our Fleet in Ashes,
" Repel the Fury of the headstrong Foe, Shou'dst
" thou then help, small wou'd the Kindness be,
" Receive, great Man, our Gifts, resume your
" Arms, For like a God the *Greeks* will honour
" you. But shou'd you, when our Presents you
" have scorn'd, Be forc'd to Arms by some Ne-
" cessity, (h) You'd not the same Degree of

(g) *Th' Ætolians ne'er con-
fer'd, &c.* For it was not
for their Sake that he took
Arms, but for his own; to de-
fend his Palace, &c.

(h) *You'd not the same De-
gree of Honour again.* Again,
Phœnix does not look upon
Agamemnon's Presents as Pre-
sents, but as Marks of Ho-

“ Honour gain, As now you wou’d, tho’ you
“ avert the Storm.

Thus he: And thus the brave *Achilles* an-
“ swer’d; *Phœnix*, my sage, my venerable Fa-
“ ther, I don’t this Honour need; to me
“ Jove’s Favour Sufficient Honour seems; to
“ him, myself, My Glory I commend, (i) and
“ he (if such His Pleasure be) may keep me
“ on these Shores, As long as Life shall ani-
“ mate this Body. To thee this more I speak,
“ mark thou my Words: (k) Perfist not with
“ thy Tears and Lamentations, My good old
“ *Phœnix*, to distract my Soul, And all to gra-

nour; for he speaks to a Man
who is ambitious and amo-
rous of Glory even to Excess.
There is a Fault which al-
most always slips here into the
Text, and which ought to be
corrected. In most of the Edi-
tions it is, *εἰς τὸν ἀρετὴν τιμῆν*
Iota: this *τιμῆν* in the Ge-
nitive is very perplexing, but
it must be read *τιμὴν*, with
an *Iota* subscrib’d, which is
instead of *τιμαῖς*, honour’d.
You wou’d no more be so ho-
nour’d. *Eustathius* warns us of
this.

(i) And be (if such his
Pleasure be) may keep me on
these Shores, &c.] *Eustathius*
observes here with a great deal
of Penetration, that these
Words of *Achilles* include a
sort of Oracle, which he does
not understand, as it sometimes
happens. Men, full of their
Object, say Things, which
together with a Sense that is
natural and plain to every bo-

dy, includes another superna-
tural one, which they them-
selves do not understand, and
which is understood by those
only who have Penetration
enough to see thro’ the Ob-
scurity of it. Thus *Oedipus*
often speaks in *Sophocles*; and
H. Scripture furnishes us with
many Examples of these En-
thusiastick Speeches, which
have a double Sense. Here
we manifestly see that *Achilles*,
in speaking a very simple and
common Thing, foretells, with-
out thinking of it, that his
Abode on that fatal Shore will
equal the Course of his Life,
and consequently that he shall
die there; and this double
Meaning gives a sensible Plea-
sure to the Reader.

(k) Perfist not with thy
Tears, &c.] A sure Sign that
Phœnix’s Speech has mov’d
Achilles, is, that in the Answer
Achilles made to *Ulysses*, he
said that he wou’d depart the

“ tify

" tify the Son of *Atreus*. Persist not to take
 " part against thy Friend With his most hated
 " Eoe, for fear my Friendship To Hatred turn,
 " and thou grow odious to me ; He ought to
 " be Thy Enemy, who is Mine. (l) Reign
 " thou with me, and share my Wealth and
 " Honour : Let then th' Embassadors bear back
 " my Answer, While you this Night repose
 " in my Pavilion. Betimes to-morrow, when
 " Aurora dawns, We will consider whether
 " here to stay, Or, setting Sail, revisit *Pthia's*
 " Shores.

He added not ; but with a secret Nod He
 signify'd to his *Patroclus* to prepare A Bed for
Phœnix, that th' Embassadors Might hasten their
 Departure from his Tent. Then *Ajax*, Son of
Telamon, thus spoke : (m) " Let us be gone,
 " *Ulysses*, for I find Our Journey meets not the
 " desir'd Success ; Tho' hard the Answer of

next Day, but he no longer
 persists in this Resolution af-
 ter *Phœnix*'s Speech ; he only
 says, that betimes on the Mor-
 row they will consider whe-
 ther to stay or depart. In this
 manner such an intractable
 Spirit as *Achilles*'s is, ought
 to soften ; it shou'd be done
 by little and little, and not
 pass in a Moment, without a
 Medium from Anger and Fury,
 into a gentle and calm Condi-
 tion.

(l) Reign thou with me.] This is to wipe away the Re-
 proach of Ingratitude, which
Phœnix had given him.

(m) Let us be gone, *Ulysses*.]

This Speech of *Ajax* is more
 plain than the other two, and
 at the same time more strong
 and profound. That Hero-
 rises in Anger, and does not
 deign at first so much as to ad-
 dress his Speech to *Achilles* ;
 yet he touches that hard Heart
 most, as *Achilles* himself con-
 fesses. Homer thereby shews,
 that a noble Simplicity, when
 properly us'd, makes more
 Impression than Tropes and
 Figures ; and he teaches, that
 a fierce and warlike Eloquence
 succeeds better with a violent
 and hasty Man, than an Elo-
 quence full of Insinuation, and
 wholly pathetic.

" Achilles proves, Yet to the Greeks it must
 " with Speed be told, Who wait, with much
 " Impatience, our Return; While he, hard-
 " hearted, feeds his stubborn Wrath, And pi-
 " ties not his Friends in such Distress, Tho'
 " honour'd by 'em more than all the Greeks.
 " Relentless Man! (n) we daily see a Brother
 " Forgive the Man that caus'd his Brother's
 " Death, And Fathers pardon those who slay
 " their Sons; The guilty Murd'rer pays the
 " Price of Blood, And peaceably enjoys his
 " Native Country, While the relenting Parents
 " cease from Vengeance. Only to You the
 " Gods have giv'n a Soul That knows not how
 " to pardon; inflexible You are, and this
 " (o) for one sole Captive Woman: Sev'n
 " more in Beauty excellent we bring, And offer
 " Presents of the highest Worth. Appearse
 " then, cruel Man! your Indignation, (p) And
 " reverence this sacred Place, and us; Under
 " your Roof we are, Embassadors By Office, and

(n). We daily see a Brother, &c.] The Murderer was to go into Banishment for a Year; but he often bought off that Exile for a Sum of Money, which he pay'd to the Kindred of the Dead: Neither Ulysses nor Phoenix have said any thing so solid to Achilles, as this is. Wherefore, Dionysius of Halicarnassus very well says, speaking of this Discourse of Ajax's, that he who begs most, and with most Liberty, who supplicates most, and who presses most, is Ajax.

(o) For one sole Captive Wo-

man.] This is a very cutting Reproach, as if Achilles were the most amorous Man, and most given to Women, in the World. A Father pardons the Death of his Son, a Brother that of his Brother; but Achilles will not forgive the taking away of a Captive from him.

(p). And reverence this sacred Place, &c.] He says this sacred Place, by reason of Hospitality, and of hospitable Jupiter, who presides over it, and who holds under his Protection those Embassadors.

“ of all the many Greeks, We come, your most
“ belov’d and dearest Friends.

He said: And thus the brave *Achilles* an-
swe’re’d ; “ Illustrious *Ajax*, valiant Son of
“ *Telamon*, With Justice and with Reason you
“ have spoke. Yet still my Fury burns, my
“ Soul’s incens’d, When I reflect on him ; on
“ *Agamemnon*, Who has dishonour’d me among
“ the Greeks, (q) Like a contemptible, a
“ wretched Vagabond. Go then, and to your
“ King bear back my Answer : (r) For Arms
“ I will not bear, till *Troy* victorious, Till
“ *Hector* has with Blood, and slaughter’d Greeks,
“ Cover’d the Plain, and fir’d the very Fleet,
“ And forc’d his Way ev’n to my Tents and
“ Ships. My Tents and my own Ships I will
“ defend By Arms, against the Violence of
“ *Hector*.

(q) Like a contemptible, a
wretched Vagabond. The
Greek says, *ωτει την αιγιλ-
νον μελαχτην μελαχτην* is a
Man who has no fix’d Abode,
who has, as they say, neither
House nor Home, and who
strays from Town to Town.
Homēr calls such a Man *αιγιλ-
νον, despis’d*, because those
sort of People were very much
despis’d in *Greece* ; a Vaga-
bond was as an Exile, who
dar’d not to open his Mouth.
You need only see what *Socrates*
says in *Criton*. They were yet
more contemptible in *Judea* :
*Ubi hospitaberis non fiducialiter
ages, nec aperies os tuum* ; says
Ecclesiasticus xxix. 31. οὐ τα-

εργάσσεις, οὐκ ανίκητος
The Entrance of the Temple
was likewise forbid to Strangers.

(r) For Arms I will not
bear, &c. After *Ulysses*’s
Speech, *Achilles* said he wou’d
depart the next Day ; after
Phoenix’s, he is not so resolute-
ly fixt on Departure ; that
Departure is uncertain ; and
after *Ajax*’s, he no longer talks
of departing, on the contrary
he seems dispos’d to take Arms ;
but he is not dispos’d to take
them, till Danger threatens his
Ships. This Character of an
inexorable Man is carry’d on
with wonderful Art.

The Hero thus: (s) Then each a Bowl re-sum'd, And made Libations to the Heav'nly Pow'r's; Then went, and brave *Ulysses* led the way. Mean while *Patroclus* order'd his Attendants To get a Bed in readiness for *Phœnix*: Th' Attendants were obedient, and prepar'd The Bed, and downy Skins of Sheep they, spread, The Purple Covers, and the fine-spun Sheets. There rested *Phœnix*, till *Aurora*'s Dawn; But in the most retir'd Apartment slept The great *Achilles*; by the Side he slept Of *Diomedes*, *Phorbias* beauteous Daughter. *Patroclus* too repos'd, and with him *Iphis*, The charming Partner of his Bed, repos'd; *Iphis*, whom brave *Achilles* gave his Friend, When by his Arms the lofty *Scyros* fell; *Scyros*! the Seat of Royal *Enyeus*. But when *Ulysses* and the valiant *Ajax* Came to the Princely Tent of *Agamemnon*, The Greeks, with Wines in golden Vessels brought, Receiv'd 'em; and, impatient to be told Their Embassy's Success, with much Enquiry Ask'd the Result, till thus *Atrides* spoke,

“ Say, brave *Ulysses*, Great *Laertes*' Son, Will
“ he defend the Fleet from Trojan Flames?
“ Or does he still retain his stubborn Fury?

(s) Then each a Bowl re-sum'd, and made Libations.] Tho' their Journey was not successful, and though they obtain'd nothing, yet they do not fail to make Libations to thank the Gods. Homer marks this

Circumstance, not only with Respect to Religion and Custom, but likewise to shew that all this passes before the Table is remov'd; for the Feast began with the Oblation of the *Primitia*, and ended by Libations.

To him the Great *Ulysses* thus reply'd:
" Brave *Atreus'* Son, illustrious King of Na-
" tions; His Rage he still retains, and still
" his Soul Swells with Resentment; thee he
" still despairs, Thee and thy Gifts, tho'
" worthy of a King. Thee and the *Grecian*
" Leaders he exhorts New Measures to concert,
" new Projects lay, To save the Army, and
" defend the Fleet. (t) He threatens too,
" when first *Aurora* dawns, To sail for *Greece*
" and *Pthia*'s fruitful Shores: He counsels
" too the *Grecians* to return, Now when their
" Hopes of conqu'ring *Troy* are lost; For *Jove*'s
" Almighty Arm protects her Tow'rs, Spirits
" their Battel, and inspires their Arms. Such
" was his Answer; and the valiant *Ajax*, With
" the two Heralds, witness'd to his Words.
" But *Phœnix* still continues in his Tent, That
" at to-morrow's Dawn he may set sail With
" him for *Greece*, and for the *Pthian* Coast, If
" such his Choice is; but he'll use no Force.

(t) *He threatens too, when first Aurora dawns, to sail for Greece.* It may be ask'd here, why *Ulysses* speaks only of the Answer which *Achilles* made him at first, and says nothing of the Disposition, in which the Discourses of *Phœnix* and *Ajax* had put him. This Question is easily answer'd; it is because *Achilles* is obstinate in his Resentment; and that if in the End, being a little mov'd by *Phœnix*, and shaken by *Ajax*, he seem'd dispos'd to take Arms, it is not out of Respect

to the *Greeks*, but only to save his Squadron, when *Hector*, after having put the *Greeks* to the Sword, shall come to insult it. Thus this inflexible Man abates nothing of his Rage. It is therefore Prudence in *Ulysses* to make this Report to *Agamemnon*, to the end that being put out of Hopes of the Aid which he flatter'd himself with, he may take, with the Leaders of the Army, the Measures necessary to save his Fleet and Troops.

Ulysses

Ulysses thus; Amazement held them mute,
 Struck with the Roughness of his harsh Denial.
 (u) At last, Tydides rose, and thus began:
 "Great Atreus' Son, illustrious King of Na-
 "tions, I wish you ne'er had try'd to move
 "his Soul By humble Pray'rs, and by such
 "precious Gifts; By Nature he is Insolent and
 "Fierce, And your Submission will increase
 "his Fury; But let us not regard him, nor
 "take Notice, Whether he stays, or whether
 "he departs. His Arms he will resume when
 "his own Humour Leads him, or when some
 "Deity excites; But let us now perform what
 "I advise: (u) Let us repose; but first with
 "sprightly Wines, And due Repast, refresh
 "the fainting Greeks. This will give Strength,
 "and Vigour to their Arms: But at the first
 "Appearance of the Morn, Draw out thy
 "Forces to the promis'd Battel, Both Horse
 "and Foot draw out in deep Array, Be thou
 "their Leader, and defend the Fleet.

The Greeks approv'd what Diomedes spoke:
 And when they'd made Libations to the Gods,
 Each to his Tent retir'd; and there reposing,
 Enjoy'd the Blessing of refreshing Sleep.

(u) At last, Tydides rose,
 and thus began] This Char-
 acter of Diomed is still very
 well sustain'd. That Hero is
 not amaz'd at Achilles's Refu-
 sal, but returns to the Opinion
 he had given for Fighting.

(w) Let us repose.] For
 the Retrenchments and Corps
 de Guards, which they had
 set at the Gate, gave them that
 Liberty, tho' the Enemy were
 encamp'd in their Sight.

10 DE 62

End of the Second Volume.

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